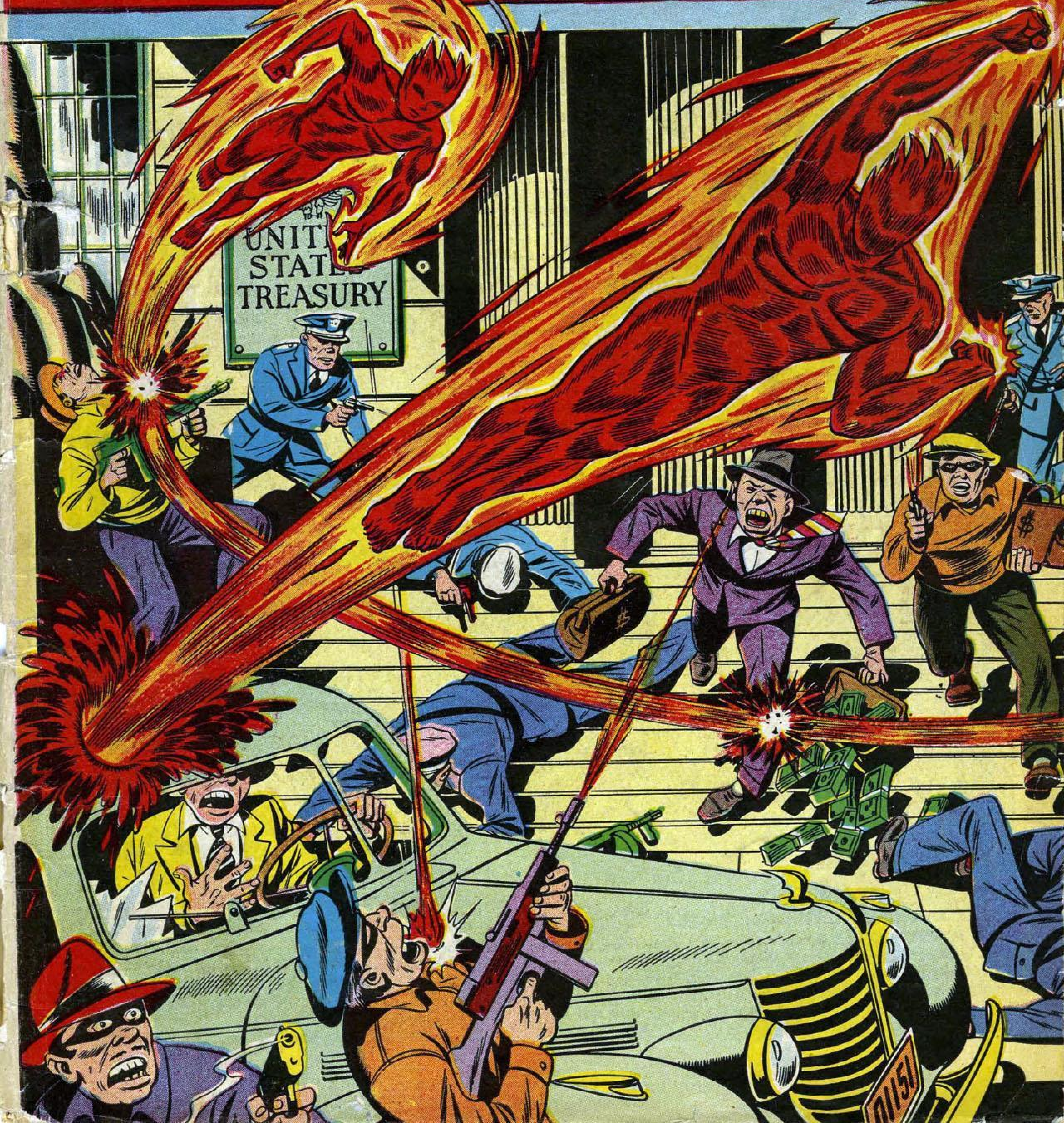
MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

NO. 67

NOVEMBER

10¢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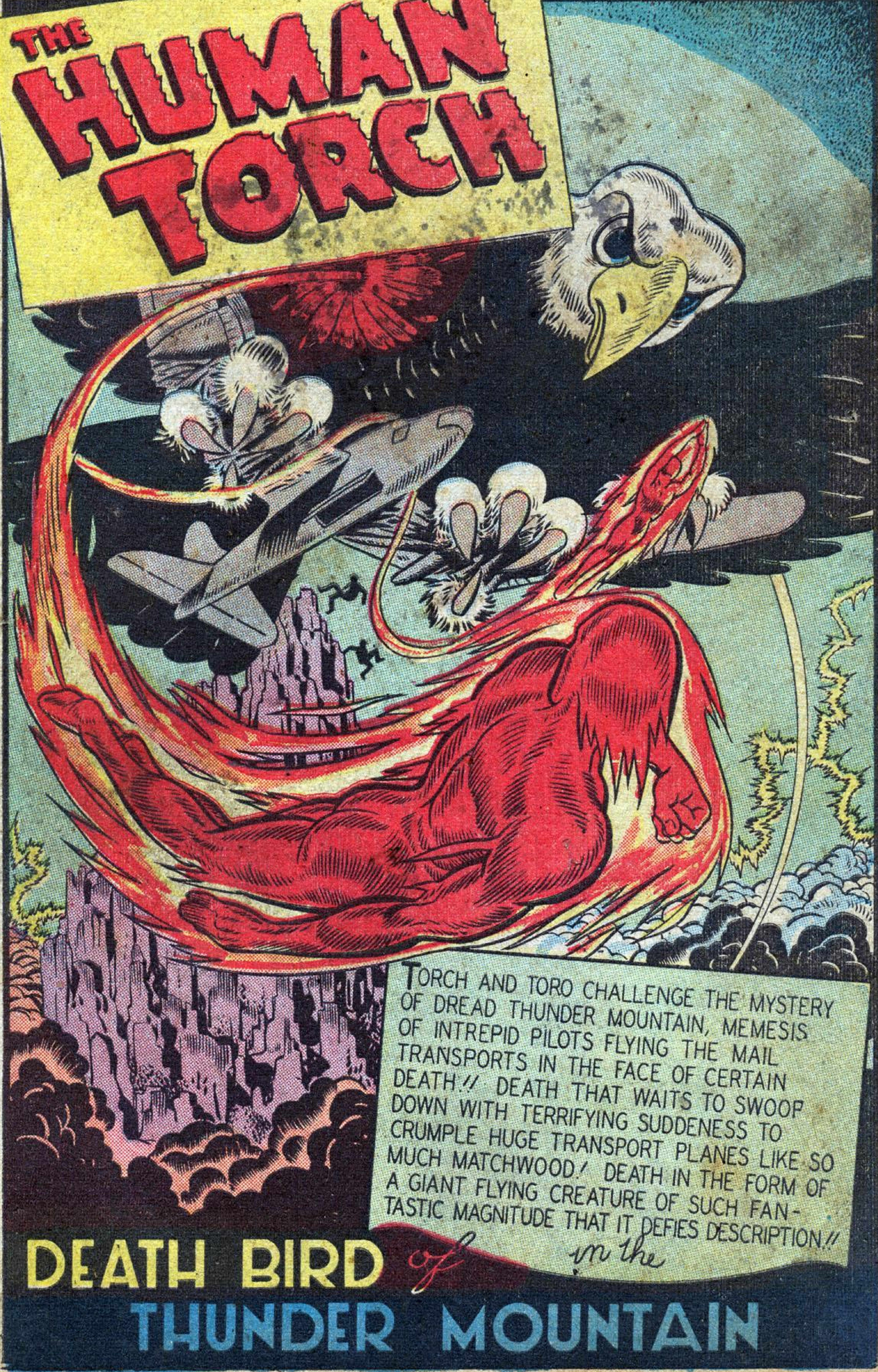
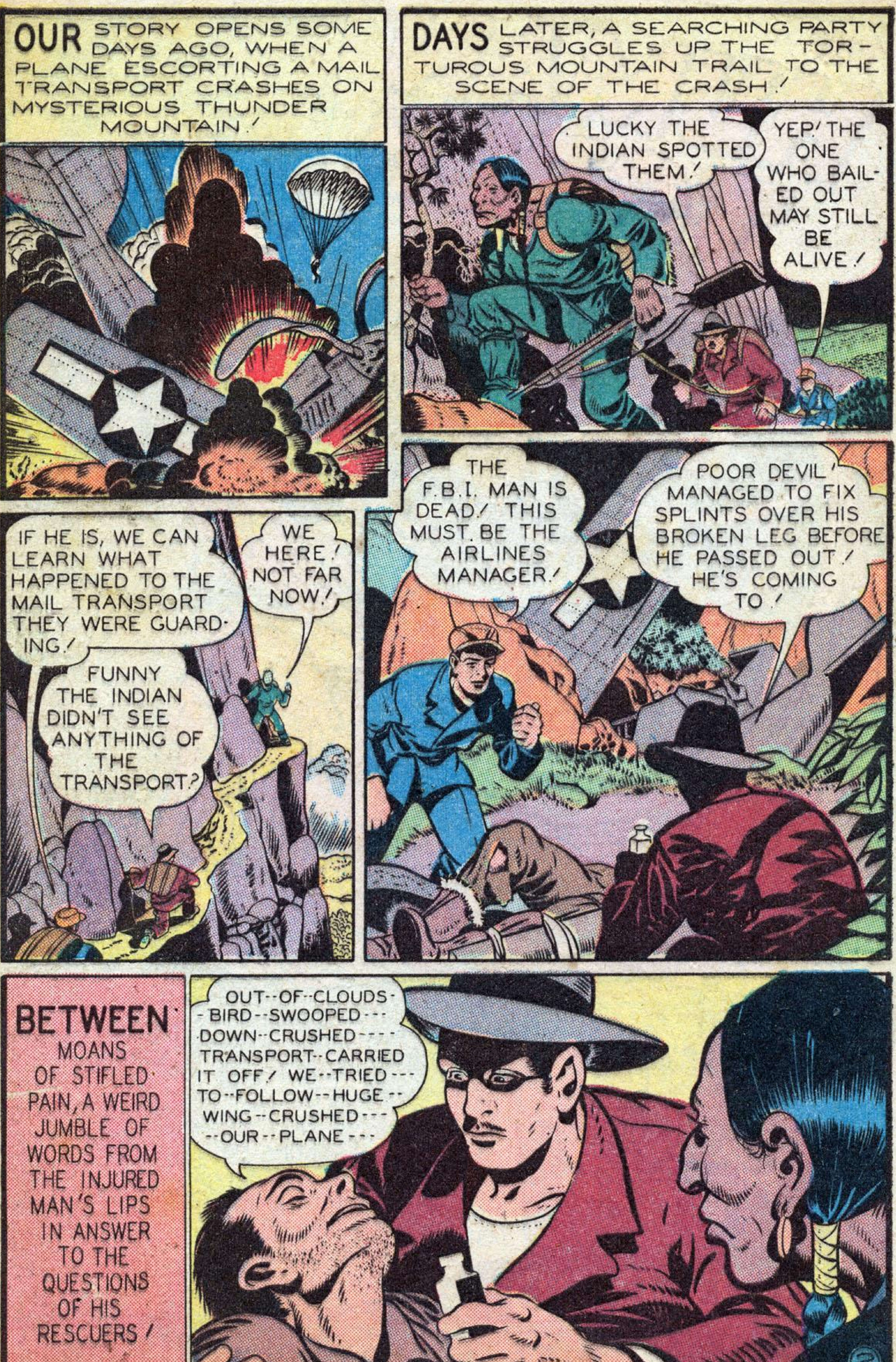


THE HUMAN TORCH

TORCH AND TORO CHALLENGE THE MYSTERY OF DREAD THUNDER MOUNTAIN, MEMESIS OF INTREPID PILOTS FLYING THE MAIL TRANSPORTS IN THE FACE OF CERTAIN DEATH!! DEATH THAT WAITS TO SWOOP DOWN WITH TERRIFYING SUDDENESS TO CRUMPLE HUGE TRANSPORT PLANES LIKE SO MUCH MATCHWOOD! DEATH IN THE FORM OF A GIANT FLYING CREATURE OF SUCH FANTASTIC MAGNITUDE THAT IT DEFIES DESCRIPTION!!

DEATH BIRD *of* in the THUNDER MOUNTAIN


OUR STORY OPENS SOME DAYS AGO, WHEN A PLANE ESCORTING A MAIL TRANSPORT CRASHES ON MYSTERIOUS THUNDER MOUNTAIN!
DAYS LATER, A SEARCHING PARTY STRUGGLES UP THE TORTUROUS MOUNTAIN TRAIL TO THE SCENE OF THE CRASH!
LUCKY THE INDIAN SPOTTED THEM!
YEP! THE ONE WHO BAILED OUT MAY STILL BE ALIVE!
IF HE IS, WE CAN LEARN WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MAIL TRANSPORT THEY WERE GUARDING!
WE HERE! NOT FAR NOW!
FUNNY THE INDIAN DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING OF THE TRANSPORT?
THE F.B.I. MAN IS DEAD! THIS MUST BE THE AIRLINES MANAGER!
POOR DEVIL! MANAGED TO FIX SPLINTS OVER HIS BROKEN LEG BEFORE HE PASSED OUT! HE'S COMING TO!
BETWEEN MOANS OF STIFLED PAIN, A WEIRD JUMBLE OF WORDS FROM THE INJURED MAN'S LIPS IN ANSWER TO THE QUESTIONS OF HIS RESCUERS!
OUT--OF--CLOUDS--BIRD--SWOOPED---DOWN--CRUSHED----TRANSPORT--CARRIED IT OFF! WE--TRIED---TO--FOLLOW--HUGE--WING--CRUSHED---OUR--PLANE---
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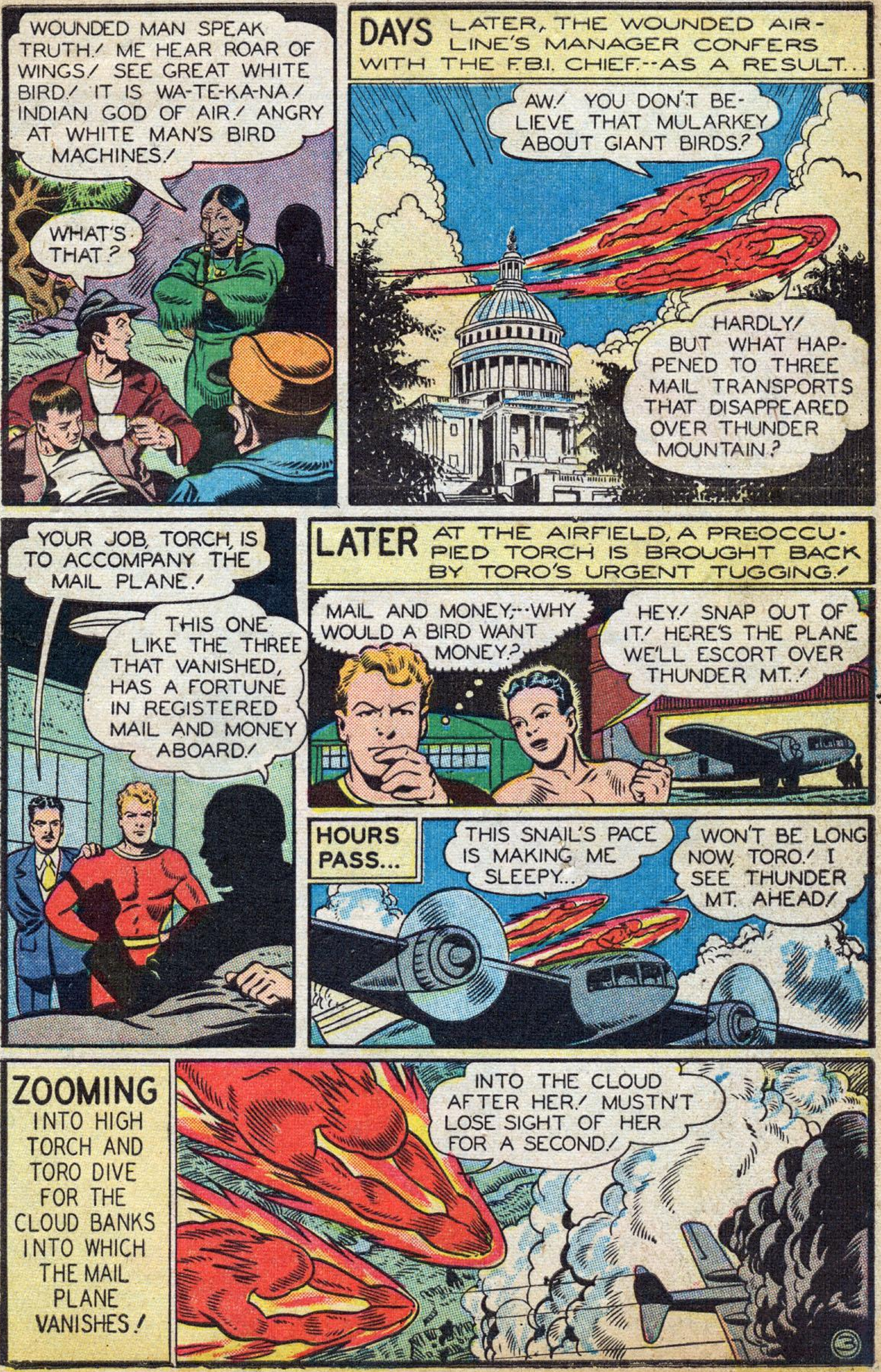
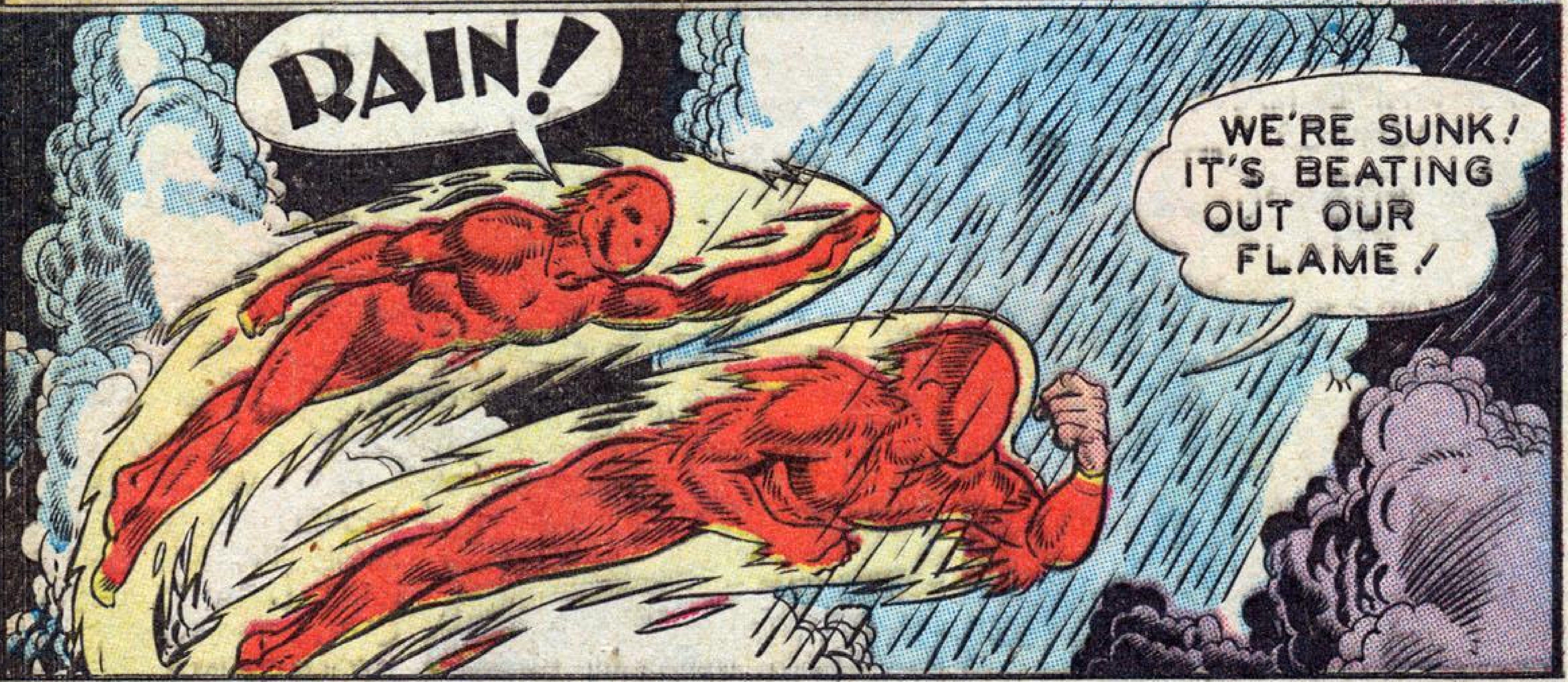
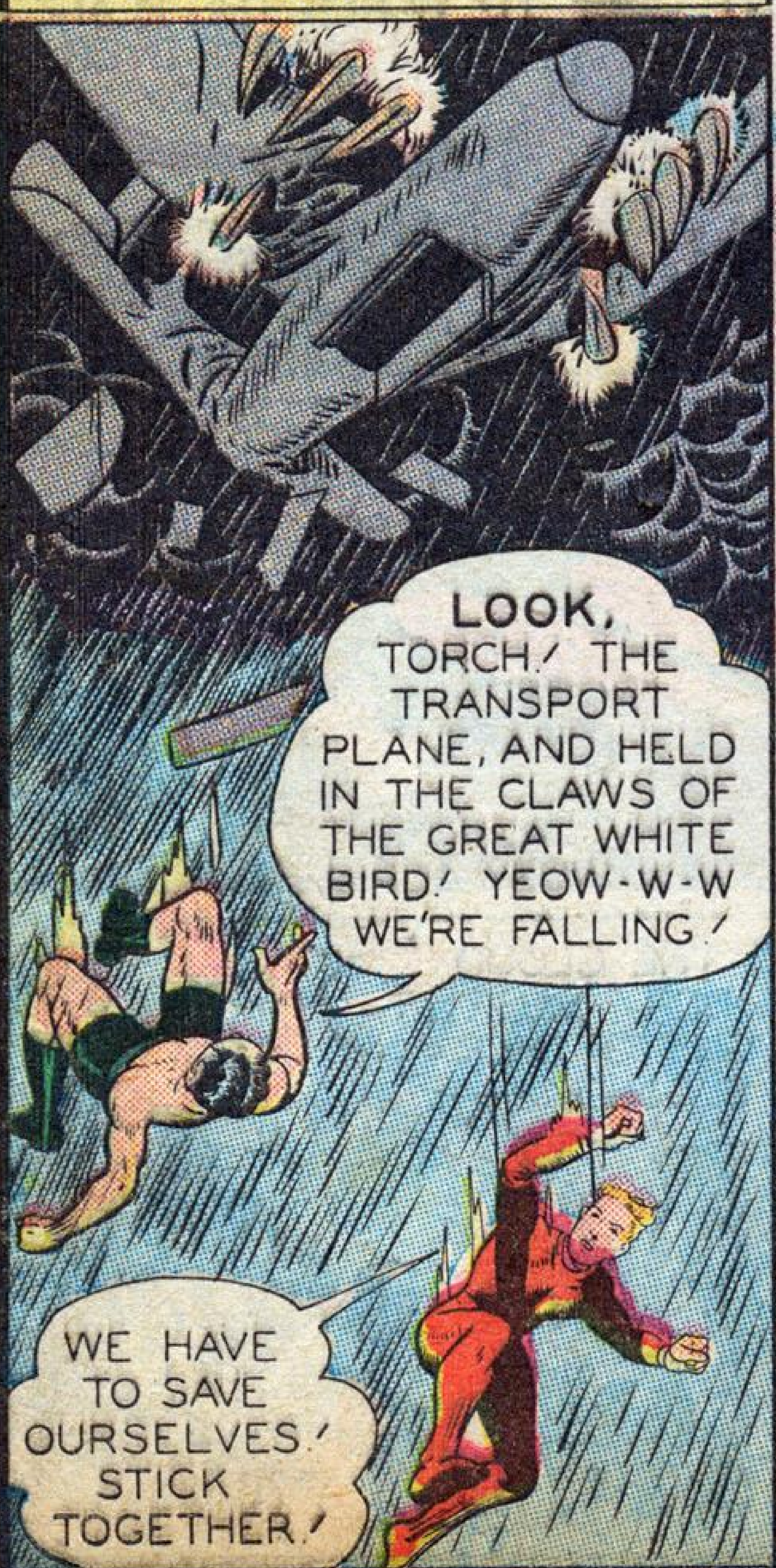

WOUNDED MAN SPEAK TRUTH! ME HEAR ROAR OF WINGS! SEE GREAT WHITE BIRD! IT IS WA-TE-KA-NA! INDIAN GOD OF AIR! ANGRY AT WHITE MAN'S BIRD MACHINES!
WHAT'S THAT?
DAYS LATER, THE WOUNDED AIRLINE'S MANAGER CONFERS WITH THE F.B.I. CHIEF--AS A RESULT..
AW! YOU DON'T BELIEVE THAT MULARKEY ABOUT GIANT BIRDS?
HARDLY! BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THREE MAIL TRANSPORTS THAT DISAPPEARED OVER THUNDER MOUNTAIN?
YOUR JOB, TORCH, IS TO ACCOMPANY THE MAIL PLANE!
THIS ONE LIKE THE THREE THAT VANISHED, HAS A FORTUNE IN REGISTERED MAIL AND MONEY ABOARD!
LATER AT THE AIRFIELD, A PREOCCUPIED TORCH IS BROUGHT BACK BY TORO'S URGENT TUGGING!
MAIL AND MONEY;--WHY WOULD A BIRD WANT MONEY?
HEY! SNAP OUT OF IT! HERE'S THE PLANE WE'LL ESCORT OVER THUNDER MT.!
HOURS PASS...
THIS SNAIL'S PACE IS MAKING ME SLEEPY...
WON'T BE LONG NOW, TORO! I SEE THUNDER MT. AHEAD!
ZOOMING INTO HIGH TORCH AND TORO DIVE FOR THE CLOUD BANKS INTO WHICH THE MAIL PLANE VANISHES!
INTO THE CLOUD AFTER HER! MUSTN'T LOSE SIGHT OF HER FOR A SECOND!

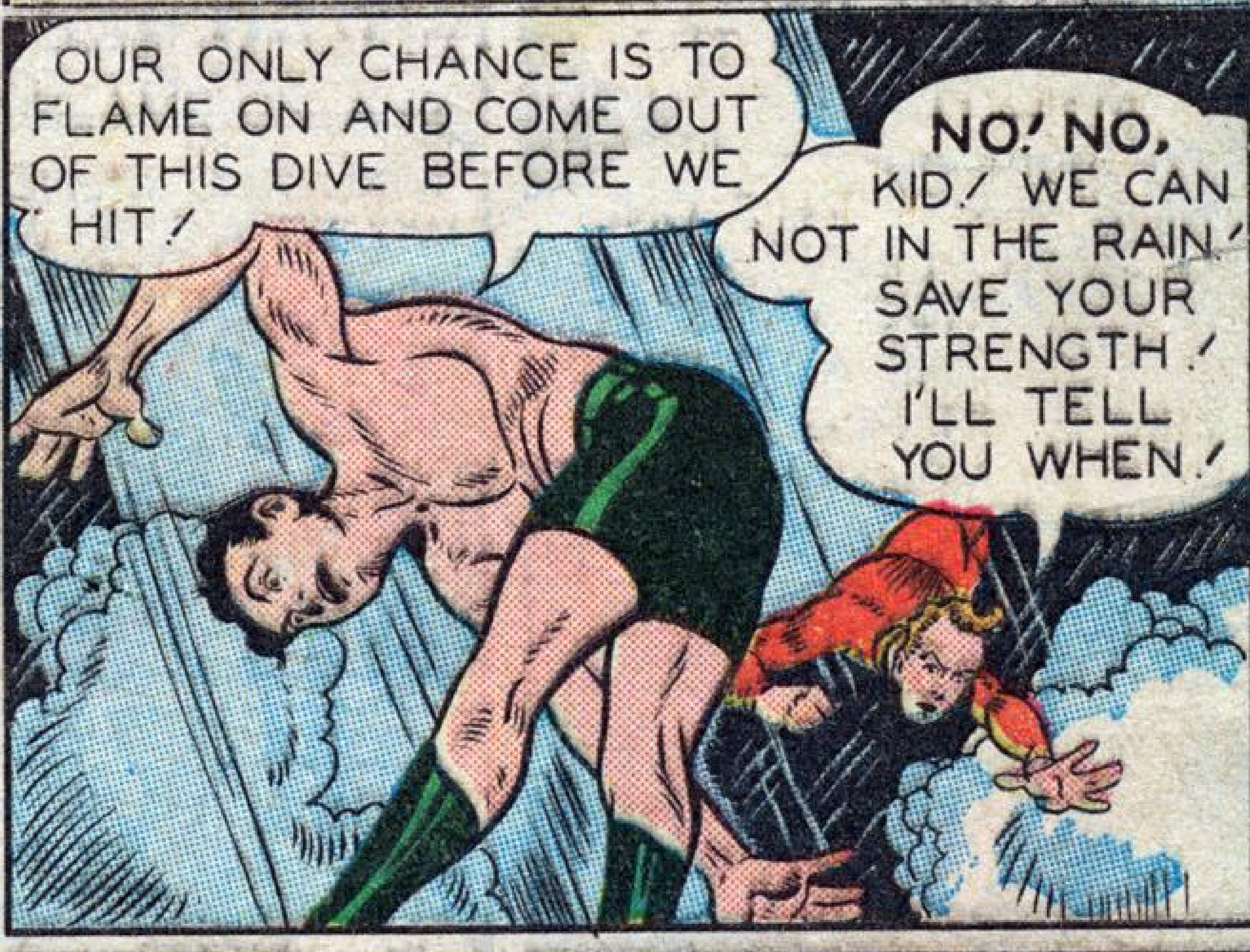
LIKE FLAMING METEORS, TORCH AND TORO RIP THRU ONE HEAVY CLOUD BANK, TOWARD ANOTHER--ONLY TO RUN INTO A TORRENTIAL DOWNPOUR!


RAIN!
WE'RE SUNK! IT'S BEATING OUT OUR FLAME!

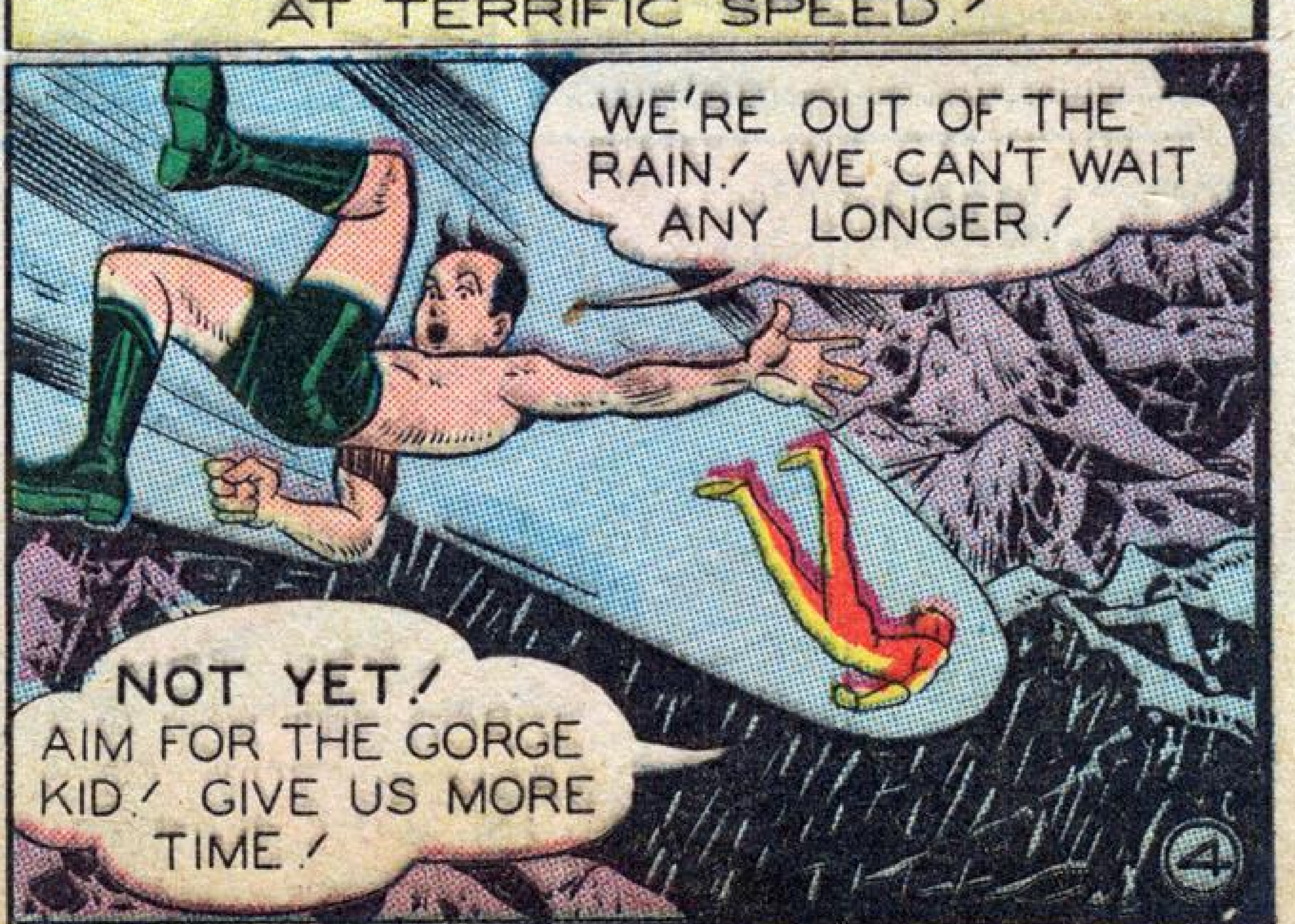
JUST AS THE FLAMING DUO ROBBED OF THEIR POWER BY THE BLINDING RAIN, START PLUNGING EARTHWARD, THEIR STARTLED GAZE ENCOUNTERS A GIGANTIC APPARATION!

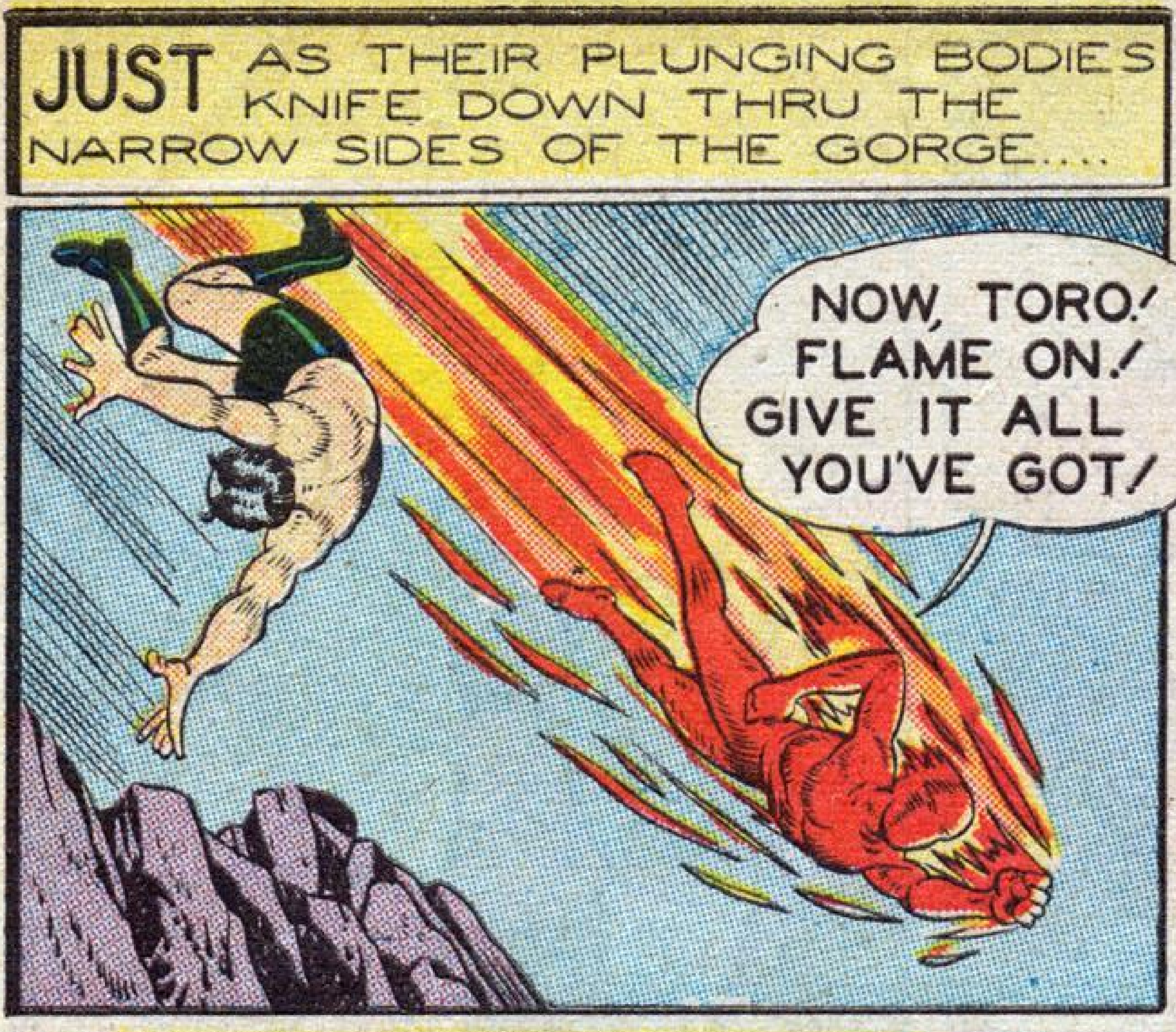

LOOK, TORCH! THE TRANSPORT PLANE, AND HELD IN THE CLAWS OF THE GREAT WHITE BIRD! YEOW-W-W WE'RE FALLING!
WE HAVE TO SAVE OURSELVES! STICK TOGETHER!

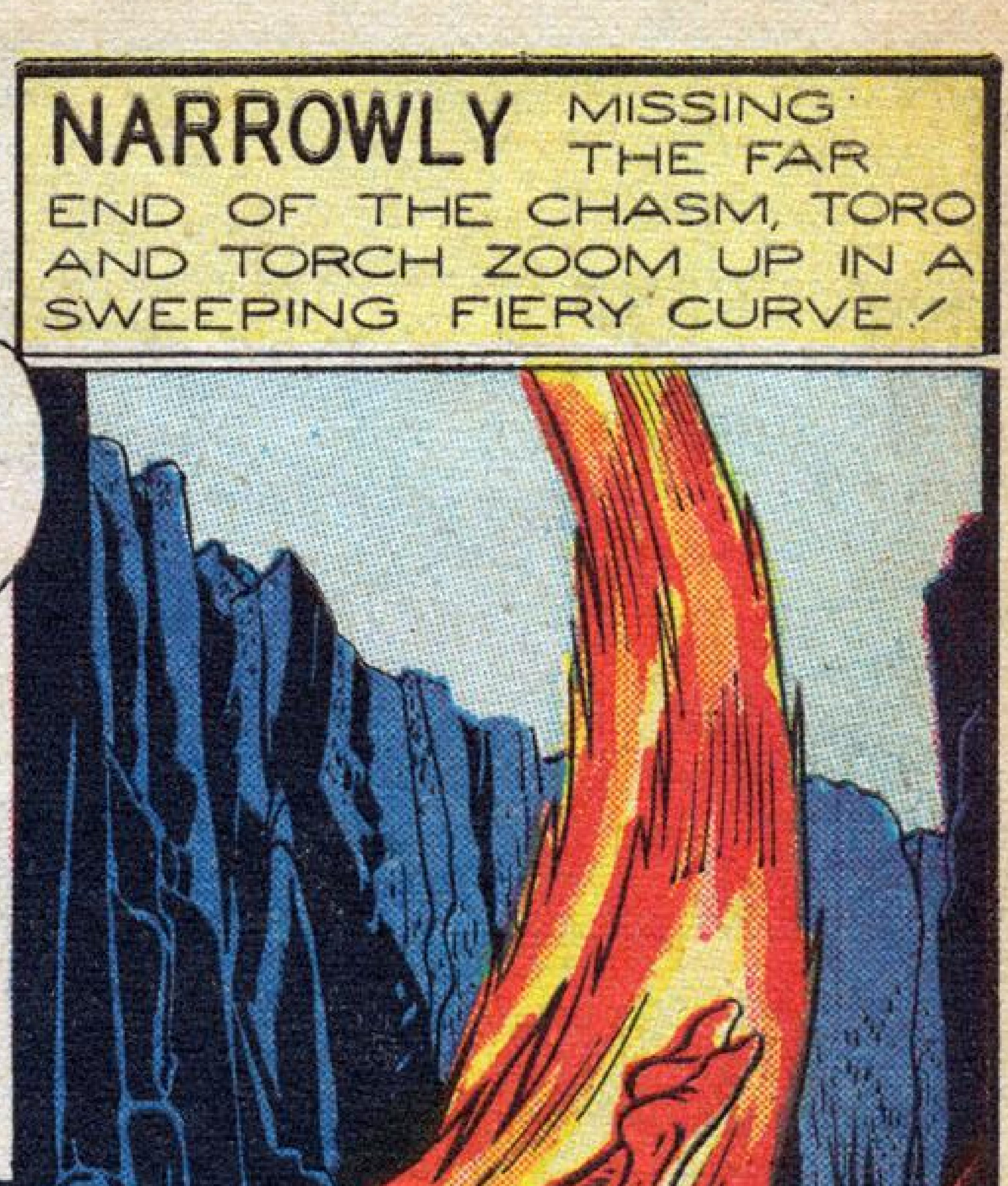
DOWN...DOWN WITH FRIGHTENING SPEED, FALL TORCH AND TORO---

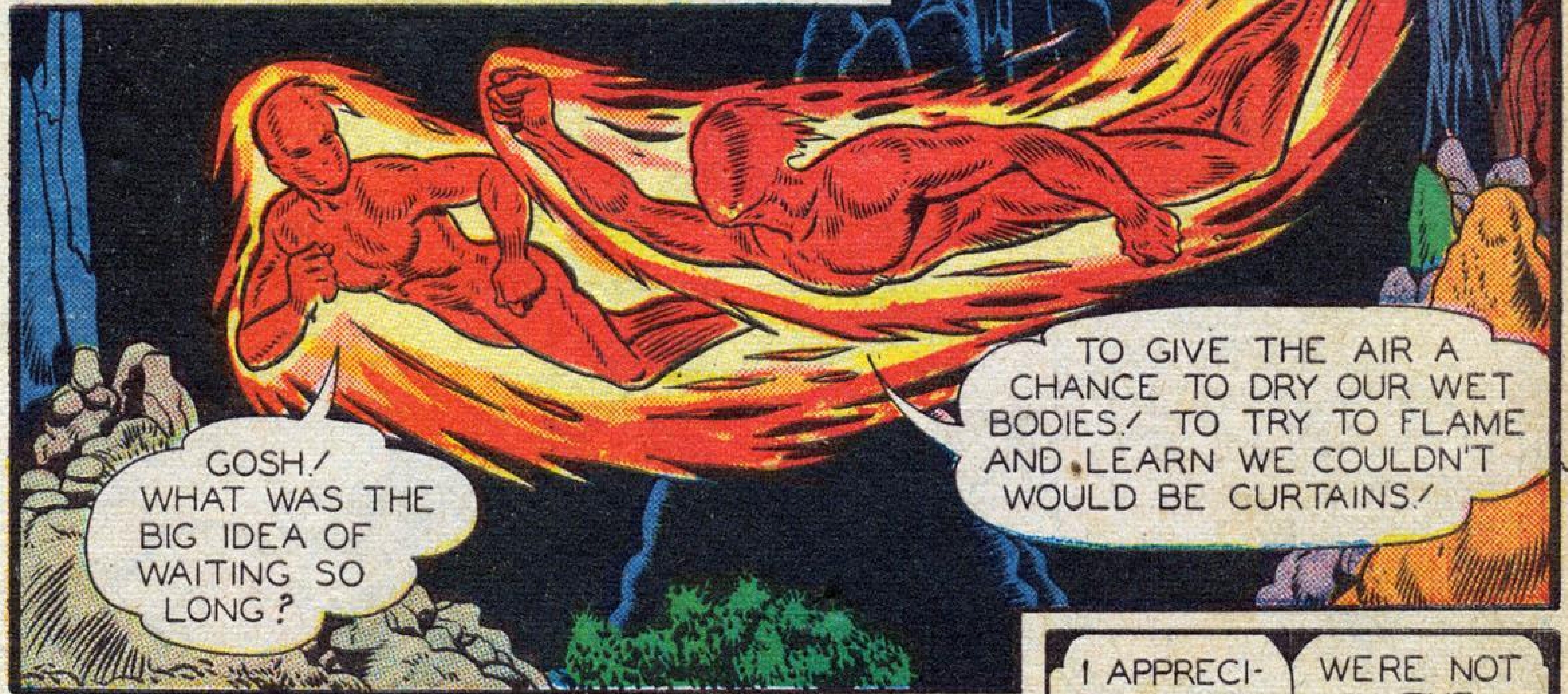

OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO FLAME ON AND COME OUT OF THIS DIVE BEFORE WE HIT!
NO! NO, KID! WE CAN NOT IN THE RAIN! SAVE YOUR STRENGTH! I'LL TELL YOU WHEN!

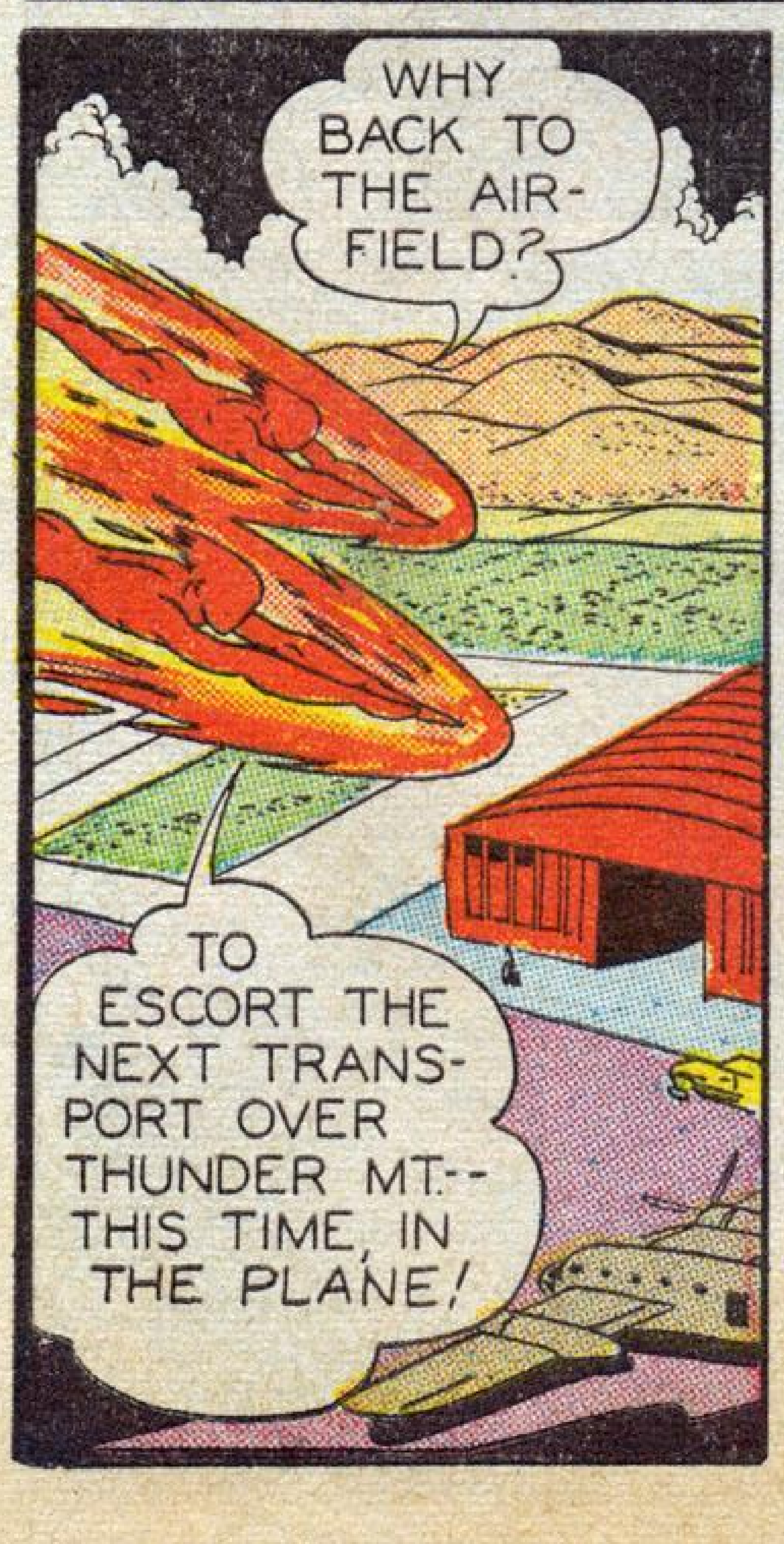
TOWARD THE BASE OF THUNDER MOUNTAIN WITH DEEP ROCKY GORGES AND RAZOR-LIKE PEAKS RUSHING UP TO MEET THEM AT TERRIFIC SPEED!

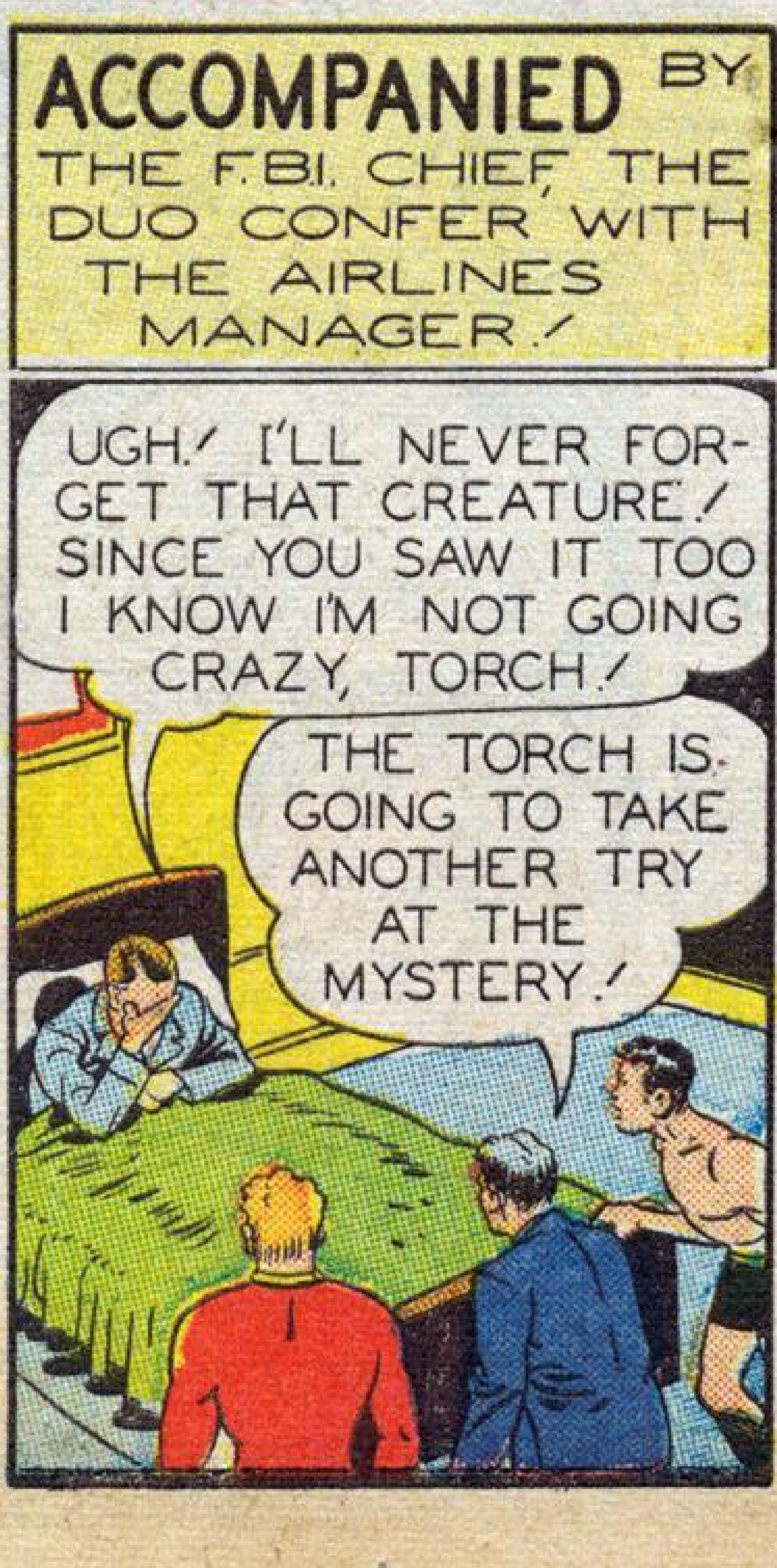

WE'RE OUT OF THE RAIN! WE CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER!
NOT YET! AIM FOR THE GORGE KID! GIVE US MORE TIME!

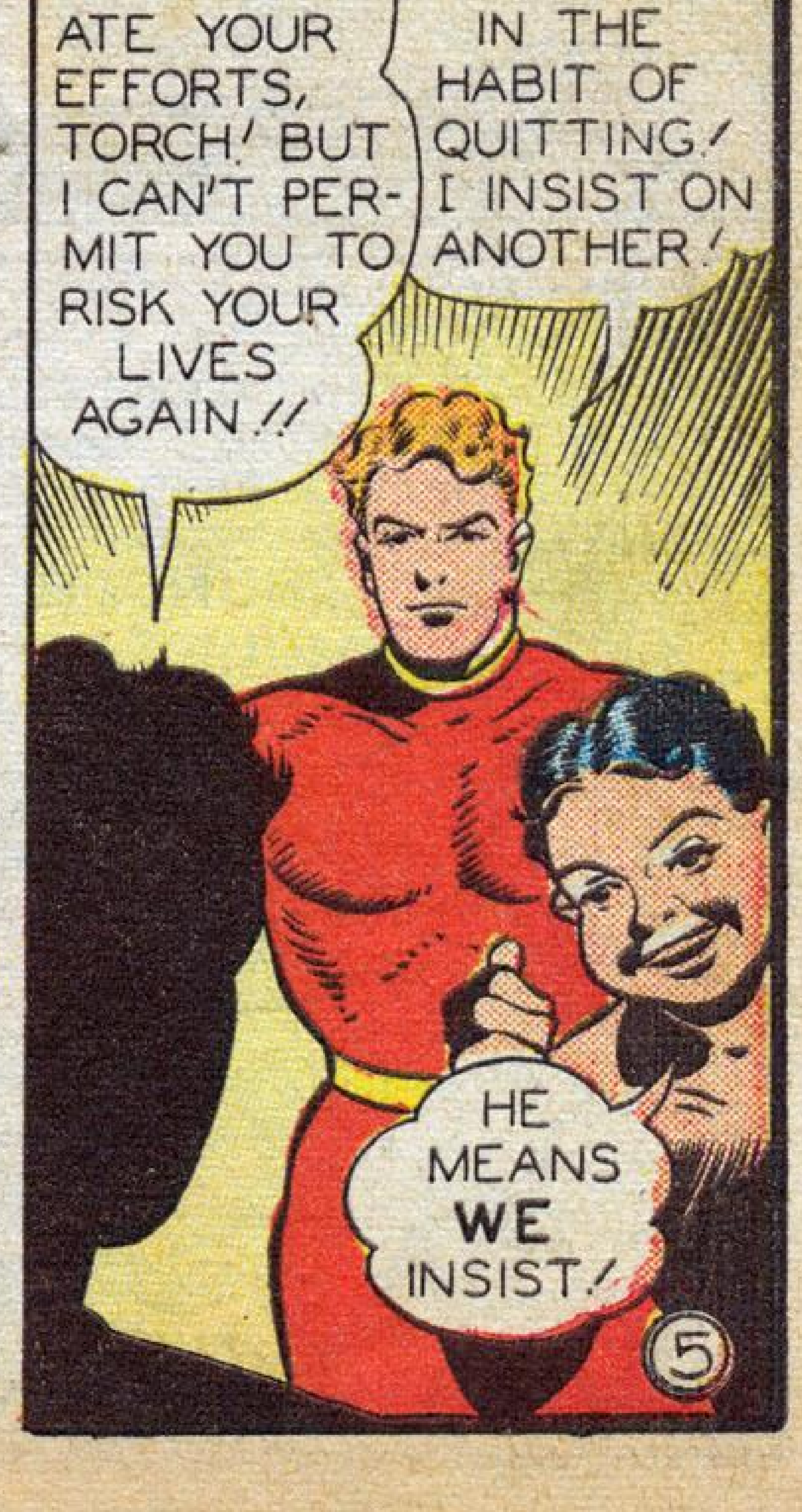

JUST AS THEIR PLUNGING BODIES KNIFE DOWN THRU THE NARROW SIDES OF THE GORGE....
NOW, TORO! FLAME ON! GIVE IT ALL YOU'VE GOT!

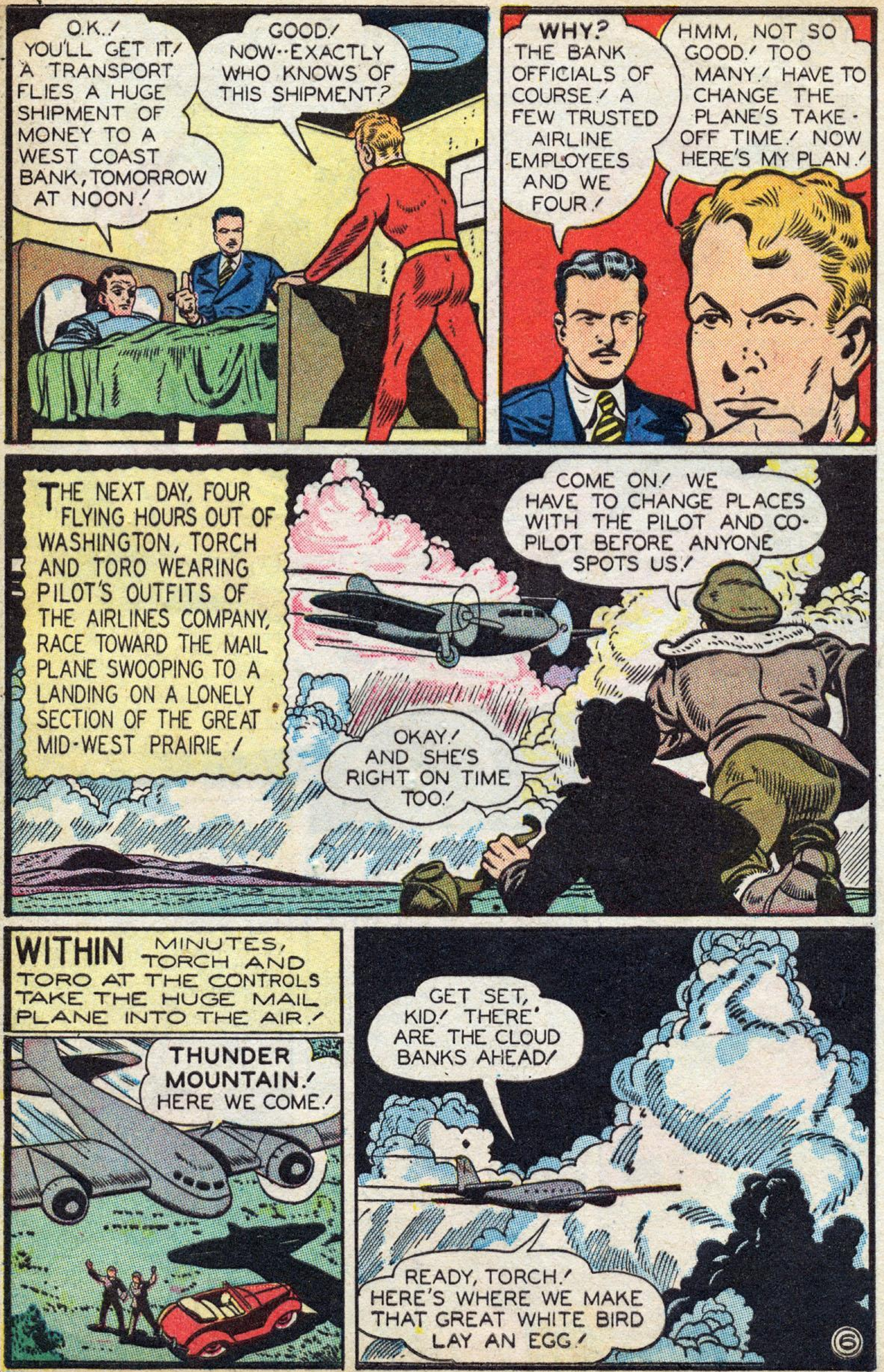

NARROWLY MISSING THE FAR END OF THE CHASM, TORO AND TORCH ZOOM UP IN A SWEEPING FIERY CURVE!


GOSH! WHAT WAS THE BIG IDEA OF WAITING SO LONG?
TO GIVE THE AIR A CHANCE TO DRY OUR WET BODIES! TO TRY TO FLAME AND LEARN WE COULDN'T WOULD BE CURTAINS!


WHY BACK TO THE AIR-FIELD?
TO ESCORT THE NEXT TRANSPORT OVER THUNDER MT.-- THIS TIME, IN THE PLANE!


ACCOMPANIED BY THE F.B.I. CHIEF, THE DUO CONFER WITH THE AIRLINES MANAGER!
UGH! I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT CREATURE! SINCE YOU SAW IT TOO I KNOW I'M NOT GOING CRAZY, TORCH!
THE TORCH IS GOING TO TAKE ANOTHER TRY AT THE MYSTERY!


I APPRECIATE YOUR EFFORTS, TORCH! BUT I CAN'T PERMIT YOU TO RISK YOUR LIVES AGAIN!!
WERE NOT IN THE HABIT OF QUITTING! I INSIST ON ANOTHER!
HE MEANS **WE** INSIST!


O.K.! YOU'LL GET IT! A TRANSPORT FLIES A HUGE SHIPMENT OF MONEY TO A WEST COAST BANK, TOMORROW AT NOON!
GOOD! NOW--EXACTLY WHO KNOWS OF THIS SHIPMENT?
WHY? THE BANK OFFICIALS OF COURSE! A FEW TRUSTED AIRLINE EMPLOYEES AND WE FOUR!
HMM, NOT SO GOOD! TOO MANY! HAVE TO CHANGE THE PLANE'S TAKE-OFF TIME! NOW HERE'S MY PLAN!
THE NEXT DAY, FOUR FLYING HOURS OUT OF WASHINGTON, TORCH AND TORO WEARING PILOT'S OUTFITS OF THE AIRLINES COMPANY, RACE TOWARD THE MAIL PLANE SWOOPING TO A LANDING ON A LONELY SECTION OF THE GREAT MID-WEST PRAIRIE!
COME ON! WE HAVE TO CHANGE PLACES WITH THE PILOT AND CO-PILOT BEFORE ANYONE SPOTS US!
OKAY! AND SHE'S RIGHT ON TIME TOO!
WITHIN MINUTES, TORCH AND TORO AT THE CONTROLS TAKE THE HUGE MAIL PLANE INTO THE AIR!
THUNDER MOUNTAIN! HERE WE COME!
GET SET, KID! THERE ARE THE CLOUD BANKS AHEAD!
READY, TORCH! HERE'S WHERE WE MAKE THAT GREAT WHITE BIRD LAY AN EGG!
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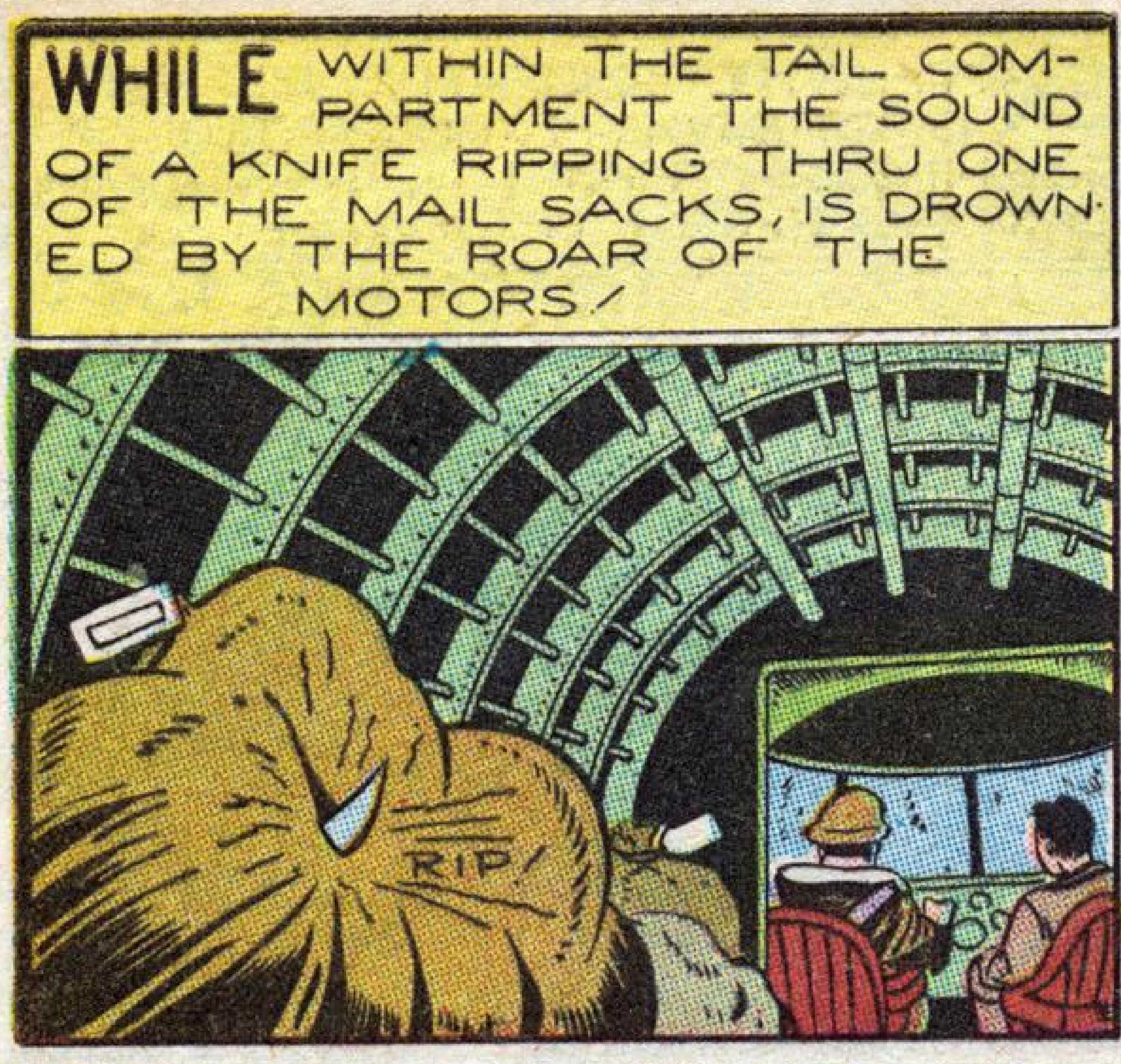
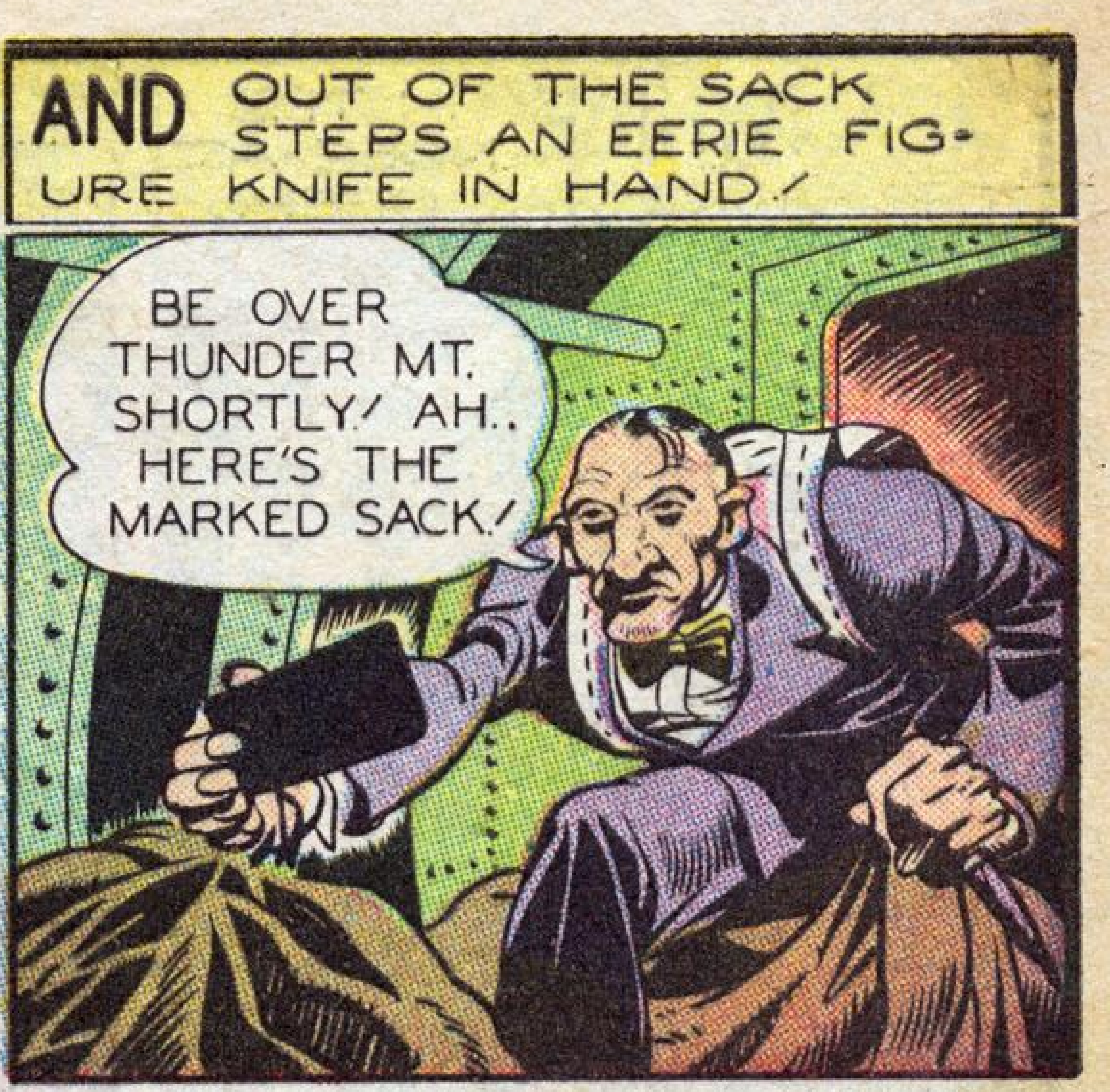
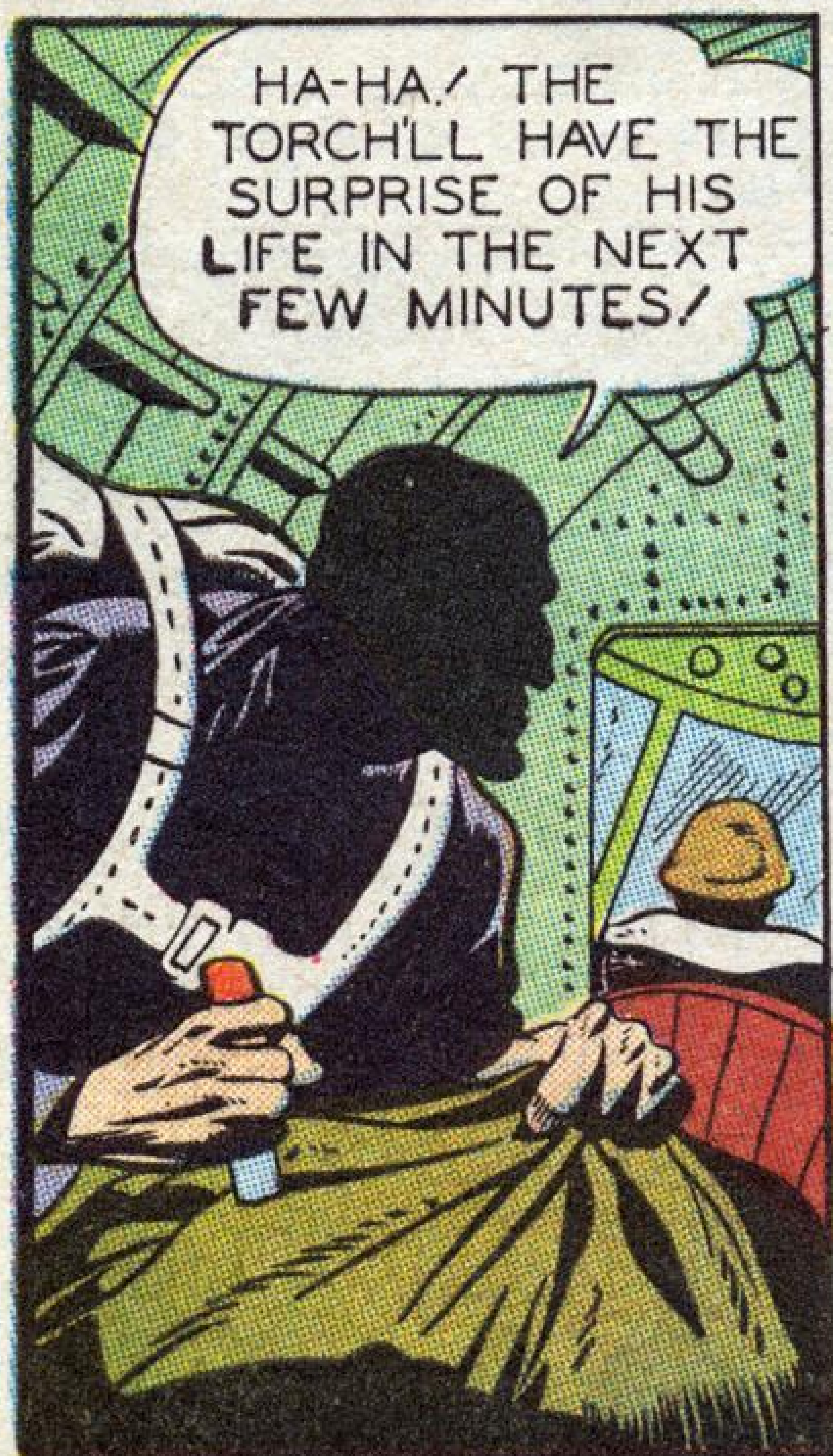
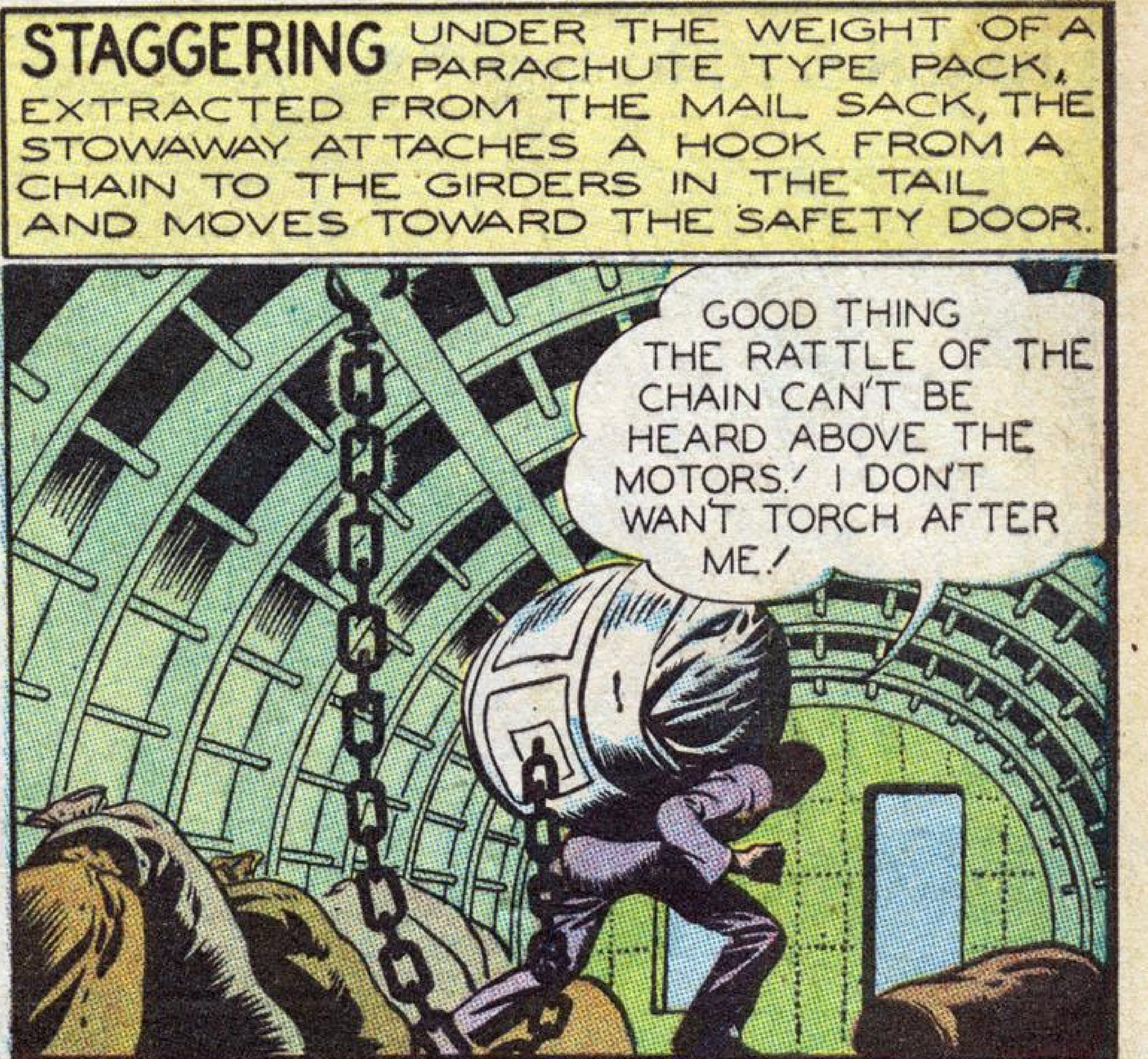
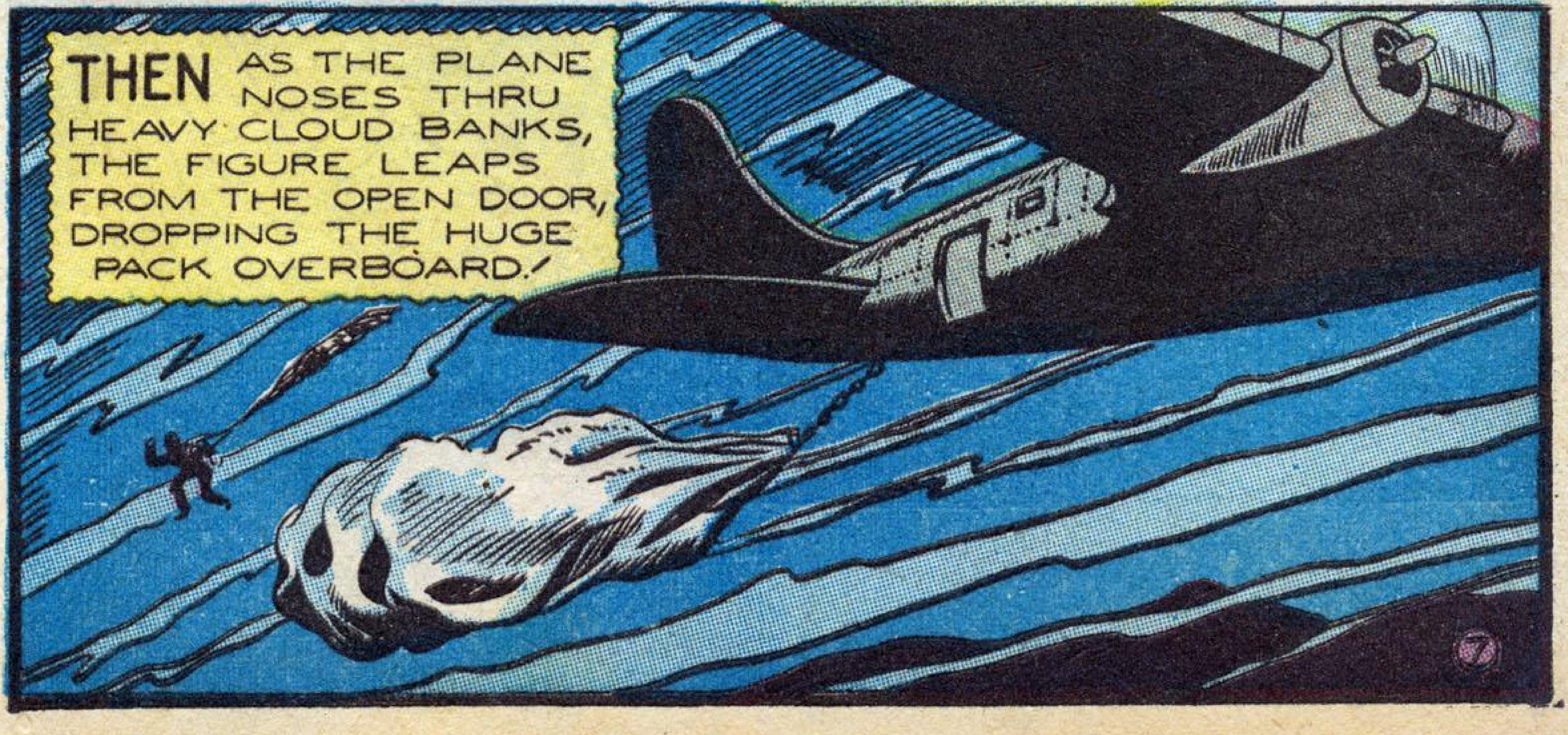

WHILE WITHIN THE TAIL COMPARTMENT THE SOUND OF A KNIFE RIPPING THRU ONE OF THE MAIL SACKS, IS DROWNED BY THE ROAR OF THE MOTORS!
RIP!

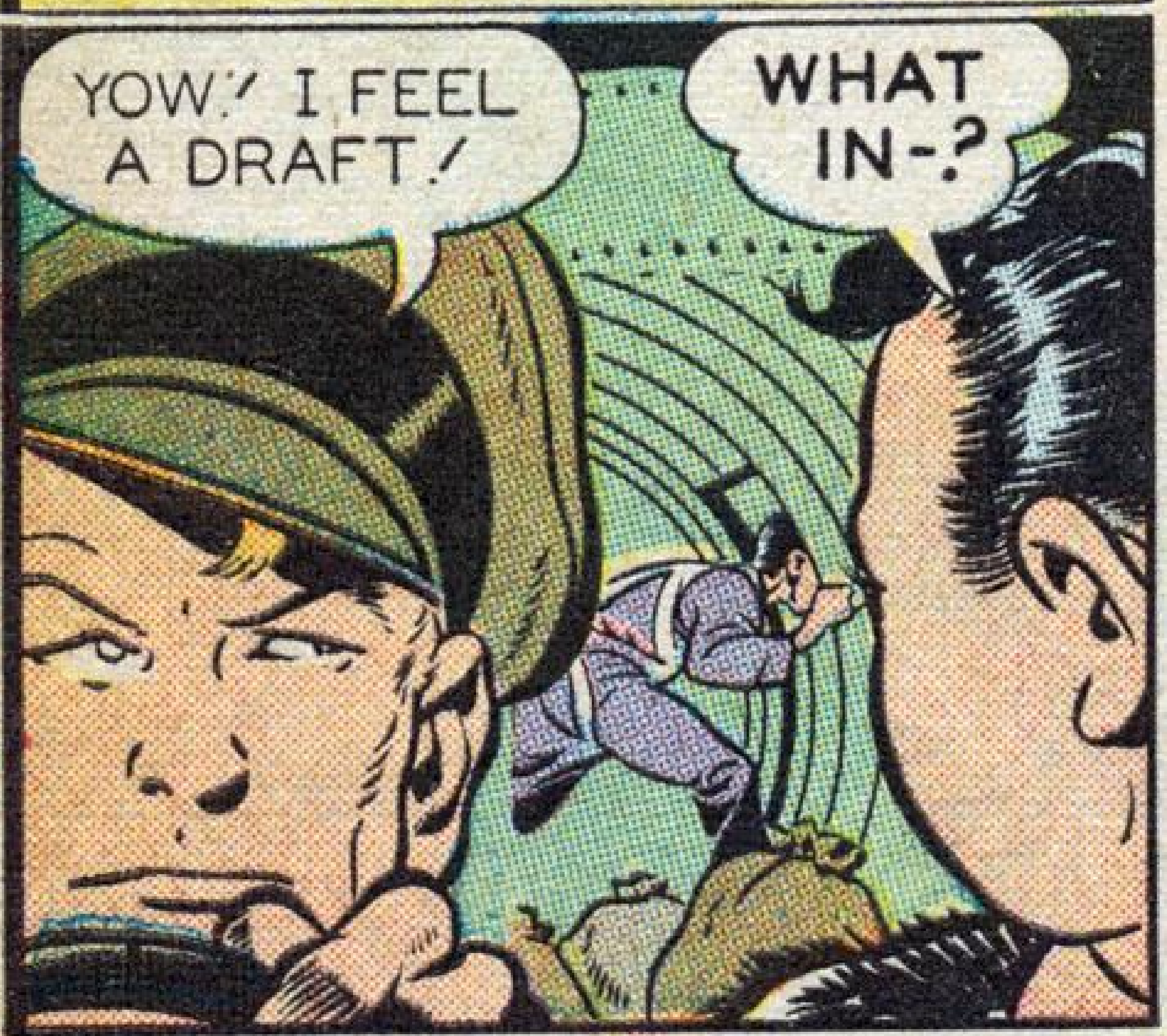

AND OUT OF THE SACK STEPS AN EERIE FIGURE KNIFE IN HAND!
BE OVER THUNDER MT. SHORTLY! AH.. HERE'S THE MARKED SACK!


HA-HA! THE TORCH'LL HAVE THE SURPRISE OF HIS LIFE IN THE NEXT FEW MINUTES!

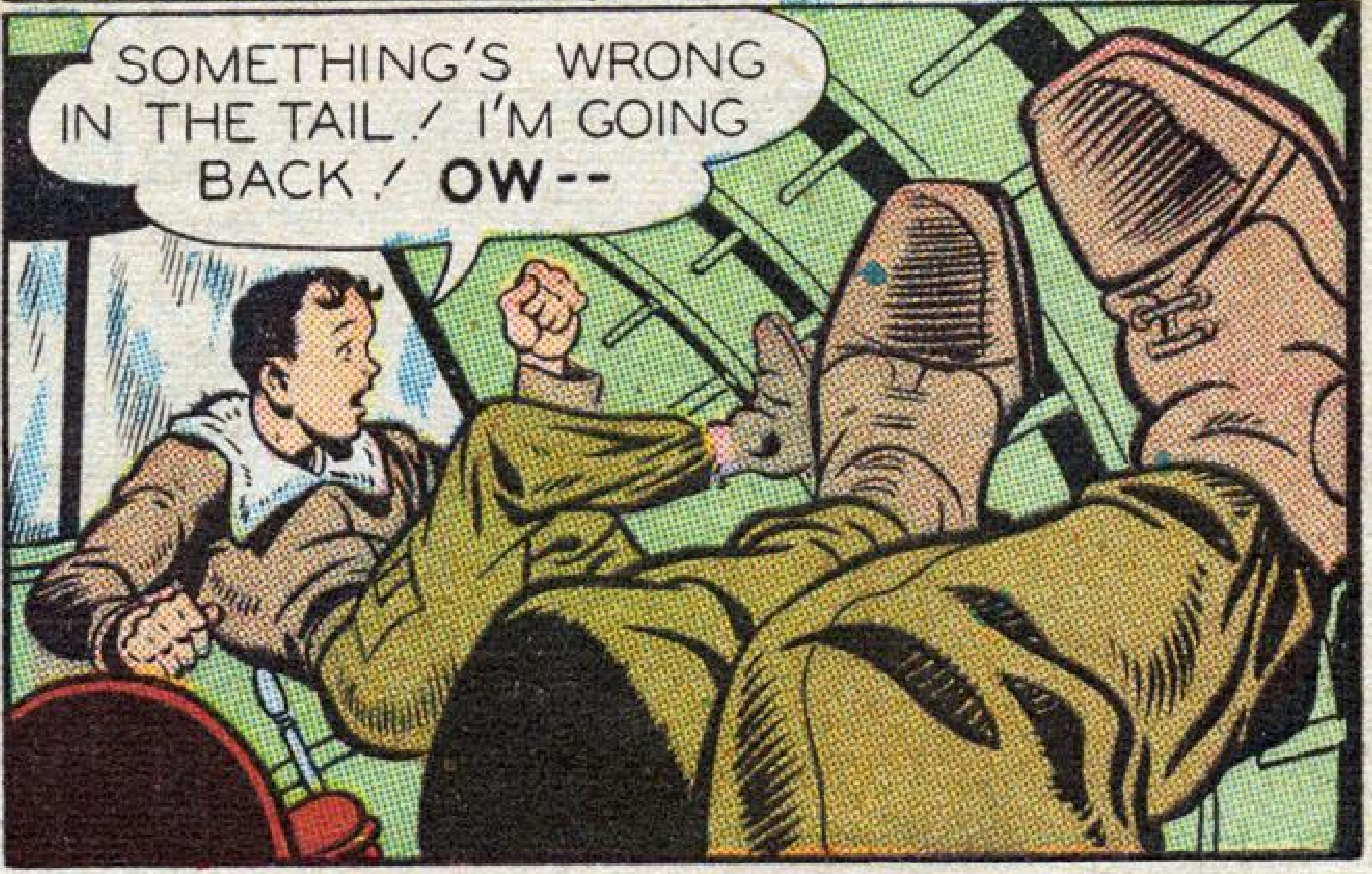

STAGGERING UNDER THE WEIGHT OF A PARACHUTE TYPE PACK, EXTRACTED FROM THE MAIL SACK, THE STOWAWAY ATTACHES A HOOK FROM A CHAIN TO THE GIRDERS IN THE TAIL AND MOVES TOWARD THE SAFETY DOOR.
GOOD THING THE RATTLE OF THE CHAIN CAN'T BE HEARD ABOVE THE MOTORS! I DON'T WANT TORCH AFTER ME!


THEN AS THE PLANE NOSES THRU HEAVY CLOUD BANKS, THE FIGURE LEAPS FROM THE OPEN DOOR, DROPPING THE HUGE PACK OVERBOARD!

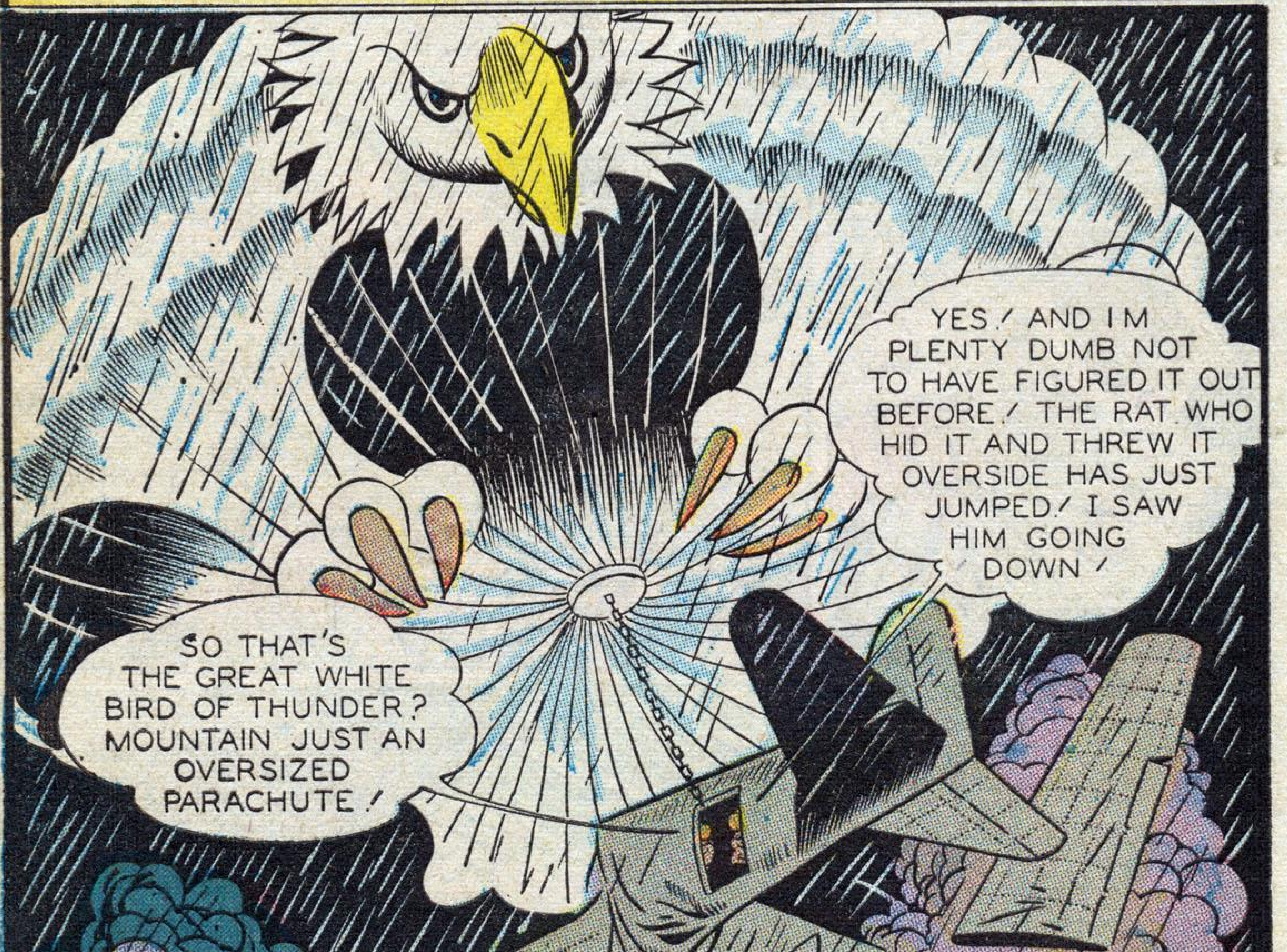
MEANWHILE IN THE NOSE AS THE STOWAWAY OPENS THE DOOR AND LEAPS!

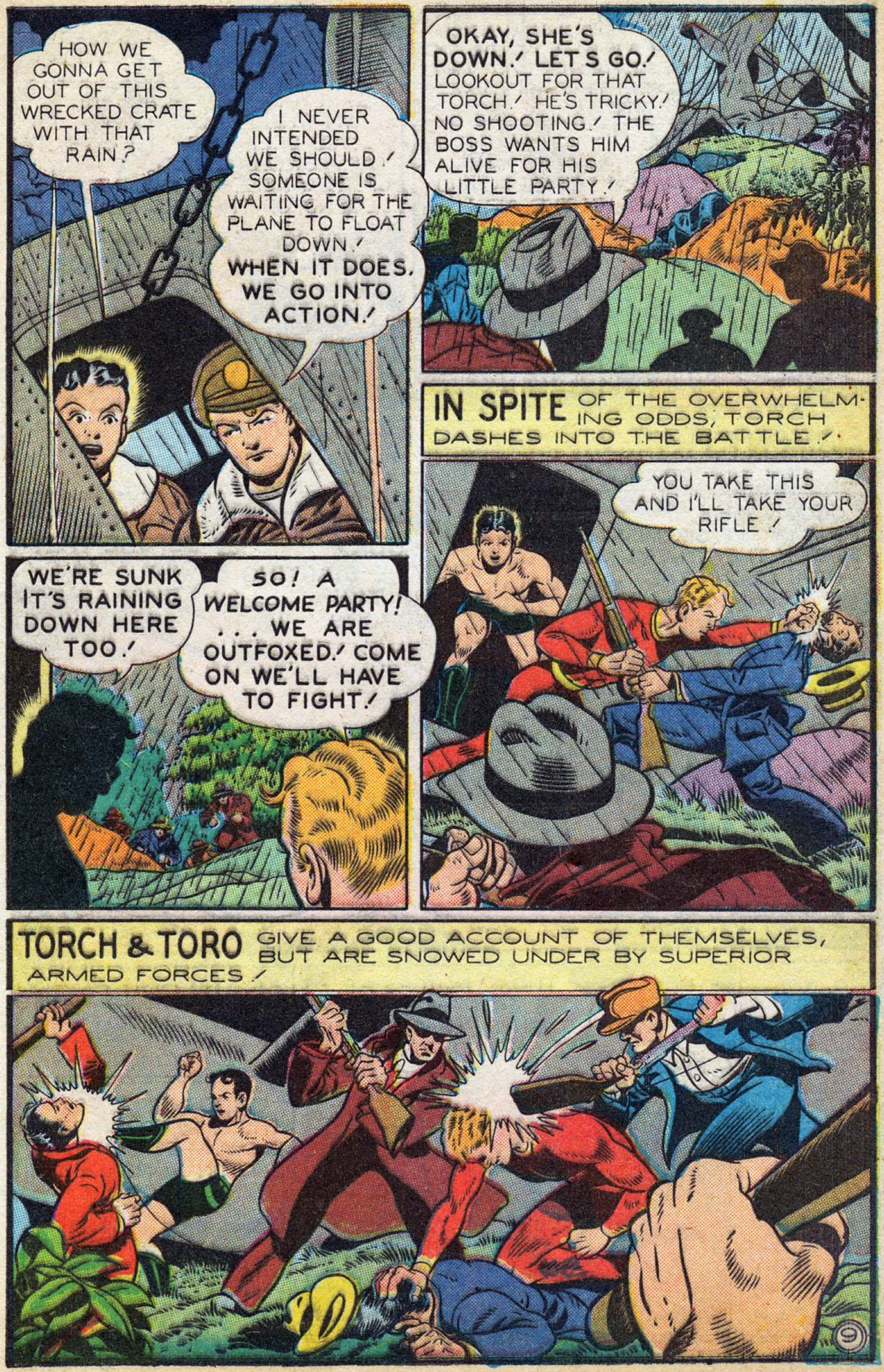

YOW! I FEEL A DRAFT!
WHAT IN-?

THEN THE NOSE OF THE PLANE DROPS WITH A STARTLING SUDDENNESS THAT HURLS TORCH AND TORO FROM THEIR SEATS!

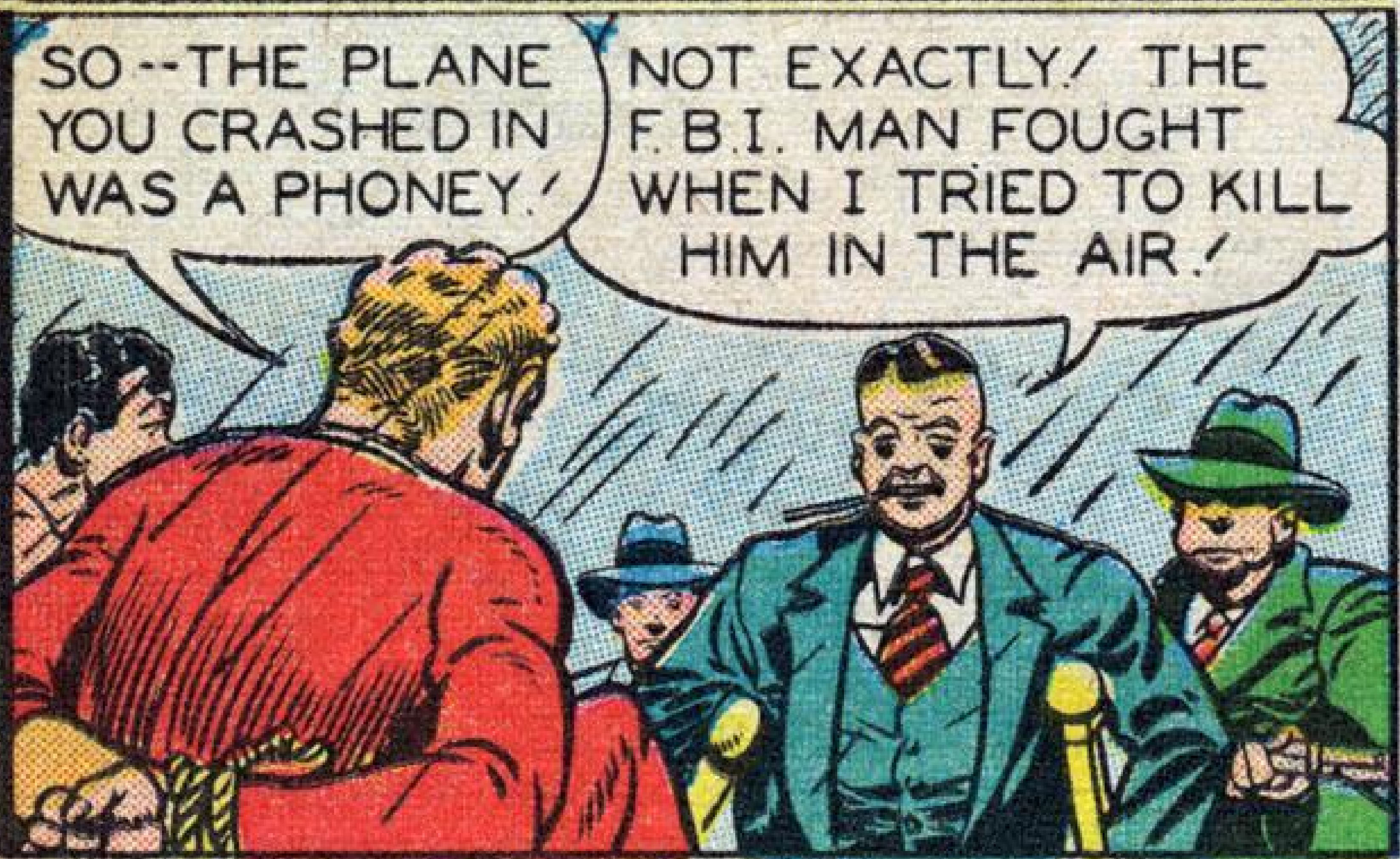

SOMETHING'S WRONG IN THE TAIL! I'M GOING BACK! OW--

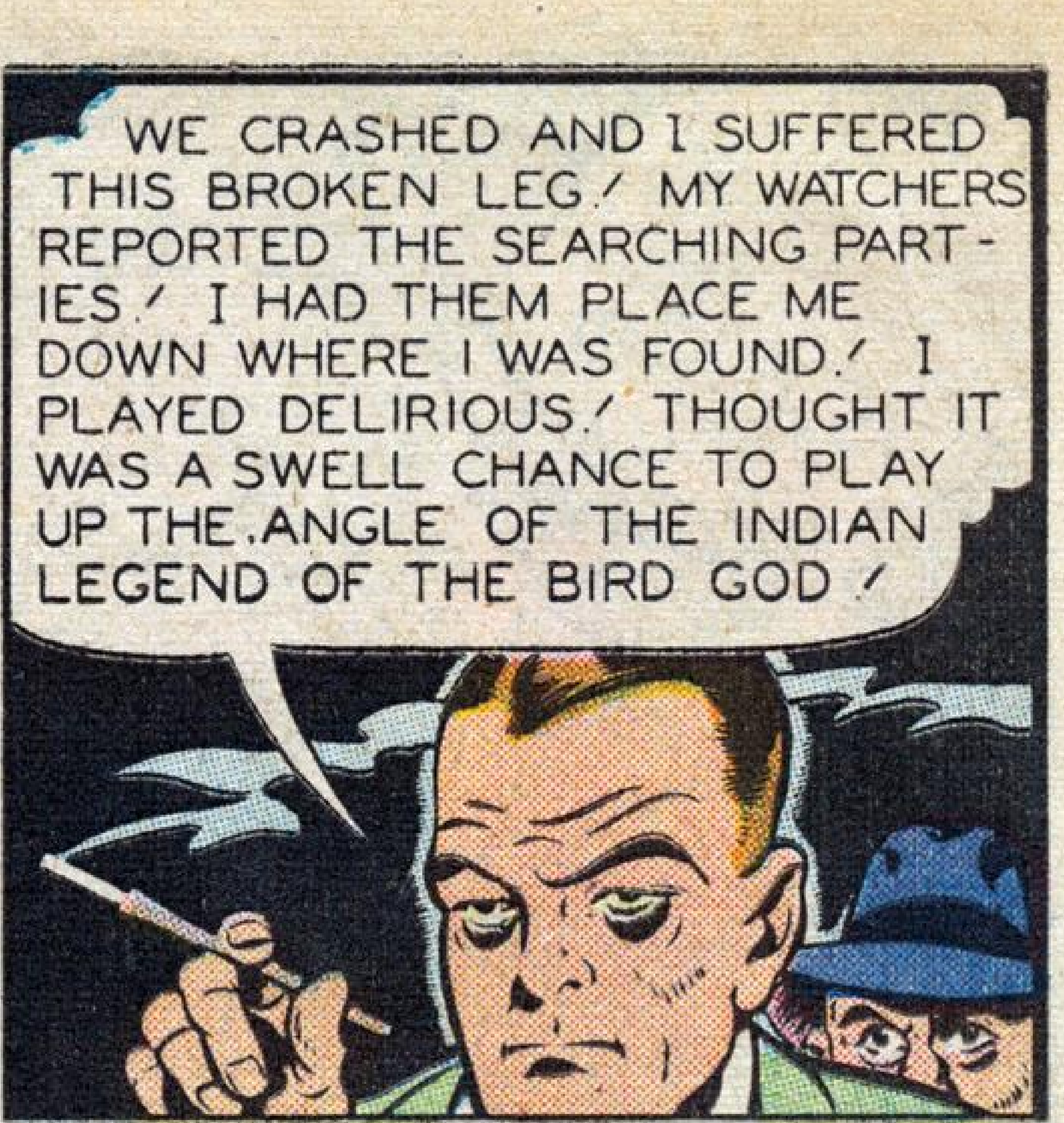
TORCH & TORO QUICKLY EXTRICATE THEMSELVES FROM THE NOSE OF THE WRECK AND CLIMB UP TO THE OPEN DOOR IN THE TAIL!


SO THAT'S THE GREAT WHITE BIRD OF THUNDER? MOUNTAIN JUST AN OVERSIZED PARACHUTE!
YES! AND I M PLENTY DUMB NOT TO HAVE FIGURED IT OUT BEFORE! THE RAT WHO HID IT AND THREW IT OVERSIDE HAS JUST JUMPED! I SAW HIM GOING DOWN!

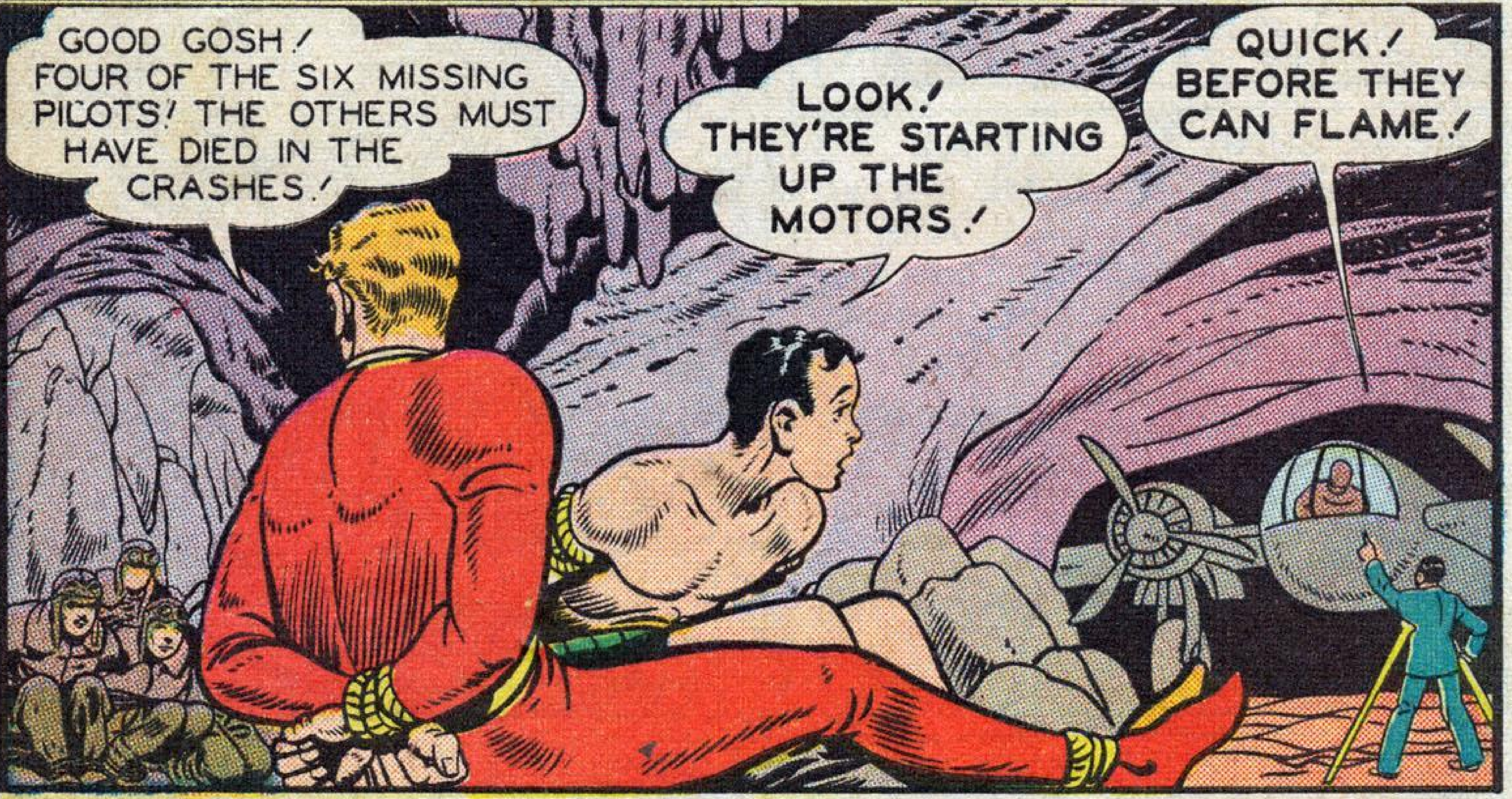

HOW WE GONNA GET OUT OF THIS WRECKED CRATE WITH THAT RAIN?
I NEVER INTENDED WE SHOULD! SOMEONE IS WAITING FOR THE PLANE TO FLOAT DOWN! WHEN IT DOES, WE GO INTO ACTION!
OKAY, SHE'S DOWN! LET'S GO! LOOKOUT FOR THAT TORCH! HE'S TRICKY! NO SHOOTING! THE BOSS WANTS HIM ALIVE FOR HIS LITTLE PARTY!
WE'RE SUNK IT'S RAINING DOWN HERE TOO!
SO! A WELCOME PARTY! . . . WE ARE OUTFOXED! COME ON WE'LL HAVE TO FIGHT!
IN SPITE OF THE OVERWHELMING ODDS, TORCH DASHES INTO THE BATTLE!
YOU TAKE THIS AND I'LL TAKE YOUR RIFLE!
TORCH & TORO GIVE A GOOD ACCOUNT OF THEMSELVES, BUT ARE SNOWED UNDER BY SUPERIOR ARMED FORCES!

TORCH & TORO RECOVER SOMETIME LATER TO GAPE UP IN SURPRISE AT THE GRINNING FACE OF THE AIRLINE MANAGER!

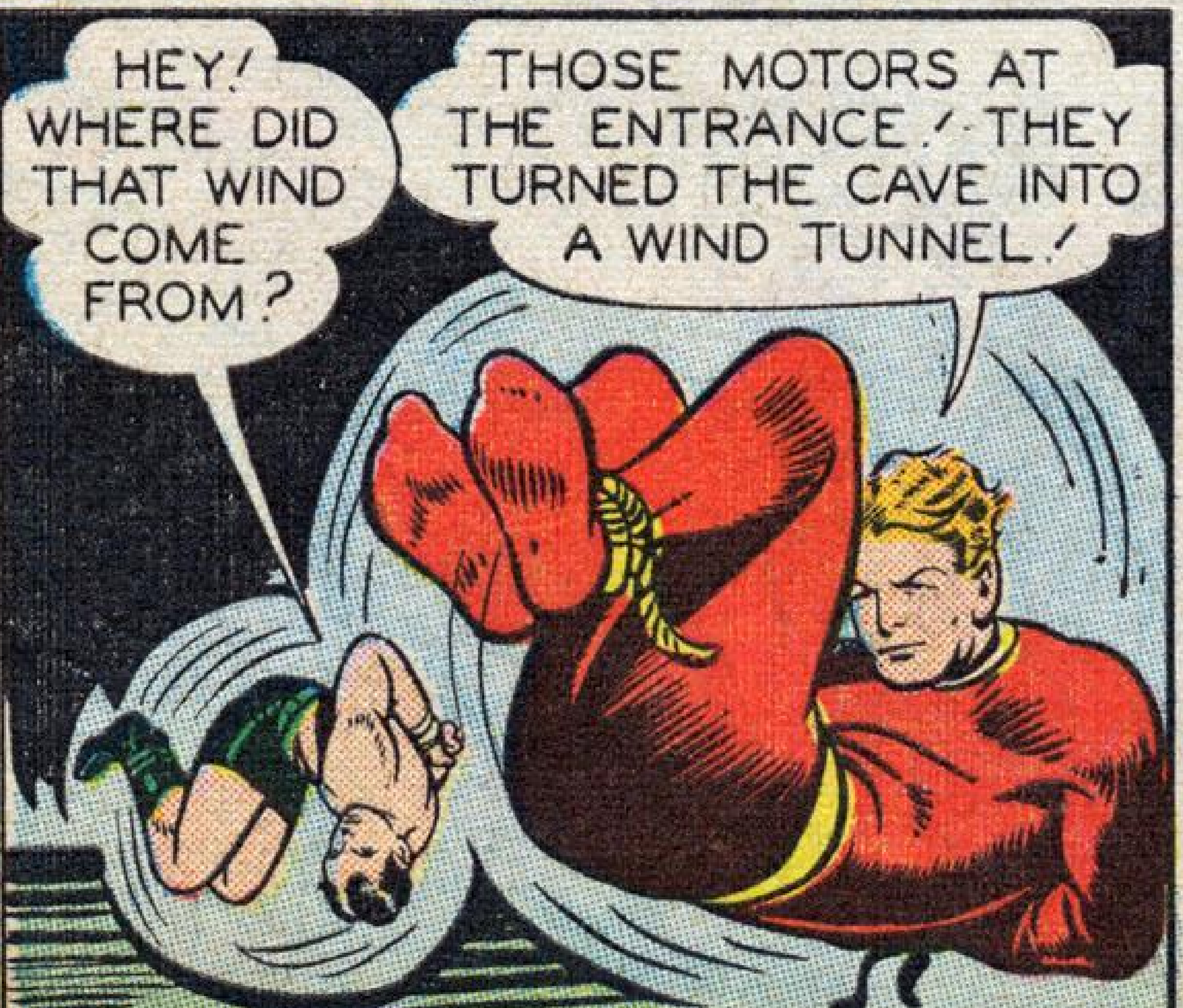

SO--THE PLANE YOU CRASHED IN WAS A PHONEY!
NOT EXACTLY! THE F.B.I. MAN FOUGHT WHEN I TRIED TO KILL HIM IN THE AIR!


WE CRASHED AND I SUFFERED THIS BROKEN LEG! MY WATCHERS REPORTED THE SEARCHING PARTIES! I HAD THEM PLACE ME DOWN WHERE I WAS FOUND! I PLAYED DELIRIOUS! THOUGHT IT WAS A SWELL CHANCE TO PLAY UP THE ANGLE OF THE INDIAN LEGEND OF THE BIRD GOD!

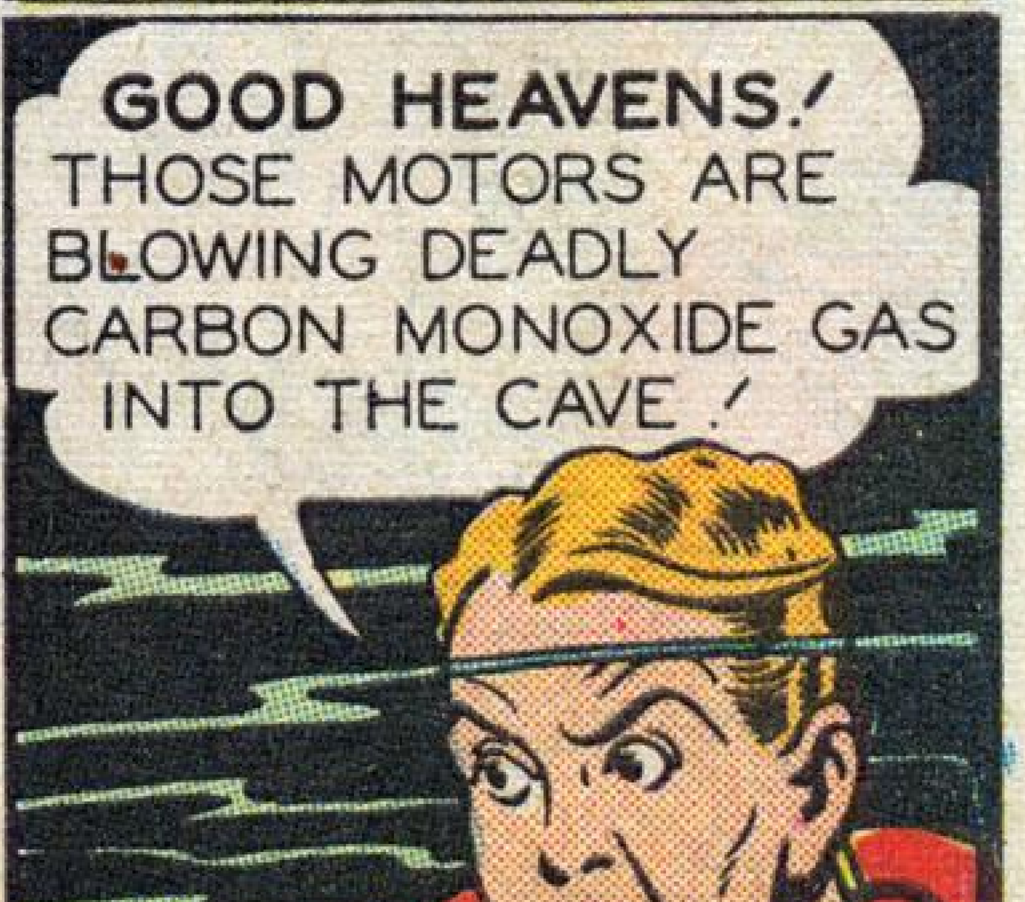
MOMENTS LATER--TORCH AND TORO ARE CARRIED INTO A NARROW ROOFED CAVE WHERE IN THE DIM LIGHT CAN BE SEEN FOUR EMACIATED FIGURES!

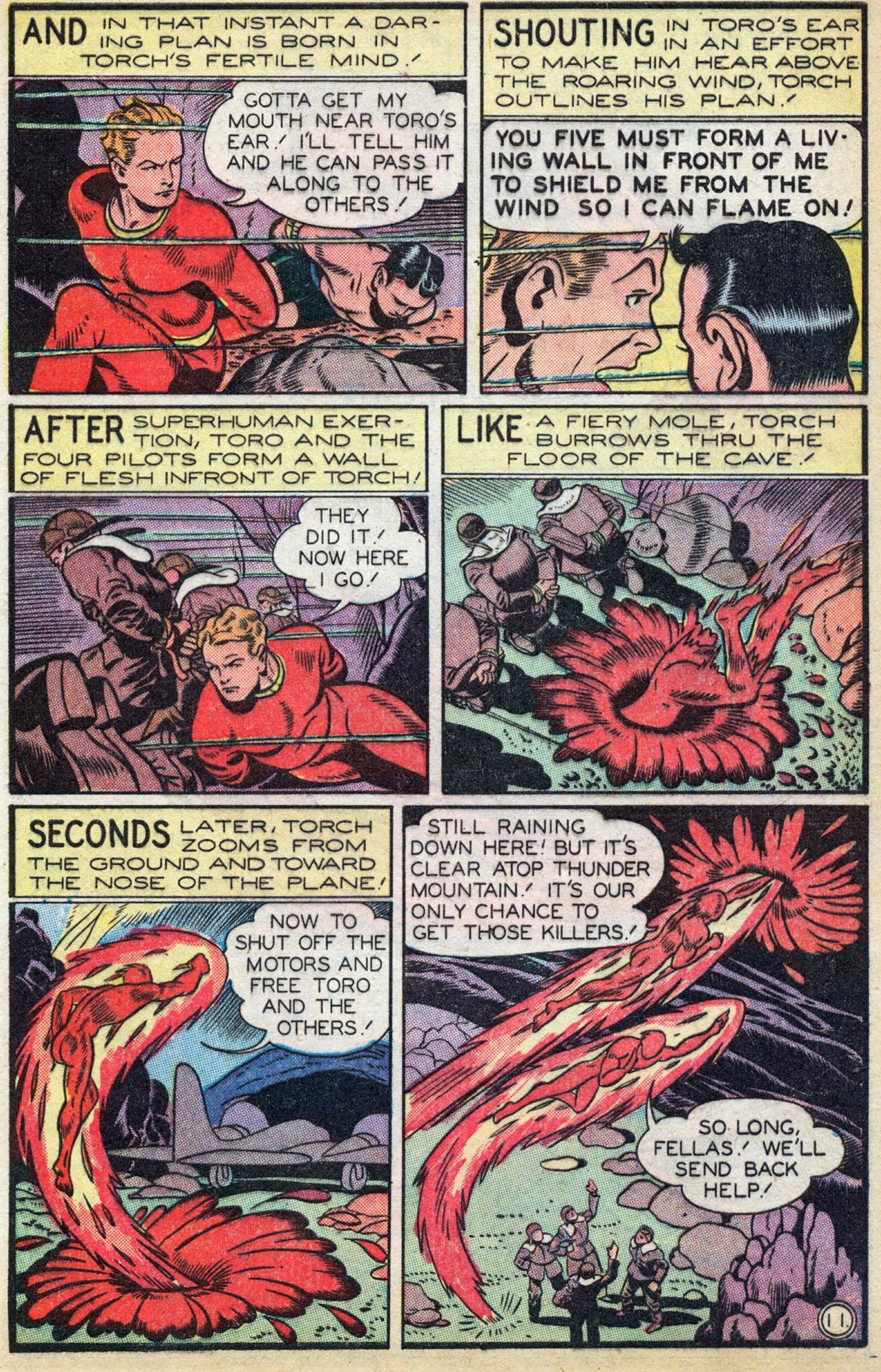

GOOD GOSH! FOUR OF THE SIX MISSING PILOTS! THE OTHERS MUST HAVE DIED IN THE CRASHES!
LOOK! THEY'RE STARTING UP THE MOTORS!
QUICK! BEFORE THEY CAN FLAME!

A DEAFENING ROAR, AND TORCH AND TORO ARE BLOWN LIKE STRAWS IN THE WIND ALONG THE FLOOR OF THE CAVE!

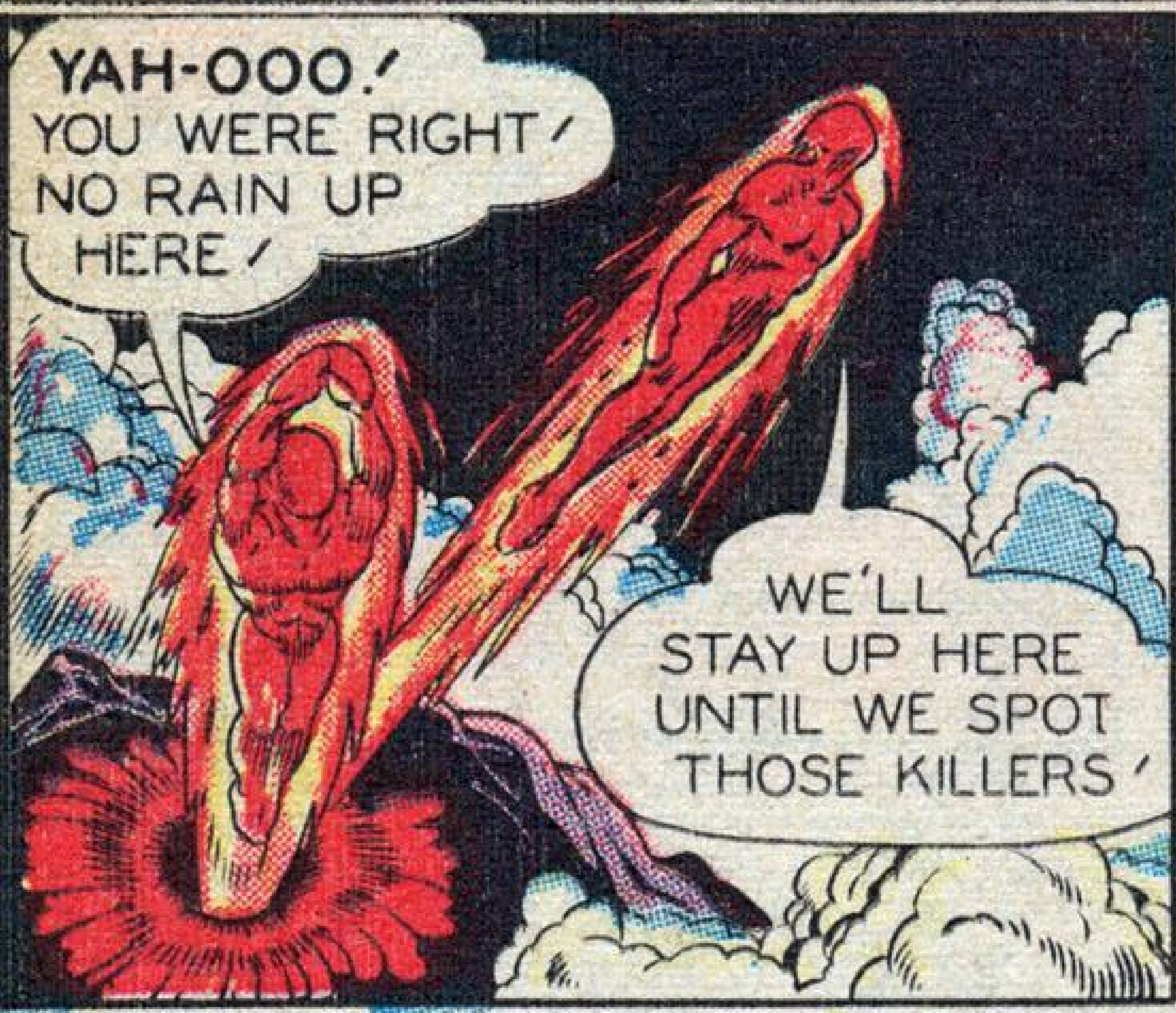

HEY! WHERE DID THAT WIND COME FROM?
THOSE MOTORS AT THE ENTRANCE! THEY TURNED THE CAVE INTO A WIND TUNNEL!

AGAIN AND AGAIN TORCH AND TORO TRY TO FLAME THEN A SICKENING REALIZATION!

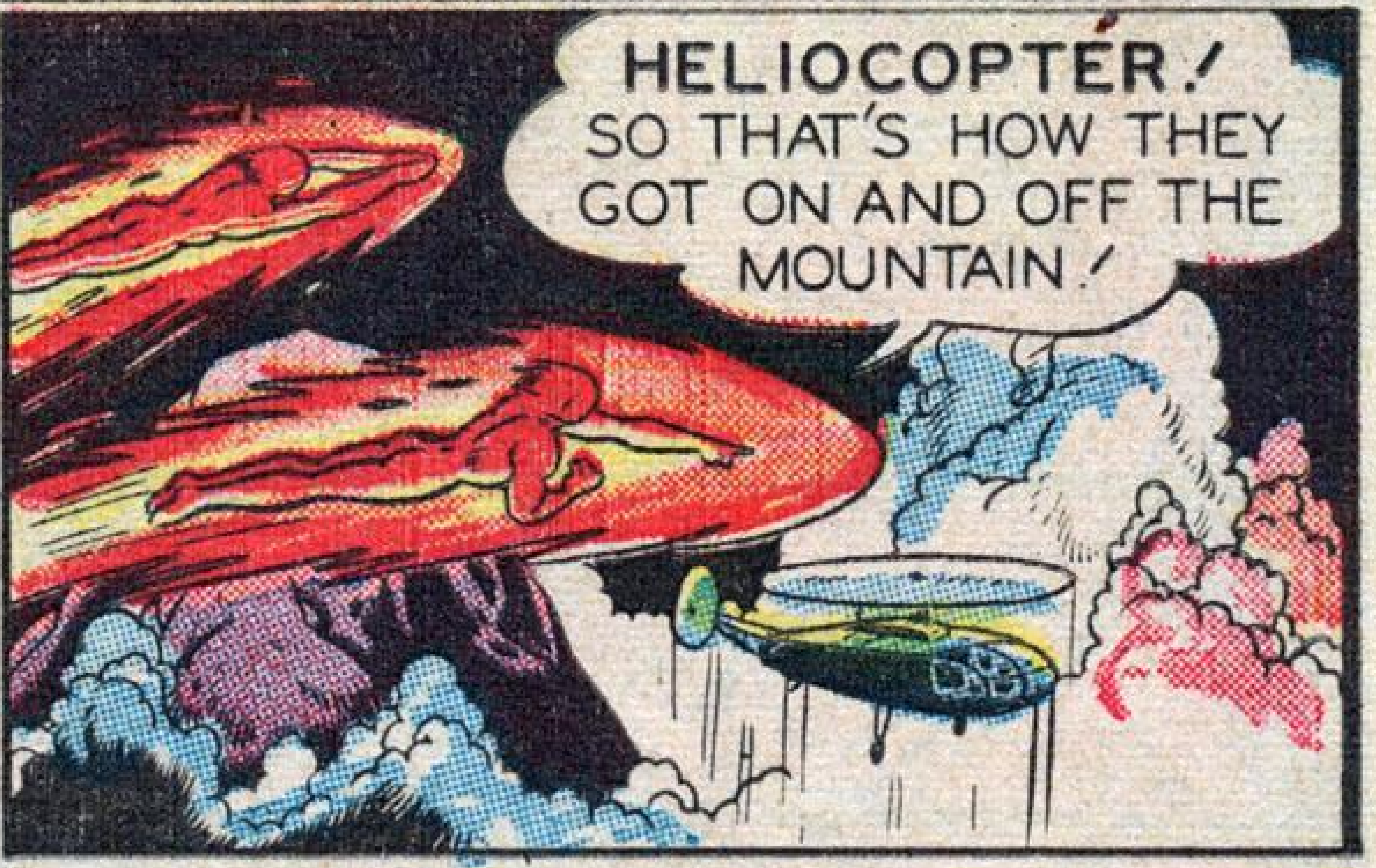

GOOD HEAVENS! THOSE MOTORS ARE BLOWING DEADLY CARBON MONOXIDE GAS INTO THE CAVE!


AND IN THAT INSTANT A DARING PLAN IS BORN IN TORCH'S FERTILE MIND!
GOTTA GET MY MOUTH NEAR TORO'S EAR! I'LL TELL HIM AND HE CAN PASS IT ALONG TO THE OTHERS!
SHOUTING IN TORO'S EAR IN AN EFFORT TO MAKE HIM HEAR ABOVE THE ROARING WIND, TORCH OUTLINES HIS PLAN!
YOU FIVE MUST FORM A LIVING WALL IN FRONT OF ME TO SHIELD ME FROM THE WIND SO I CAN FLAME ON!
AFTER SUPERHUMAN EXERTION, TORO AND THE FOUR PILOTS FORM A WALL OF FLESH INFRONT OF TORCH!
THEY DID IT! NOW HERE I GO!
LIKE A FIERY MOLE, TORCH BURROWS THRU THE FLOOR OF THE CAVE!
SECONDS LATER, TORCH ZOOMS FROM THE GROUND AND TOWARD THE NOSE OF THE PLANE!
NOW TO SHUT OFF THE MOTORS AND FREE TORO AND THE OTHERS!
STILL RAINING DOWN HERE! BUT IT'S CLEAR ATOP THUNDER MOUNTAIN! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE TO GET THOSE KILLERS!
SO LONG, FELLAS! WE'LL SEND BACK HELP!

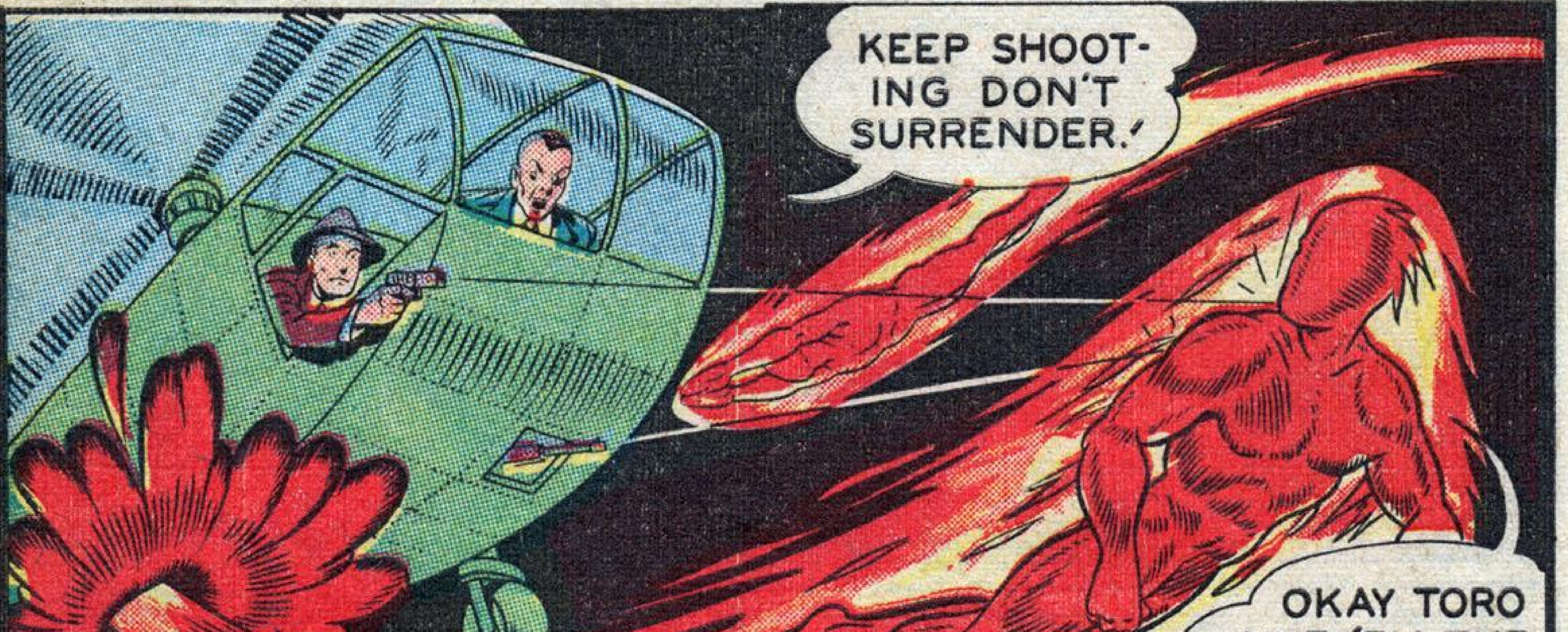
BURNING THEIR WAY UP THRU THE ROCKY MASS OF THUNDER MOUNTAIN, TORCH & TORO EMERGE INTO CLEAR SKY!

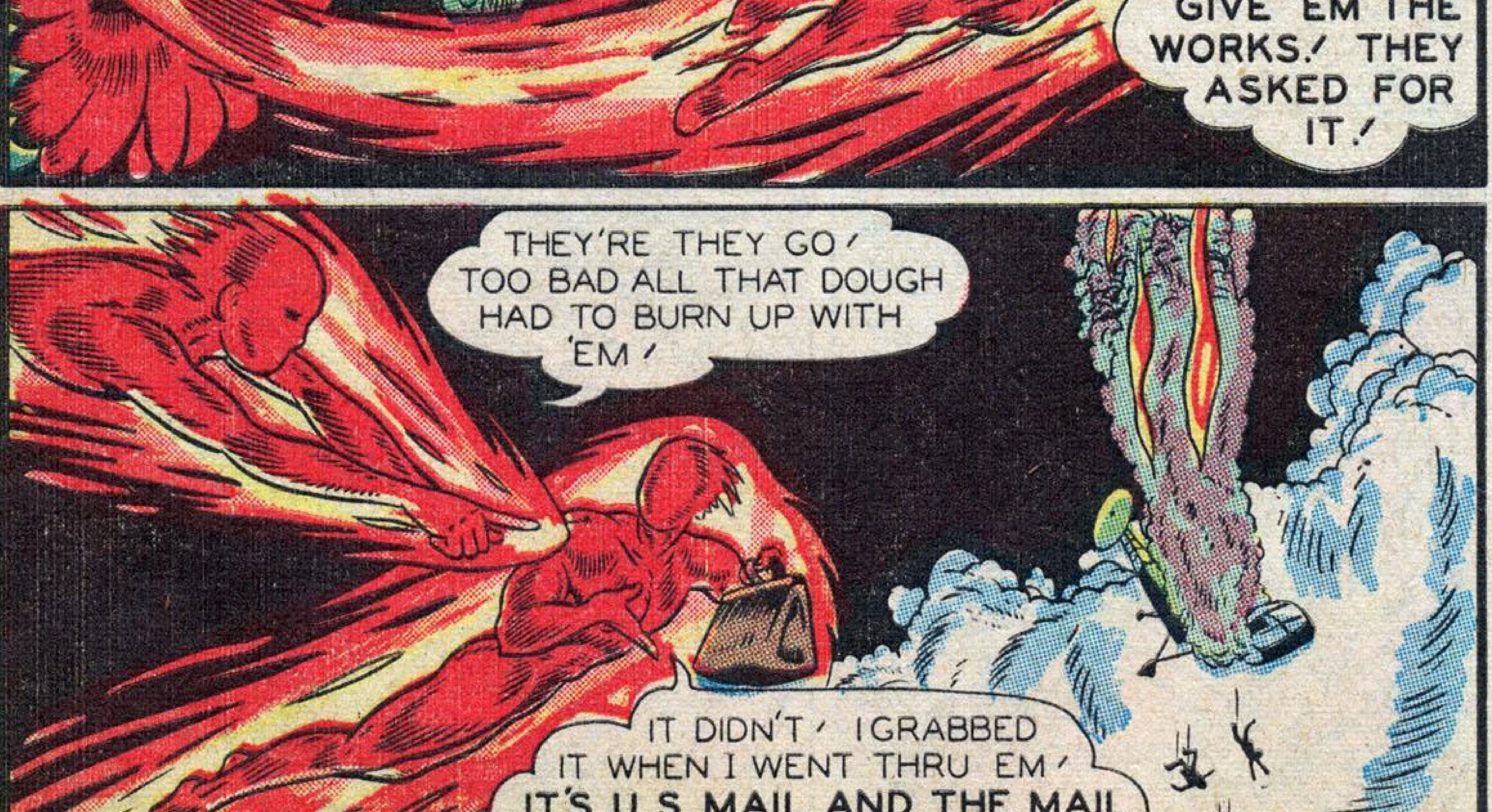

YAH-OOO! YOU WERE RIGHT! NO RAIN UP HERE!
WE'LL STAY UP HERE UNTIL WE SPOT THOSE KILLERS!

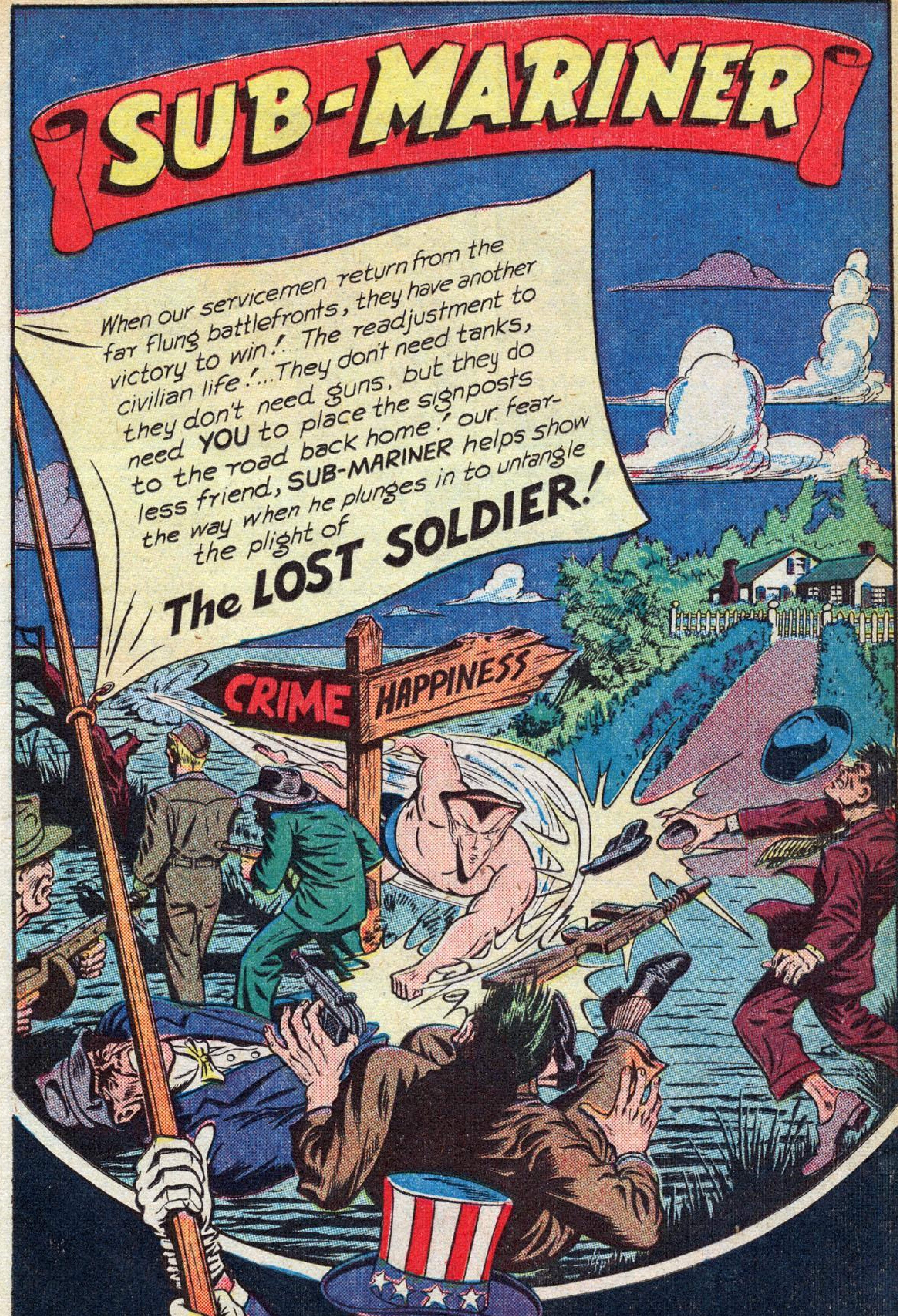
IN EVER WIDENING CIRCLES AT TERRIFIC SPEED TORCH SPOTS HIS QUARRY!

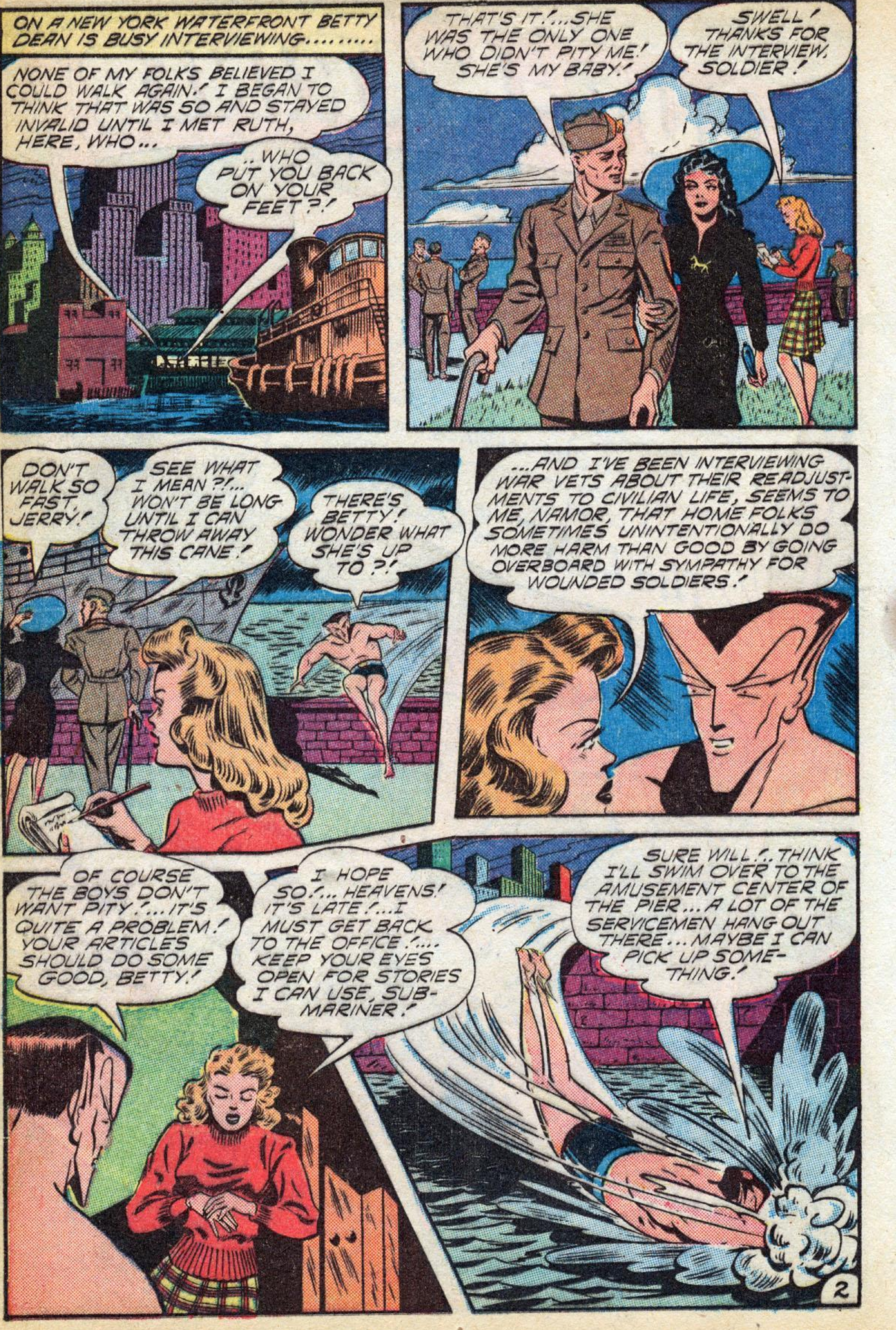

HELIOCOPTER! SO THAT'S HOW THEY GOT ON AND OFF THE MOUNTAIN!

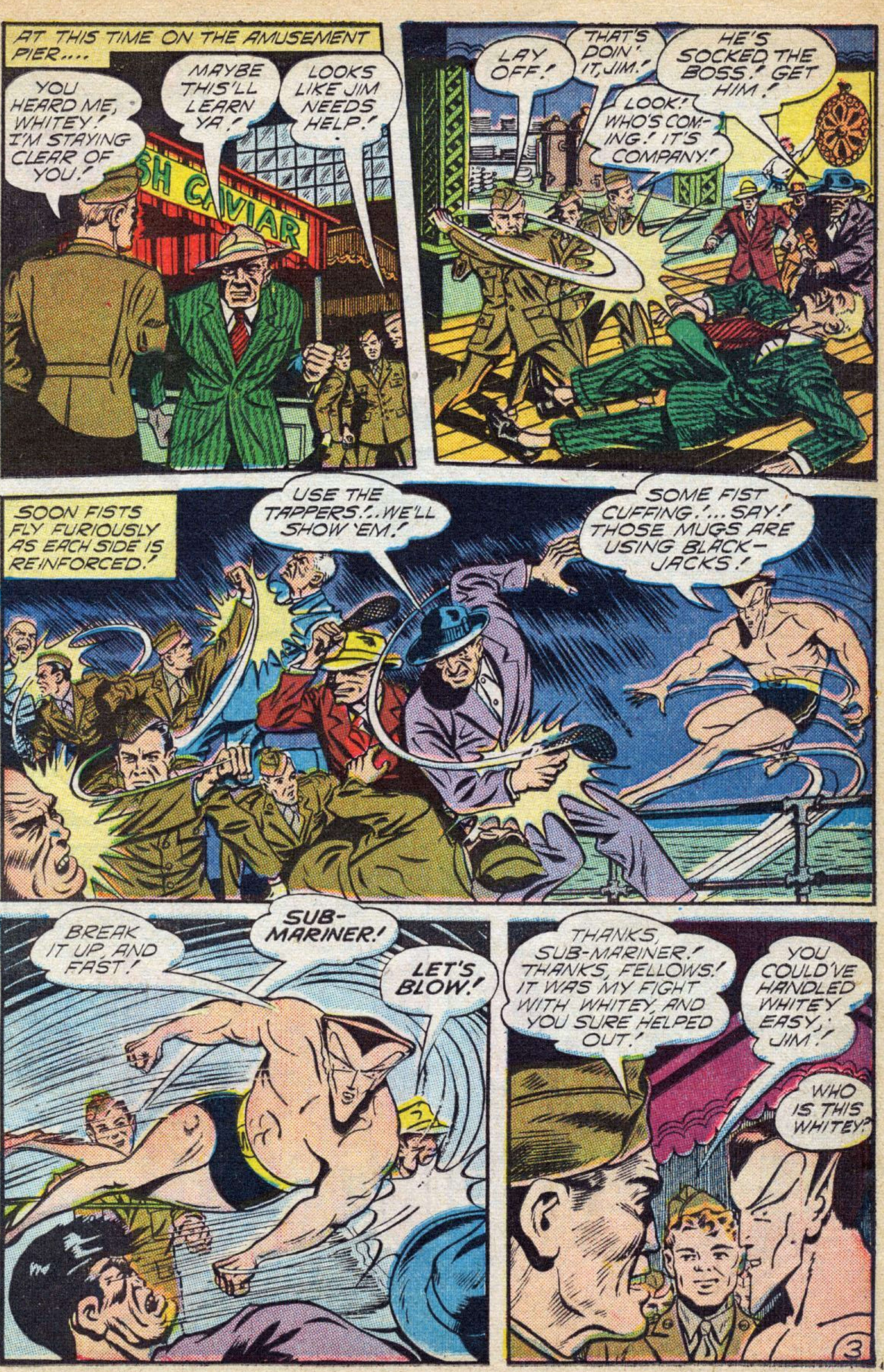
DOWN GO TORCH & TORO IN A FIERY PATTERN THRU AND AROUND THE STARTLED OCCUPANTS OF THE DOOMED HELIOCOPTER TO GIVE UP!

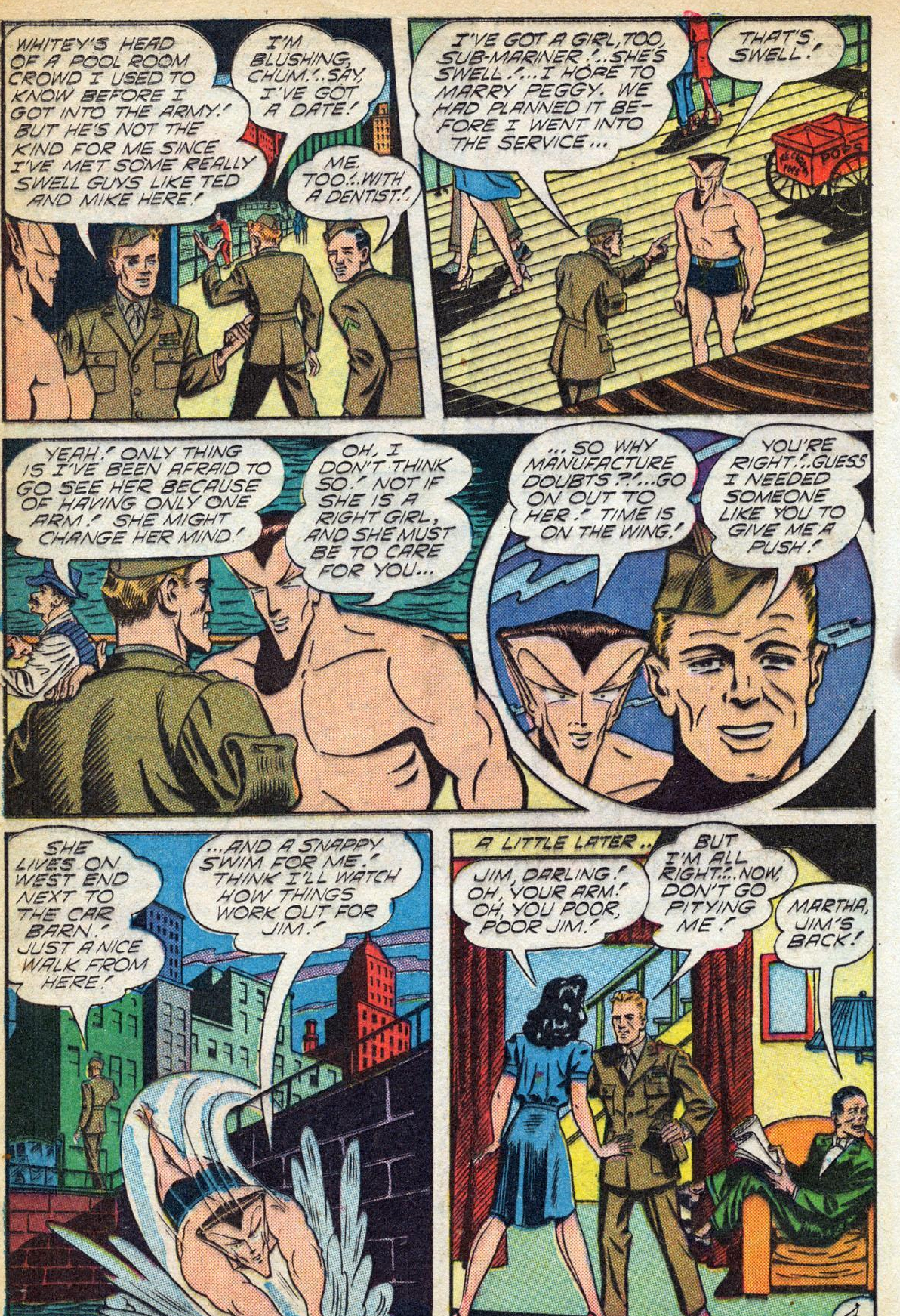

KEEP SHOOTING DON'T SURRENDER!
OKAY TORO GIVE 'EM THE WORKS! THEY ASKED FOR IT!

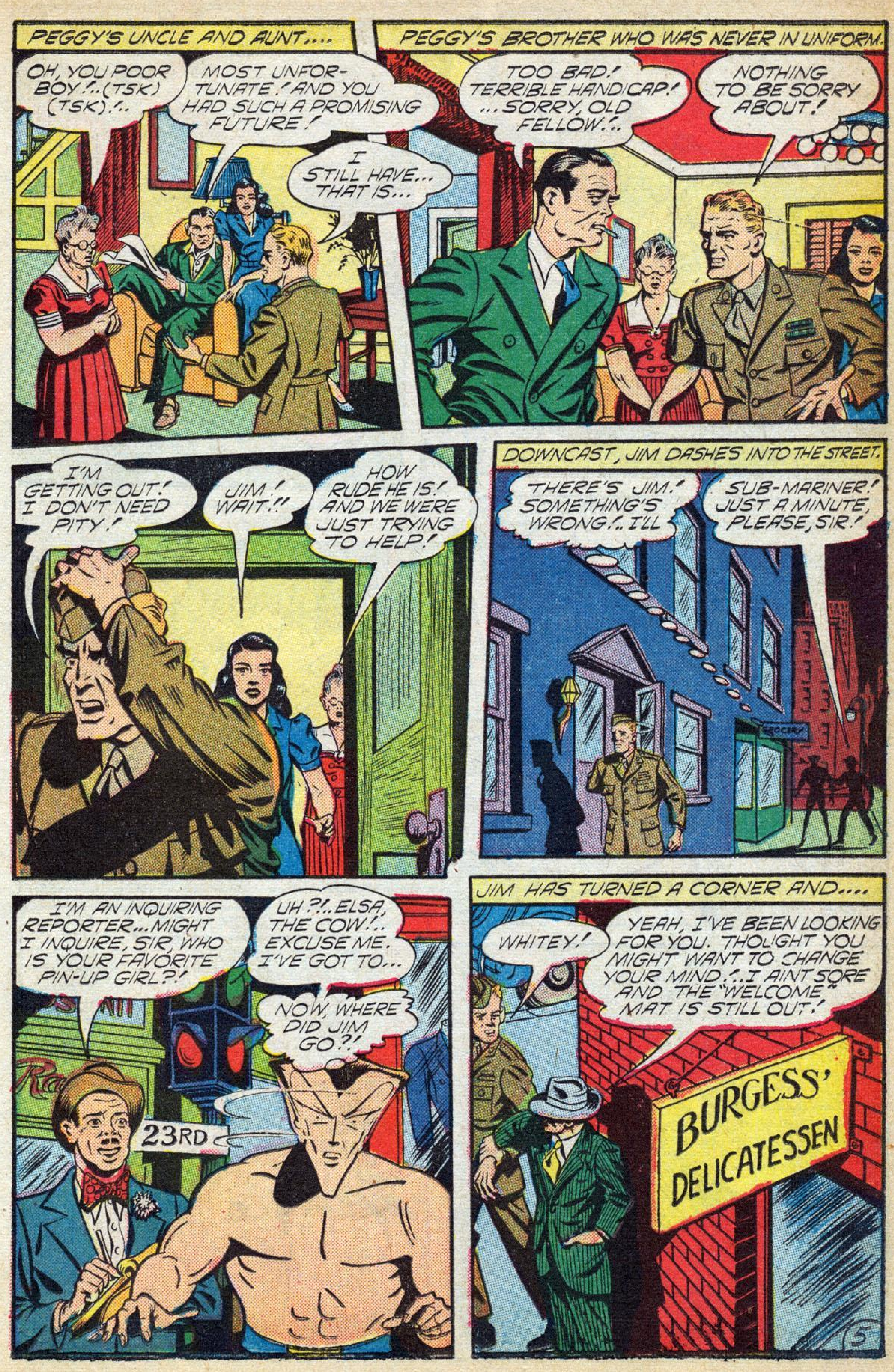

THEY'RE THEY GO! TOO BAD ALL THAT DOUGH HAD TO BURN UP WITH 'EM!
IT DIDN'T! I GRABBED IT WHEN I WENT THRU EM! IT'S U.S. MAIL AND THE MAIL ALWAYS GET THROUGH!
THE END!

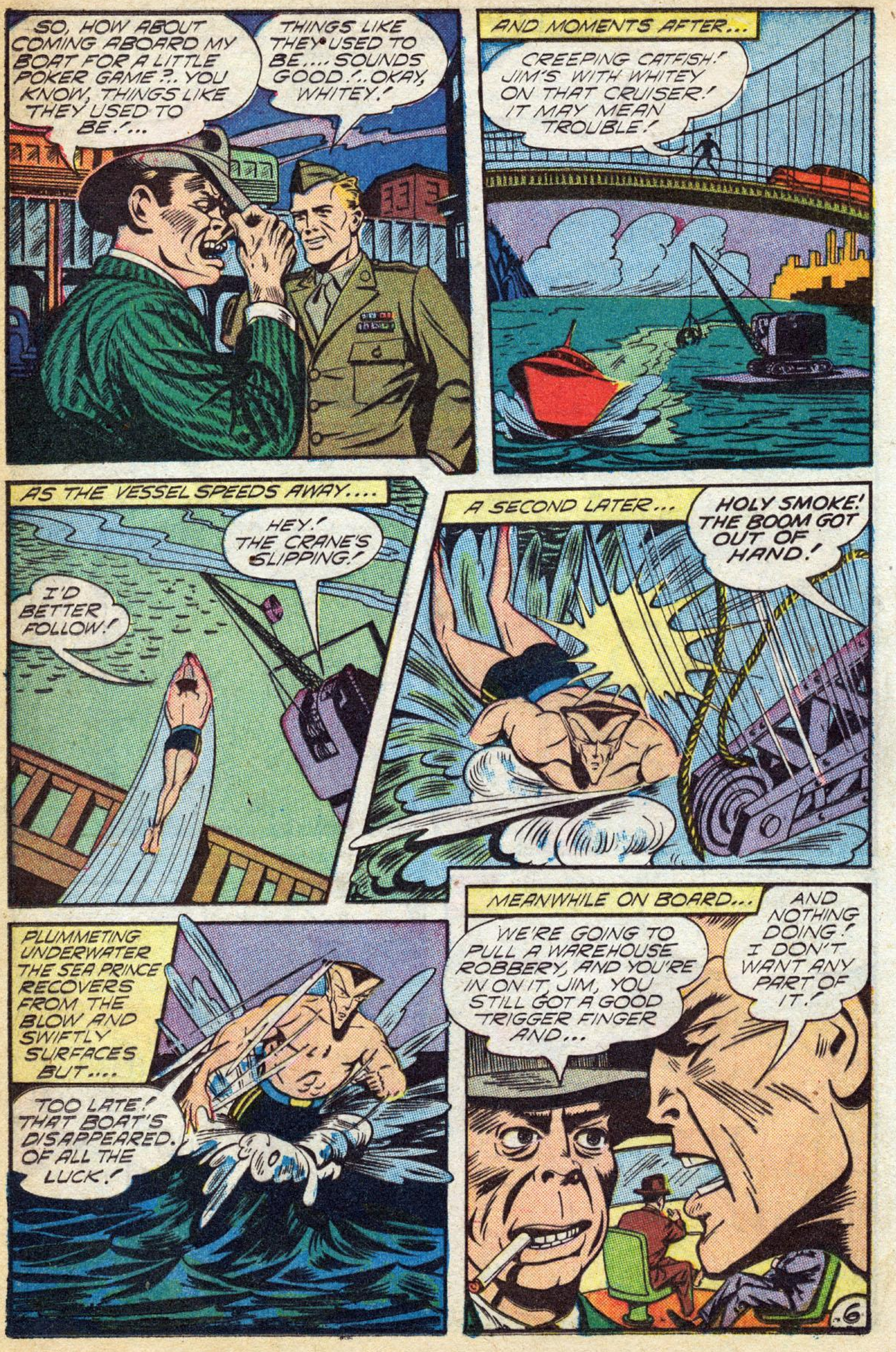

SUB-MARINER
When our servicemen return from the far flung battlefronts, they have another victory to win!. The readjustment to civilian life!...They don't need tanks, they don't need guns, but they do need YOU to place the signposts to the road back home! our fearless friend, SUB-MARINER helps show the way when he plunges in to untangle the plight of
The LOST SOLDIER!
CRIME
HAPPINESS

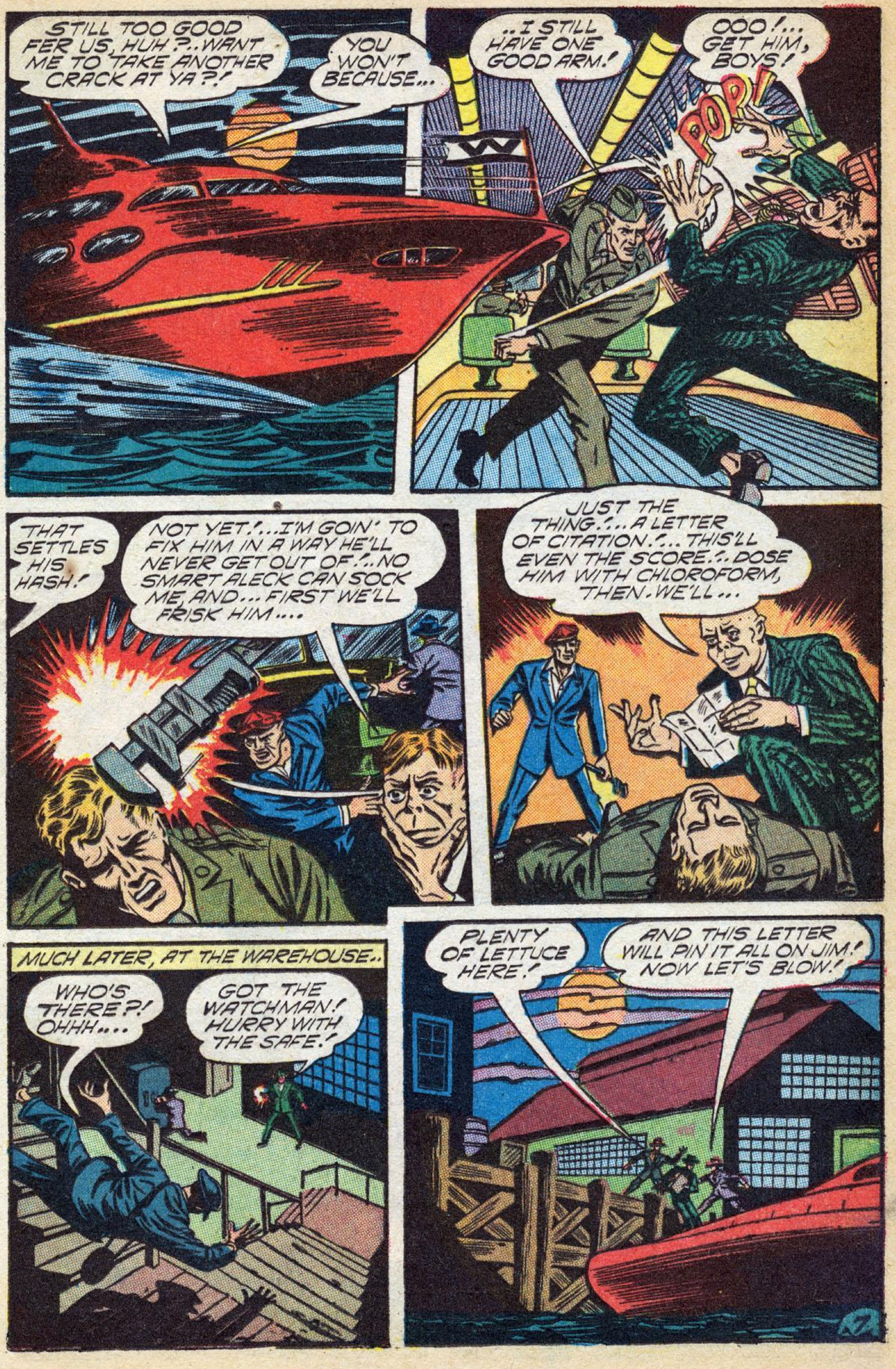

ON A NEW YORK WATERFRONT BETTY DEAN IS BUSY INTERVIEWING.........
NONE OF MY FOLKS BELIEVED I COULD WALK AGAIN! I BEGAN TO THINK THAT WAS SO AND STAYED INVALID UNTIL I MET RUTH, HERE, WHO...
..WHO PUT YOU BACK ON YOUR FEET?!
THAT'S IT!...SHE WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO DIDN'T PITY ME! SHE'S MY BABY!
SWELL! THANKS FOR THE INTERVIEW, SOLDIER!
DON'T WALK SO FAST, JERRY!
SEE WHAT I MEAN?!... WON'T BE LONG UNTIL I CAN THROW AWAY THIS CANE!
THERE'S BETTY! WONDER WHAT SHE'S UP TO?!
...AND I'VE BEEN INTERVIEWING WAR VETS ABOUT THEIR READJUSTMENTS TO CIVILIAN LIFE, SEEMS TO ME, NAMOR, THAT HOME FOLKS SOMETIMES UNINTENTIONALLY DO MORE HARM THAN GOOD BY GOING OVERBOARD WITH SYMPATHY FOR WOUNDED SOLDIERS!
OF COURSE THE BOYS DON'T WANT PITY!...IT'S QUITE A PROBLEM! YOUR ARTICLES SHOULD DO SOME GOOD, BETTY!
I HOPE SO!... HEAVENS! IT'S LATE!...I MUST GET BACK TO THE OFFICE!... KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN FOR STORIES I CAN USE, SUB-MARINER!
SURE WILL!.. THINK I'LL SWIM OVER TO THE AMUSEMENT CENTER OF THE PIER... A LOT OF THE SERVICEMEN HANG OUT THERE... MAYBE I CAN PICK UP SOMETHING!

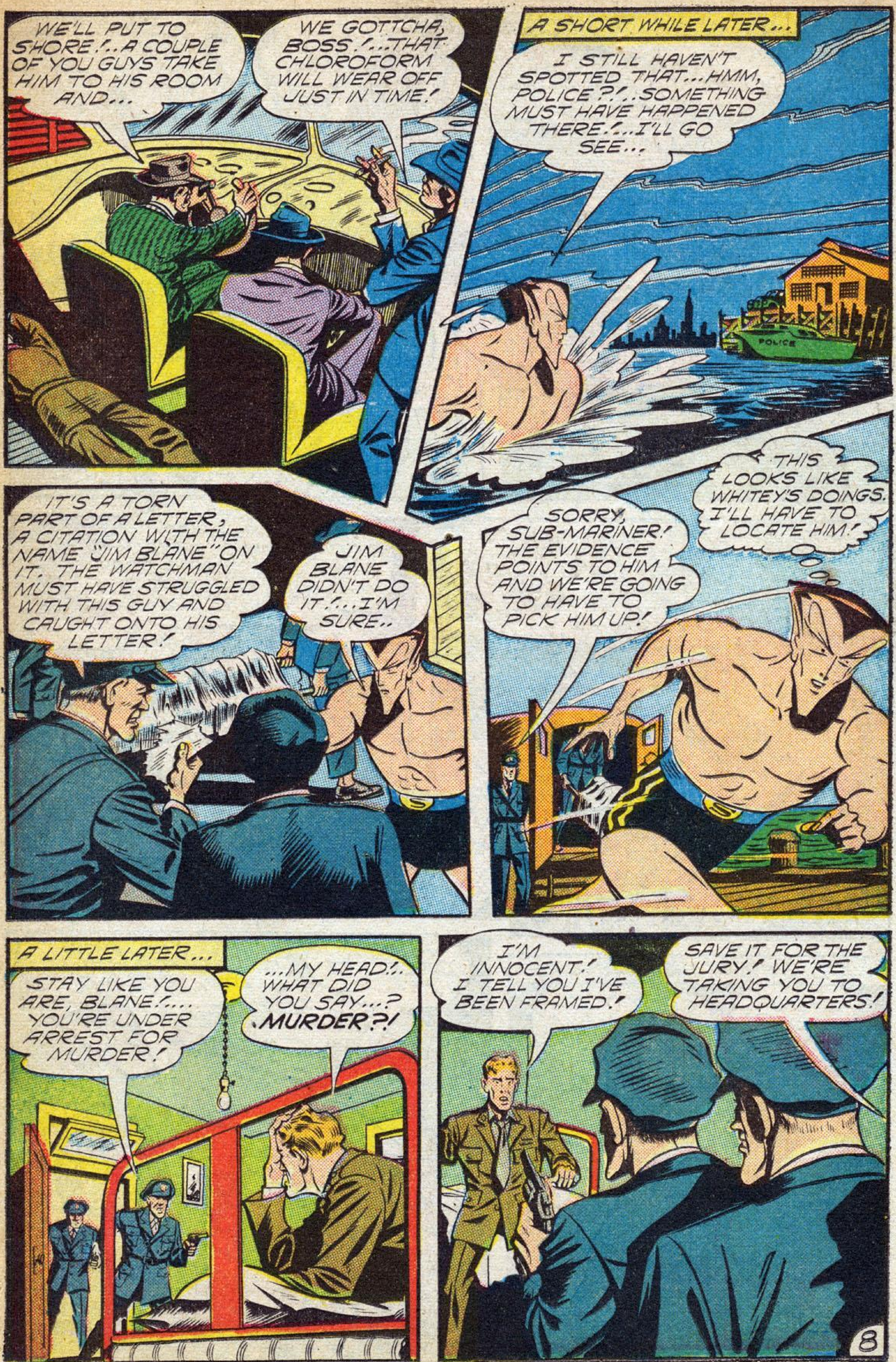

AT THIS TIME ON THE AMUSEMENT PIER....
YOU HEARD ME, WHITEY! I'M STAYING CLEAR OF YOU!
MAYBE THIS'LL LEARN YA!
LOOKS LIKE JIM NEEDS HELP!
SH CAVIAR
LAY OFF!
THAT'S DOIN' IT, JIM!
HE'S SOCKED THE BOSS! GET HIM!
LOOK! WHO'S COMING! IT'S COMPANY!
SOON FISTS FLY FURIOUSLY AS EACH SIDE IS REINFORCED!
USE THE TAPPERS!..WE'LL SHOW 'EM!
SOME FIST CUFFING!... SAY! THOSE MUGS ARE USING BLACK-JACKS!
BREAK IT UP, AND FAST!
SUB-MARINER!
LET'S BLOW!
THANKS, SUB-MARINER! THANKS, FELLOWS! IT WAS MY FIGHT WITH WHITEY, AND YOU SURE HELPED OUT!
YOU COULD'VE HANDLED WHITEY EASY, JIM!
WHO IS THIS WHITEY?

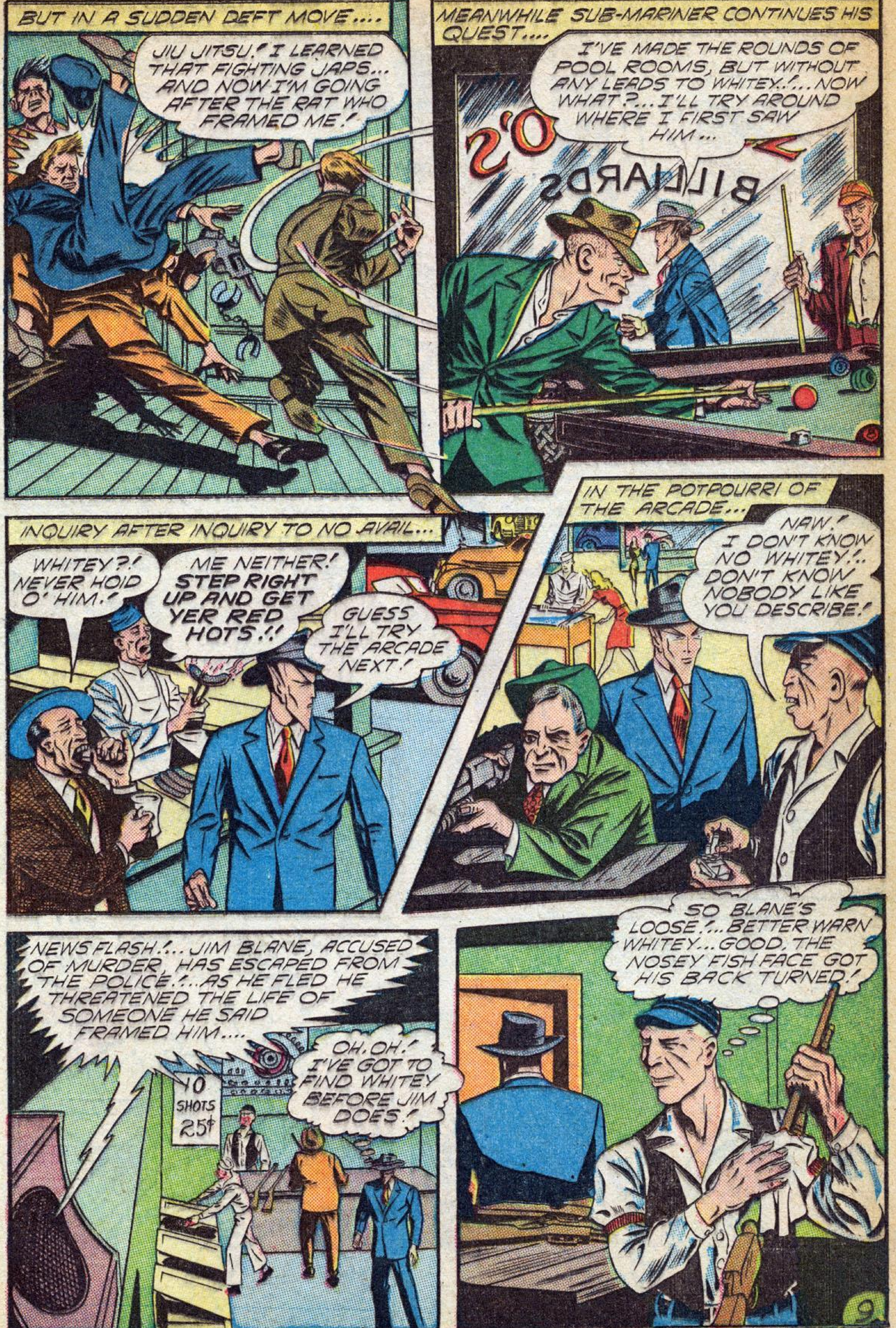

WHITEY'S HEAD OF A POOL ROOM CROWD I USED TO KNOW BEFORE I GOT INTO THE ARMY! BUT HE'S NOT THE KIND FOR ME SINCE I'VE MET SOME REALLY SWELL GUYS LIKE TED AND MIKE HERE!
I'M BLUSHING, CHUM!..SAY, I'VE GOT A DATE!
ME, TOO!..WITH A DENTIST!
I'VE GOT A GIRL, TOO, SUB-MARINER!..SHE'S SWELL!...I HOPE TO MARRY PEGGY. WE HAD PLANNED IT BEFORE I WENT INTO THE SERVICE...
THAT'S SWELL!
ICE CREAM POPS
POPS
YEAH! ONLY THING IS I'VE BEEN AFRAID TO GO SEE HER BECAUSE OF HAVING ONLY ONE ARM! SHE MIGHT CHANGE HER MIND!
OH, I DON'T THINK SO! NOT IF SHE IS A RIGHT GIRL, AND SHE MUST BE TO CARE FOR YOU...
...SO WHY MANUFACTURE DOUBTS?!...GO ON OUT TO HER! TIME IS ON THE WING!
YOU'RE RIGHT!..GUESS I NEEDED SOMEONE LIKE YOU TO GIVE ME A PUSH!
SHE LIVES ON WEST END NEXT TO THE CAR BARN! JUST A NICE WALK FROM HERE!
...AND A SNAPPY SWIM FOR ME! THINK I'LL WATCH HOW THINGS WORK OUT FOR JIM!
A LITTLE LATER..
JIM, DARLING! OH, YOUR ARM! OH, YOU POOR, POOR JIM!
BUT I'M ALL RIGHT!..NOW, DON'T GO PITYING ME!
MARTHA, JIM'S BACK!

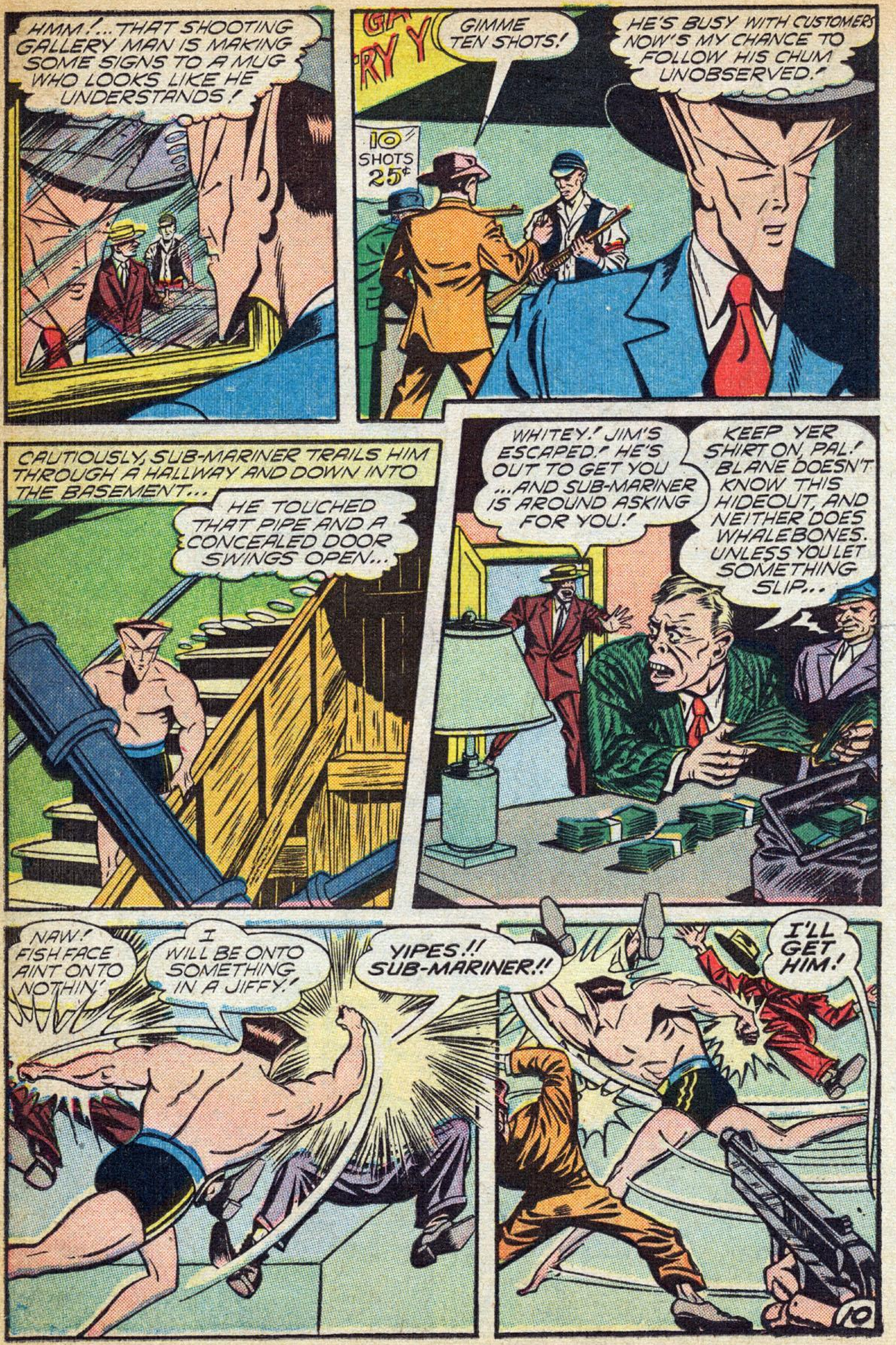

PEGGY'S UNCLE AND AUNT....
OH, YOU POOR BOY!..(TSK) (TSK)!..
MOST UNFORTUNATE! AND YOU HAD SUCH A PROMISING FUTURE!
I STILL HAVE... THAT IS...
PEGGY'S BROTHER WHO WAS NEVER IN UNIFORM.
TOO BAD! TERRIBLE HANDICAP! ...SORRY, OLD FELLOW!..
NOTHING TO BE SORRY ABOUT!
I'M GETTING OUT! I DON'T NEED PITY!
JIM! WAIT!!
HOW RUDE HE IS! AND WE WERE JUST TRYING TO HELP!
DOWNCAST, JIM DASHES INTO THE STREET.
THERE'S JIM! SOMETHING'S WRONG!.. I'LL
SUB-MARINER! JUST A MINUTE, PLEASE, SIR!
GROCERY
I'M AN INQUIRING REPORTER...MIGHT I INQUIRE, SIR, WHO IS YOUR FAVORITE PIN-UP GIRL?!
UH?!..ELSA, THE COW!.. EXCUSE ME. I'VE GOT TO...
NOW, WHERE DID JIM GO?!
23RD
JIM HAS TURNED A CORNER AND....
WHITEY!
YEAH, I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU. THOUGHT YOU MIGHT WANT TO CHANGE YOUR MIND!..I AINT SORE AND THE "WELCOME" MAT IS STILL OUT!
BURGESS' DELICATESSEN
5

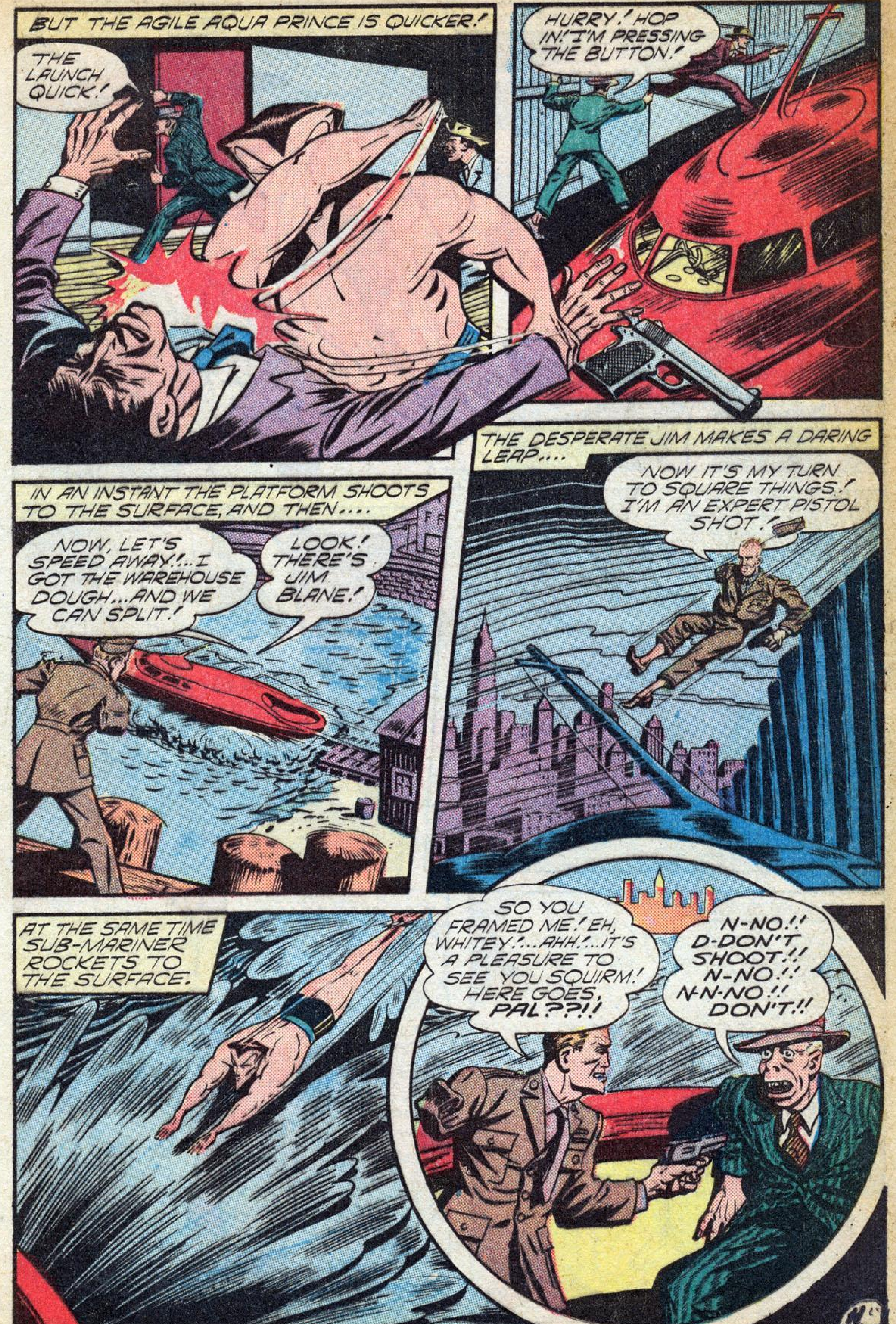

SO, HOW ABOUT COMING ABOARD MY BOAT FOR A LITTLE POKER GAME?.. YOU KNOW, THINGS LIKE THEY USED TO BE!...
THINGS LIKE THEY USED TO BE.... SOUNDS GOOD!..OKAY, WHITEY!
AND MOMENTS AFTER...
CREEPING CATFISH! JIM'S WITH WHITEY ON THAT CRUISER! IT MAY MEAN TROUBLE!
AS THE VESSEL SPEEDS AWAY....
HEY! THE CRANE'S SLIPPING!
I'D BETTER FOLLOW!
A SECOND LATER...
HOLY SMOKE! THE BOOM GOT OUT OF HAND!
PLUMMETING UNDERWATER THE SEA PRINCE RECOVERS FROM THE BLOW AND SWIFTLY SURFACES BUT....
TOO LATE! THAT BOAT'S DISAPPEARED. OF ALL THE LUCK!
MEANWHILE ON BOARD...
WE'RE GOING TO PULL A WAREHOUSE ROBBERY, AND YOU'RE IN ON IT, JIM, YOU STILL GOT A GOOD TRIGGER FINGER AND...
AND NOTHING DOING! I DON'T WANT ANY PART OF IT!

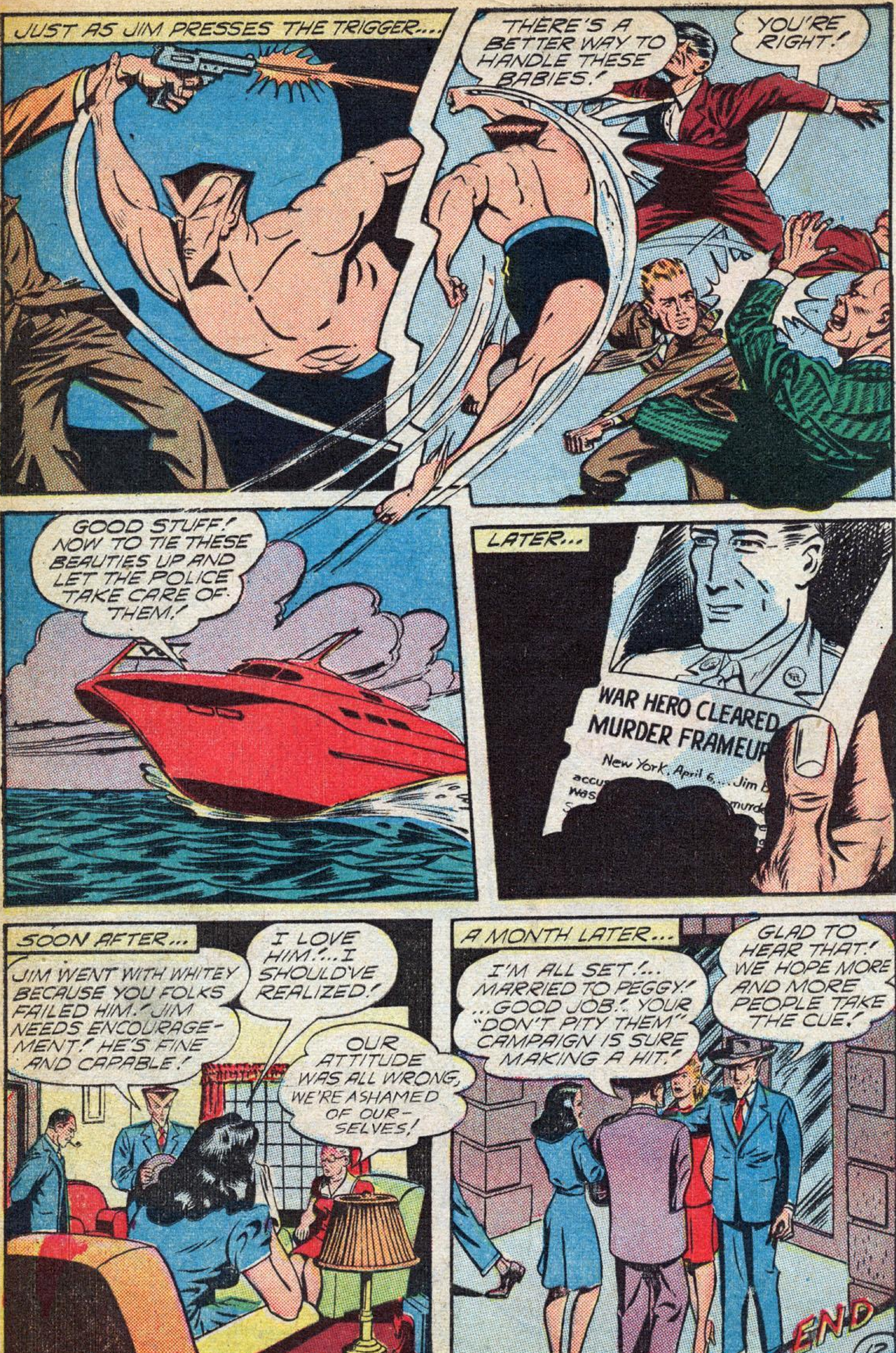

STILL TOO GOOD FER US, HUH?..WANT ME TO TAKE ANOTHER CRACK AT YA?!
YOU WON'T BECAUSE...
..I STILL HAVE ONE GOOD ARM!
OOO!... GET HIM, BOYS!
POP!
THAT SETTLES HIS HASH!
NOT YET!...I'M GOIN' TO FIX HIM IN A WAY HE'LL NEVER GET OUT OF!..NO SMART ALECK CAN SOCK ME, AND... FIRST WE'LL FRISK HIM....
JUST THE THING!...A LETTER OF CITATION!..THIS'LL EVEN THE SCORE!..DOSE HIM WITH CHLOROFORM, THEN WE'LL...
MUCH LATER, AT THE WAREHOUSE..
WHO'S THERE?! OHHH....
GOT THE WATCHMAN! HURRY WITH THE SAFE!
PLENTY OF LETTUCE HERE!
AND THIS LETTER WILL PIN IT ALL ON JIM! NOW LET'S BLOW!

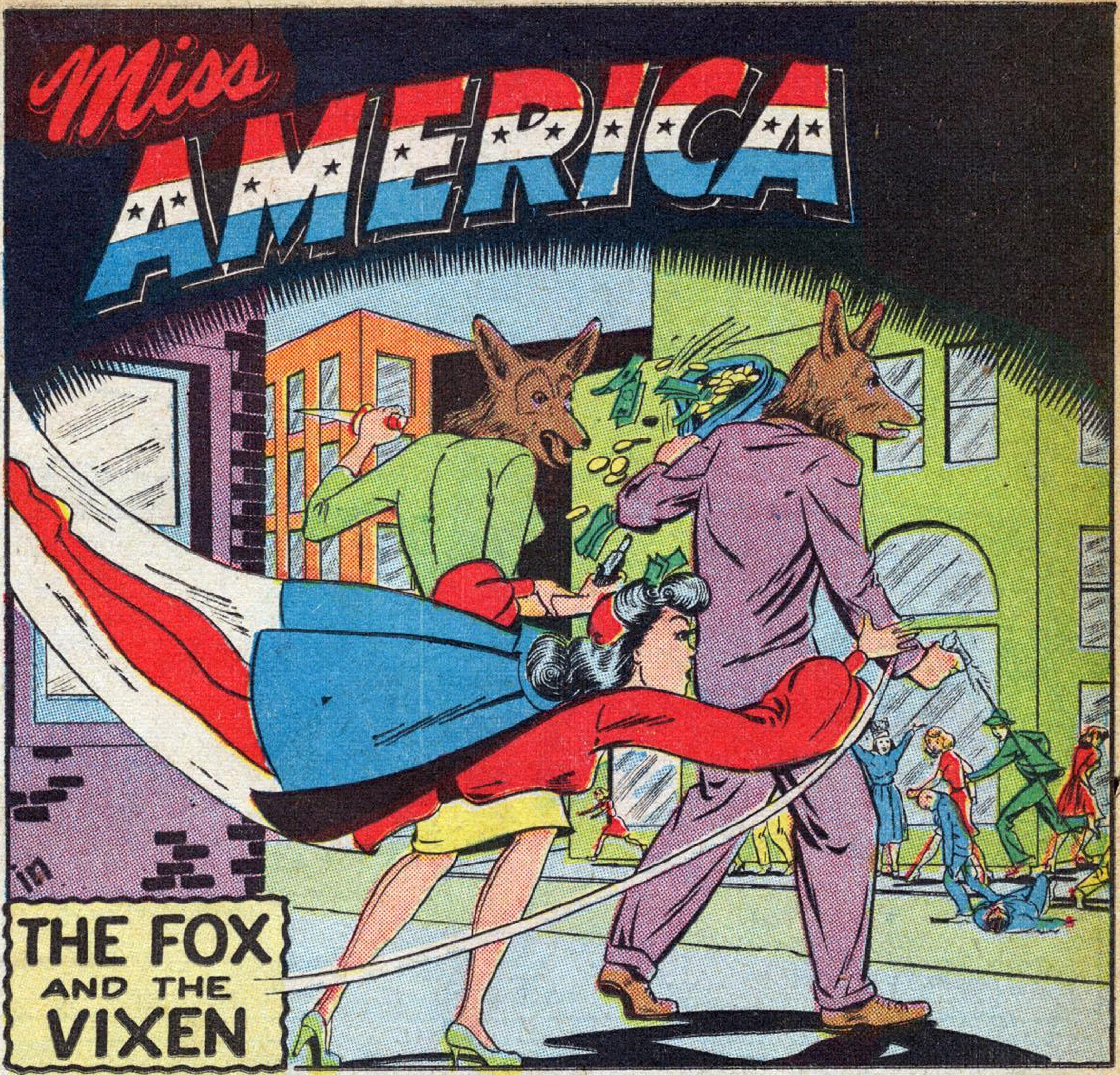

WE'LL PUT TO SHORE!..A COUPLE OF YOU GUYS TAKE HIM TO HIS ROOM AND...
WE GOTTCHA, BOSS!...THAT CHLOROFORM WILL WEAR OFF JUST IN TIME!
A SHORT WHILE LATER...
I STILL HAVEN'T SPOTTED THAT...HMM, POLICE?!..SOMETHING MUST HAVE HAPPENED THERE!..I'LL GO SEE...
POLICE
IT'S A TORN PART OF A LETTER, A CITATION WITH THE NAME "JIM BLANE" ON IT. THE WATCHMAN MUST HAVE STRUGGLED WITH THIS GUY AND CAUGHT ONTO HIS LETTER!
JIM BLANE DIDN'T DO IT!..I'M SURE..
SORRY, SUB-MARINER! THE EVIDENCE POINTS TO HIM AND WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO PICK HIM UP!
THIS LOOKS LIKE WHITEY'S DOINGS. I'LL HAVE TO LOCATE HIM!
A LITTLE LATER...
STAY LIKE YOU ARE, BLANE!... YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR MURDER!
...MY HEAD!..WHAT DID YOU SAY...? MURDER?!
I'M INNOCENT! I TELL YOU I'VE BEEN FRAMED!
SAVE IT FOR THE JURY! WE'RE TAKING YOU TO HEADQUARTERS!

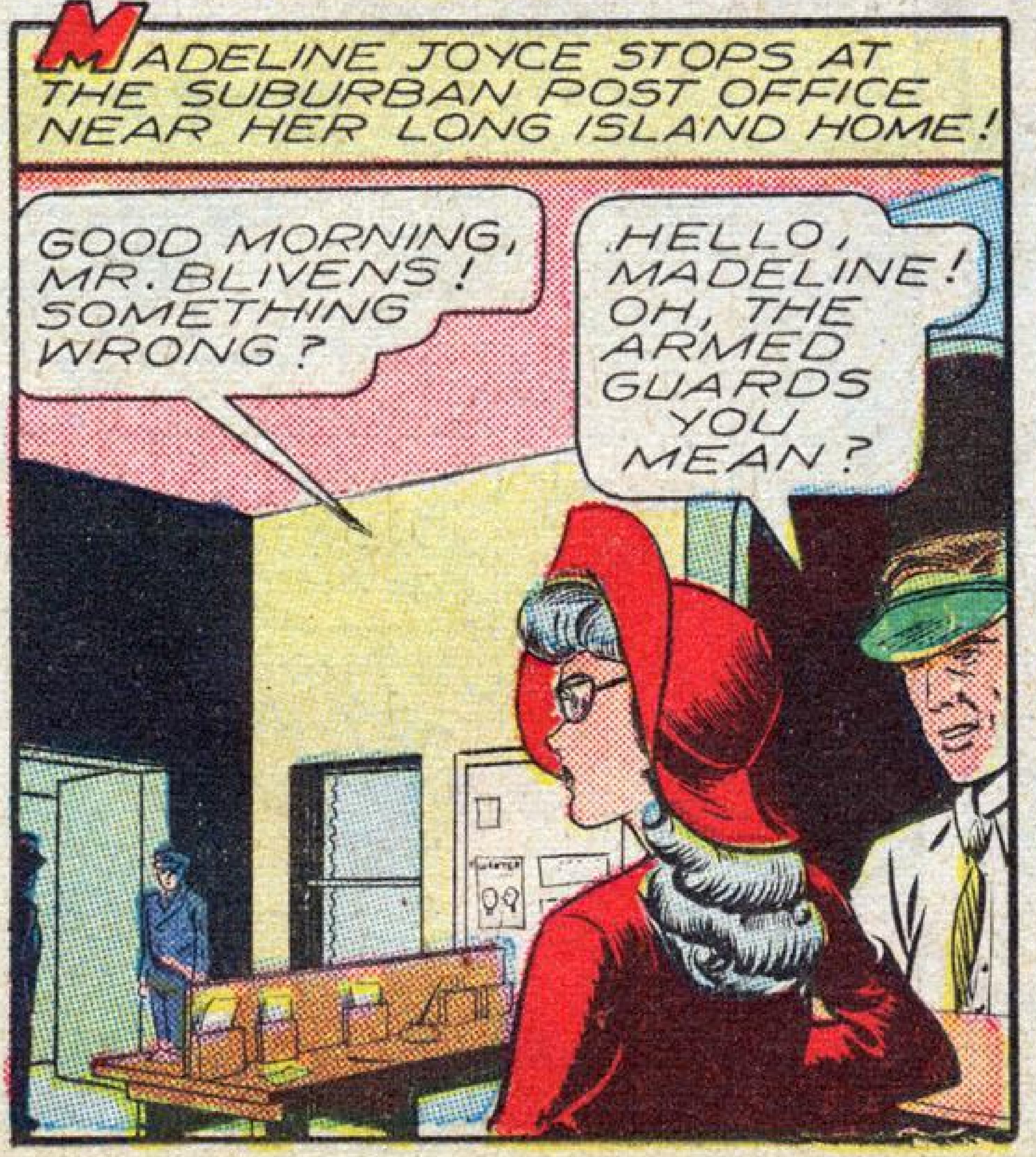

BUT IN A SUDDEN DEFT MOVE....
JIU JITSU! I LEARNED THAT FIGHTING JAPS... AND NOW I'M GOING AFTER THE RAT WHO FRAMED ME!
MEANWHILE SUB-MARINER CONTINUES HIS QUEST....
I'VE MADE THE ROUNDS OF POOL ROOMS, BUT WITHOUT ANY LEADS TO WHITEY.!..NOW WHAT?...I'LL TRY AROUND WHERE I FIRST SAW HIM...
O'S
BILLIARDS
INQUIRY AFTER INQUIRY TO NO AVAIL...
WHITEY?! NEVER HOID O' HIM.!
ME NEITHER! STEP RIGHT UP AND GET YER RED HOTS.!!
GUESS I'LL TRY THE ARCADE NEXT!
IN THE POTPOURRI OF THE ARCADE...
NAW! I DON'T KNOW NO WHITEY.!.. DON'T KNOW NOBODY LIKE YOU DESCRIBE!
NEWS FLASH!... JIM BLANE, ACCUSED OF MURDER, HAS ESCAPED FROM THE POLICE!...AS HE FLED HE THREATENED THE LIFE OF SOMEONE HE SAID FRAMED HIM....
10 SHOTS 25¢
OH, OH! I'VE GOT TO FIND WHITEY BEFORE JIM DOES!
SO BLANE'S LOOSE!...BETTER WARN WHITEY...GOOD, THE NOSEY FISH FACE GOT HIS BACK TURNED!

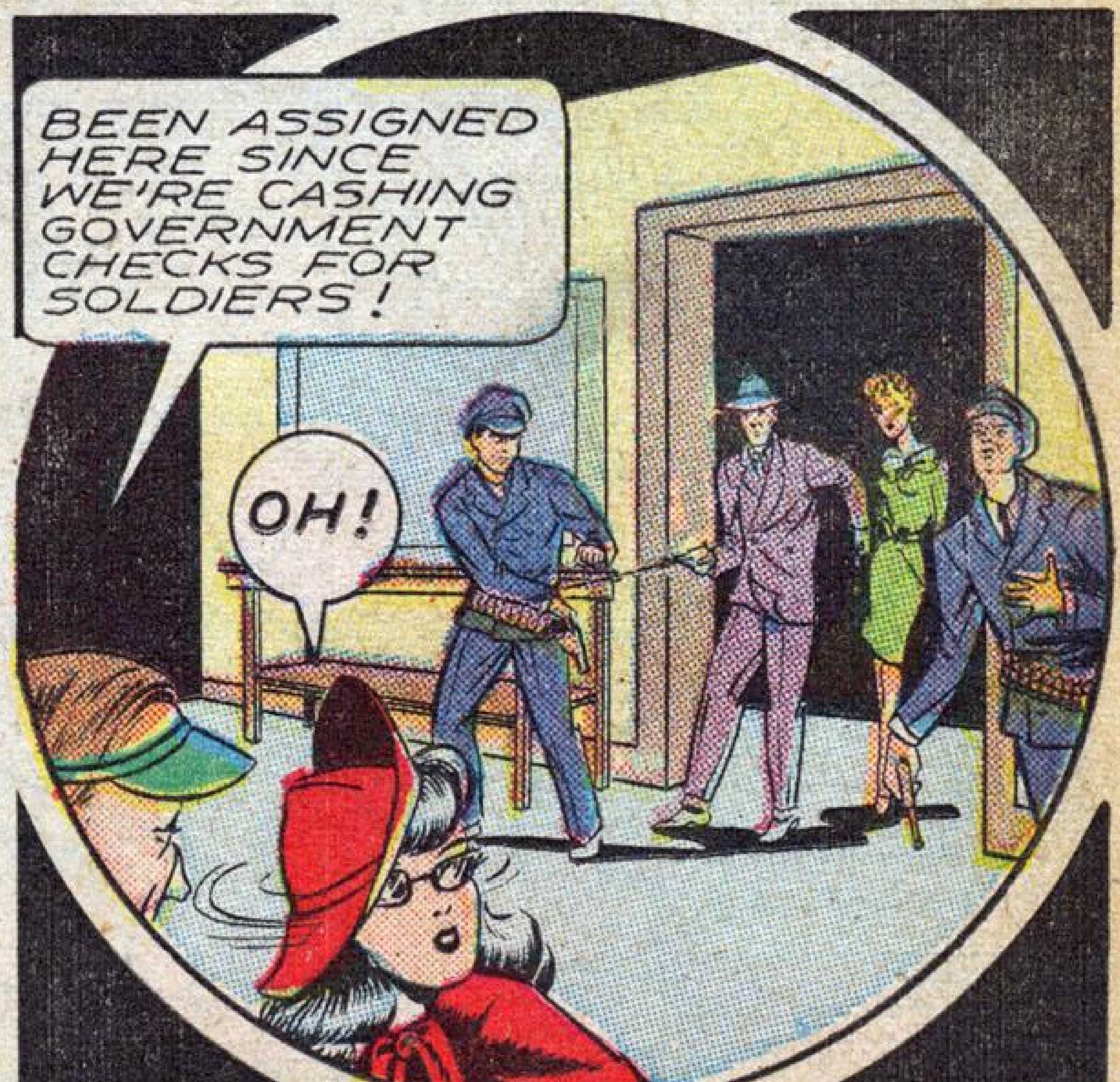

HMM!...THAT SHOOTING GALLERY MAN IS MAKING SOME SIGNS TO A MUG WHO LOOKS LIKE HE UNDERSTANDS!
GA
RY Y
10 SHOTS 25¢
GIMME TEN SHOTS!
HE'S BUSY WITH CUSTOMERS NOW'S MY CHANCE TO FOLLOW HIS CHUM UNOBSERVED.
CAUTIOUSLY, SUB-MARINER TRAILS HIM THROUGH A HALLWAY AND DOWN INTO THE BASEMENT...
HE TOUCHED THAT PIPE AND A CONCEALED DOOR SWINGS OPEN...
WHITEY! JIM'S ESCAPED! HE'S OUT TO GET YOU ...AND SUB-MARINER IS AROUND ASKING FOR YOU!
KEEP YER SHIRT ON, PAL! BLANE DOESN'T KNOW THIS HIDEOUT, AND NEITHER DOES WHALEBONES. UNLESS YOU LET SOMETHING SLIP...
NAW! FISH FACE AINT ONTO NOTHIN'.
I WILL BE ONTO SOMETHING IN A JIFFY!
YIPES!! SUB-MARINER!!
I'LL GET HIM!
10

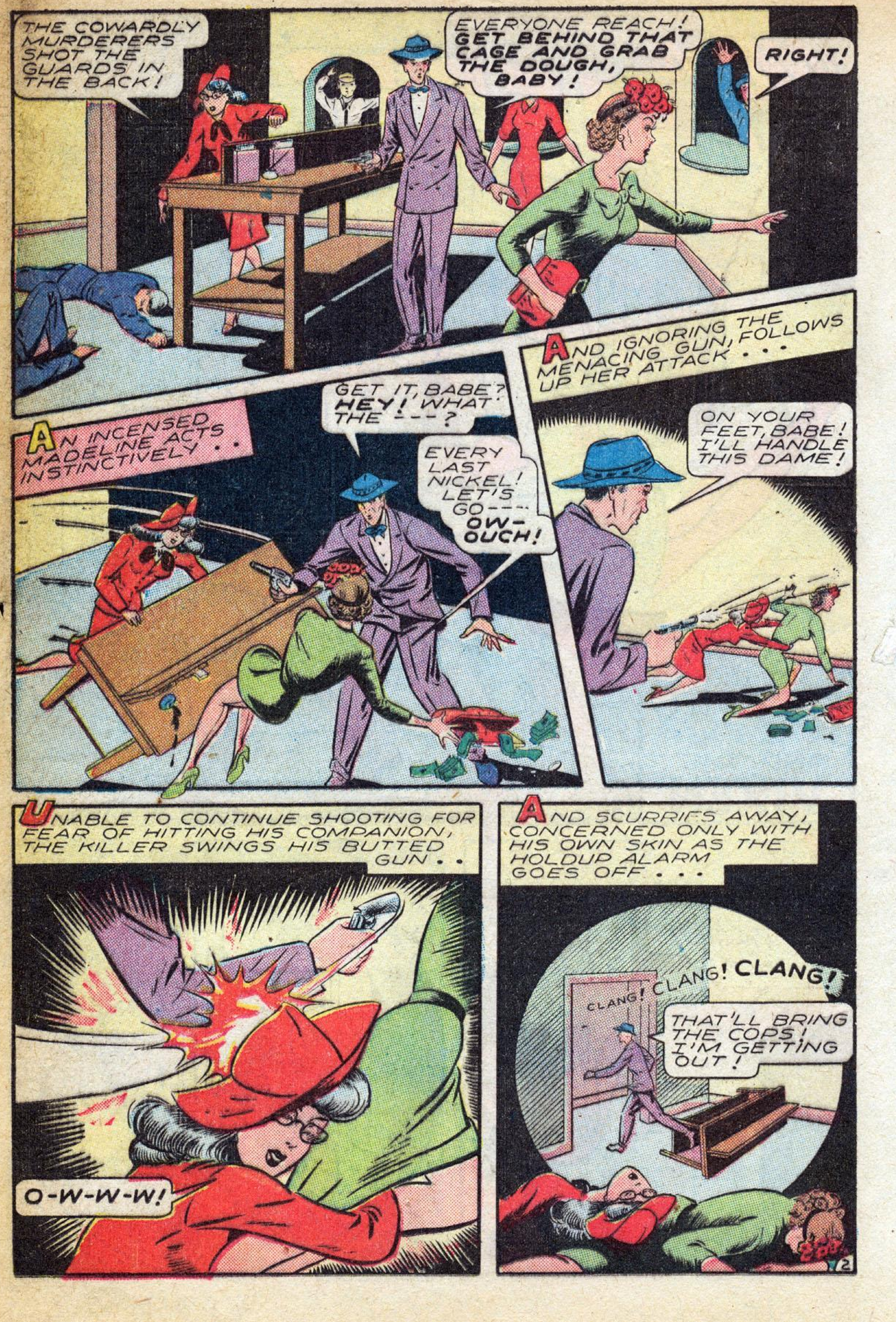

BUT THE AGILE AQUA PRINCE IS QUICKER!
THE LAUNCH QUICK!
HURRY! HOP IN! I'M PRESSING THE BUTTON!
THE DESPERATE JIM MAKES A DARING LEAP....
IN AN INSTANT THE PLATFORM SHOOTS TO THE SURFACE, AND THEN....
NOW, LET'S SPEED AWAY!...I GOT THE WAREHOUSE DOUGH...AND WE CAN SPLIT!
LOOK! THERE'S JIM BLANE!
NOW IT'S MY TURN TO SQUARE THINGS! I'M AN EXPERT PISTOL SHOT!
AT THE SAME TIME SUB-MARINER ROCKETS TO THE SURFACE.
SO YOU FRAMED ME! EH, WHITEY!...AHH!...IT'S A PLEASURE TO SEE YOU SQUIRM! HERE GOES, PAL??!!
N-NO!! D-DON'T SHOOT!! N-NO!! N-N-NO!! DON'T!!

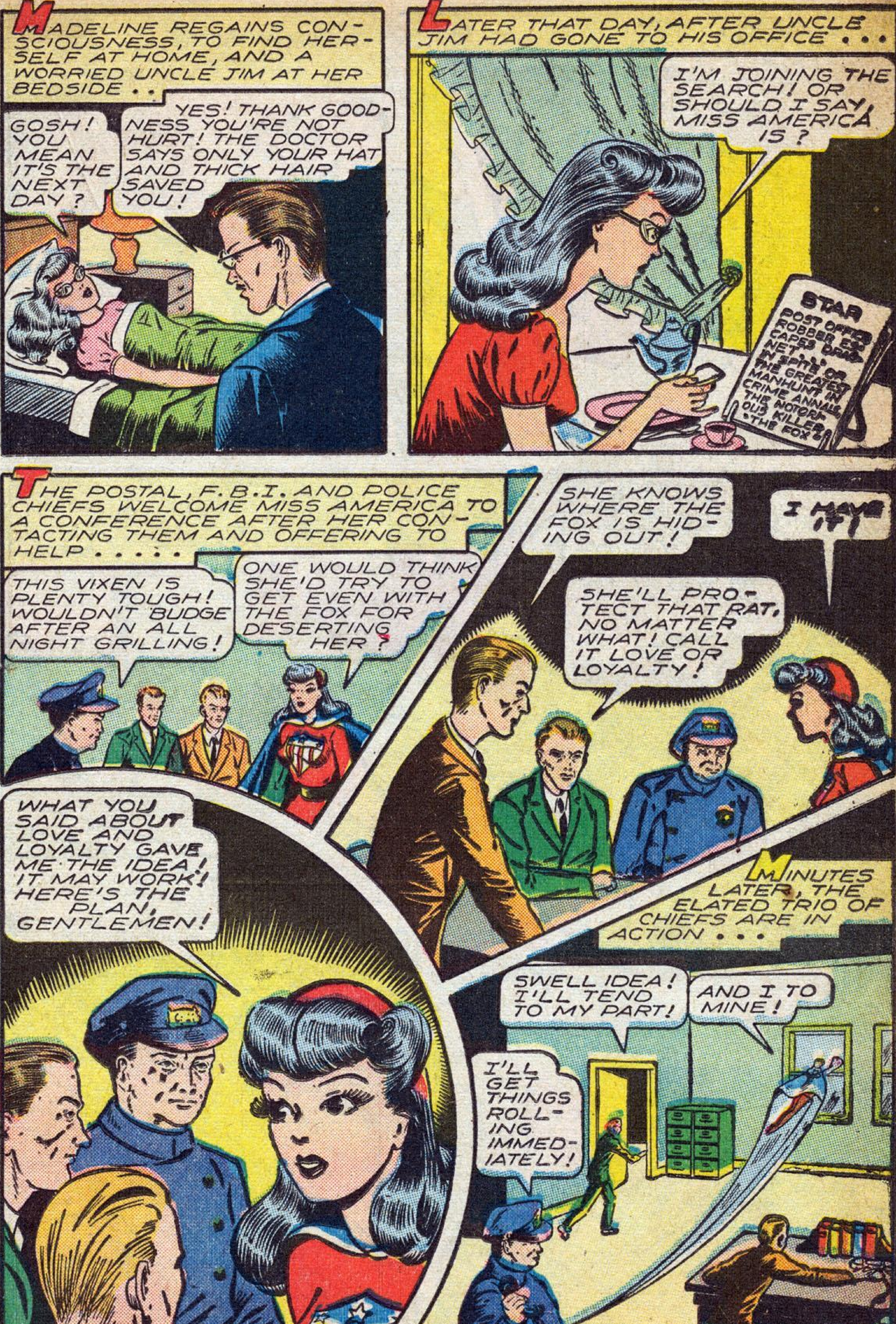

JUST AS JIM PRESSES THE TRIGGER...
THERE'S A BETTER WAY TO HANDLE THESE BABIES!
YOU'RE RIGHT!
GOOD STUFF! NOW TO TIE THESE BEAUTIES UP AND LET THE POLICE TAKE CARE OF THEM!
LATER...
WAR HERO CLEARED
MURDER FRAMEUP
New York, April 6,... Jim B
SOON AFTER...
JIM WENT WITH WHITEY BECAUSE YOU FOLKS FAILED HIM! JIM NEEDS ENCOURAGEMENT! HE'S FINE AND CAPABLE!
I LOVE HIM!... I SHOULD'VE REALIZED!
OUR ATTITUDE WAS ALL WRONG, WE'RE ASHAMED OF OURSELVES!
A MONTH LATER...
I'M ALL SET!... MARRIED TO PEGGY! ...GOOD JOB! YOUR "DON'T PITY THEM" CAMPAIGN IS SURE MAKING A HIT!
GLAD TO HEAR THAT! WE HOPE MORE AND MORE PEOPLE TAKE THE CUE!
END

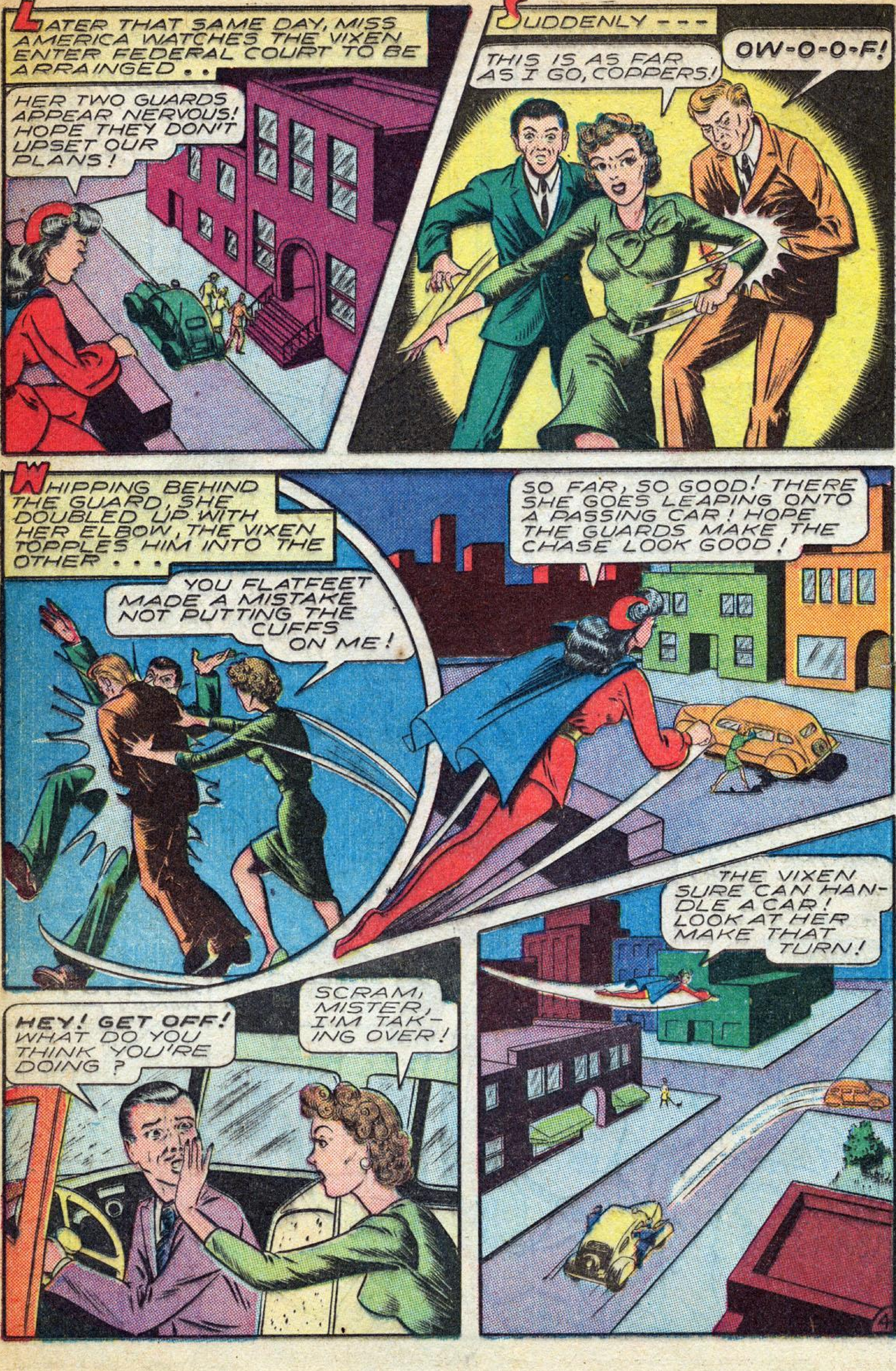

Miss
AMERICA
THE FOX AND THE VIXEN

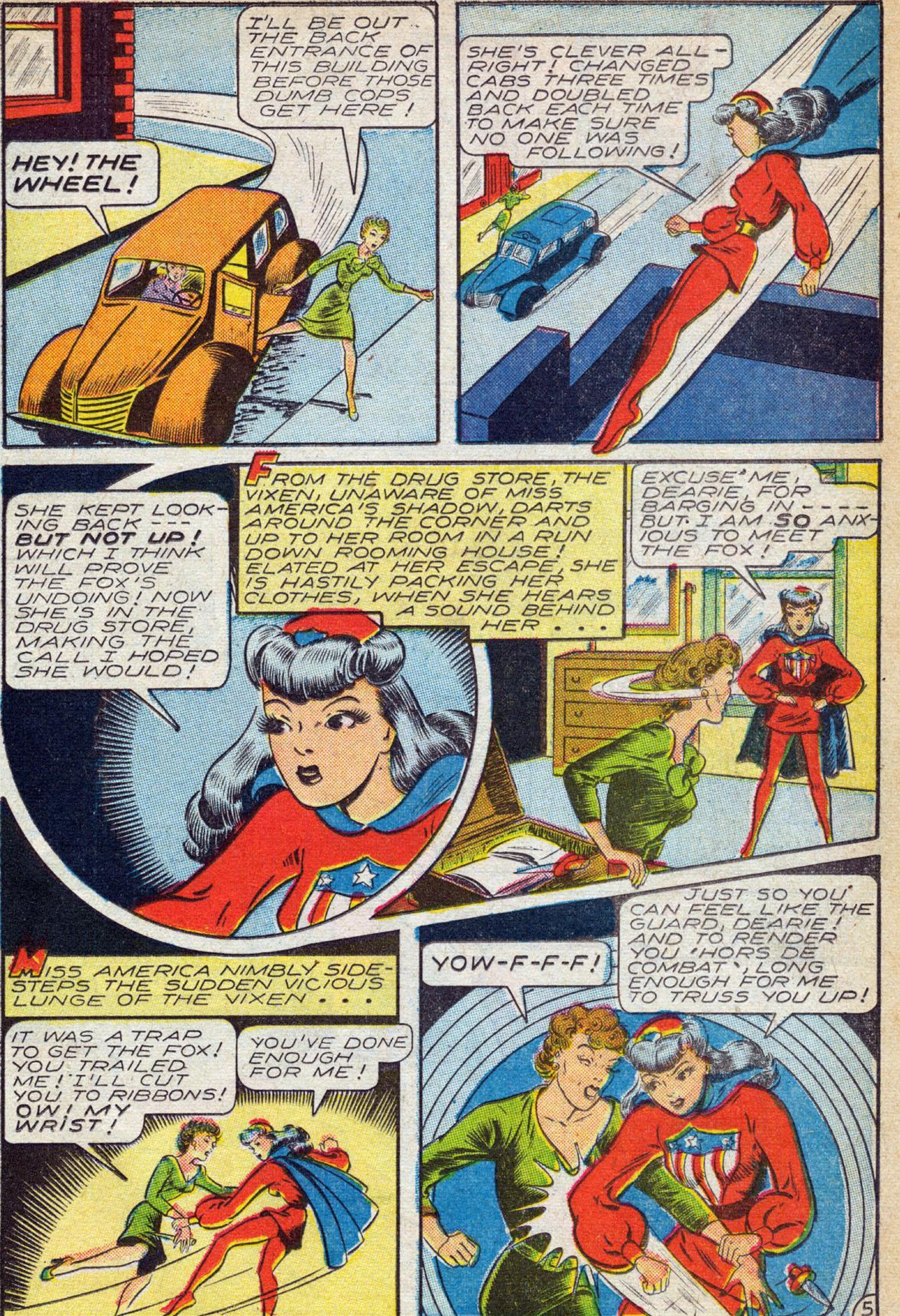

MADELINE JOYCE STOPS AT THE SUBURBAN POST OFFICE NEAR HER LONG ISLAND HOME!
GOOD MORNING, MR. BLIVENS! SOMETHING WRONG?
HELLO, MADELINE! OH, THE ARMED GUARDS YOU MEAN?

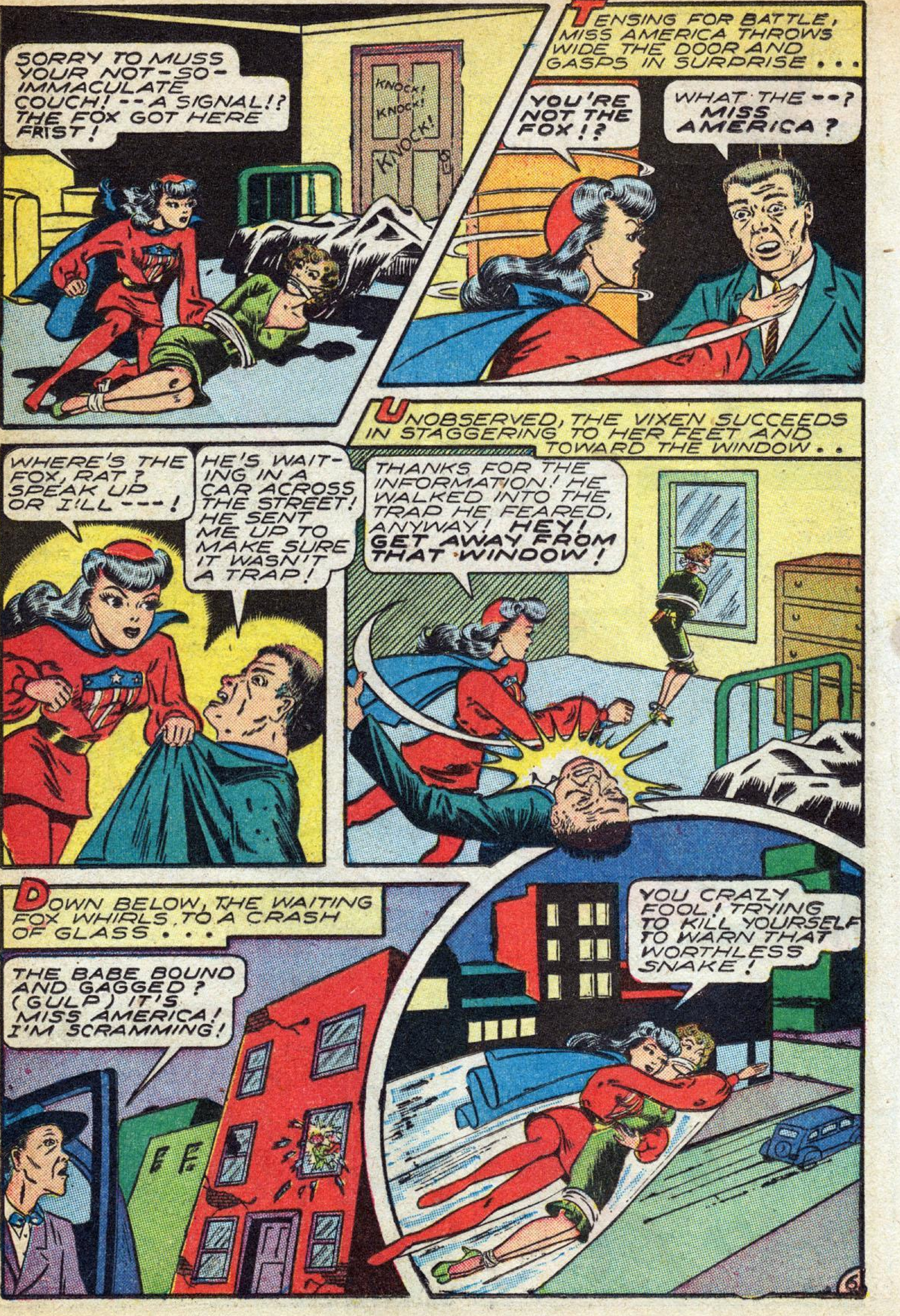

BEEN ASSIGNED HERE SINCE WE'RE CASHING GOVERNMENT CHECKS FOR SOLDIERS!
OH!

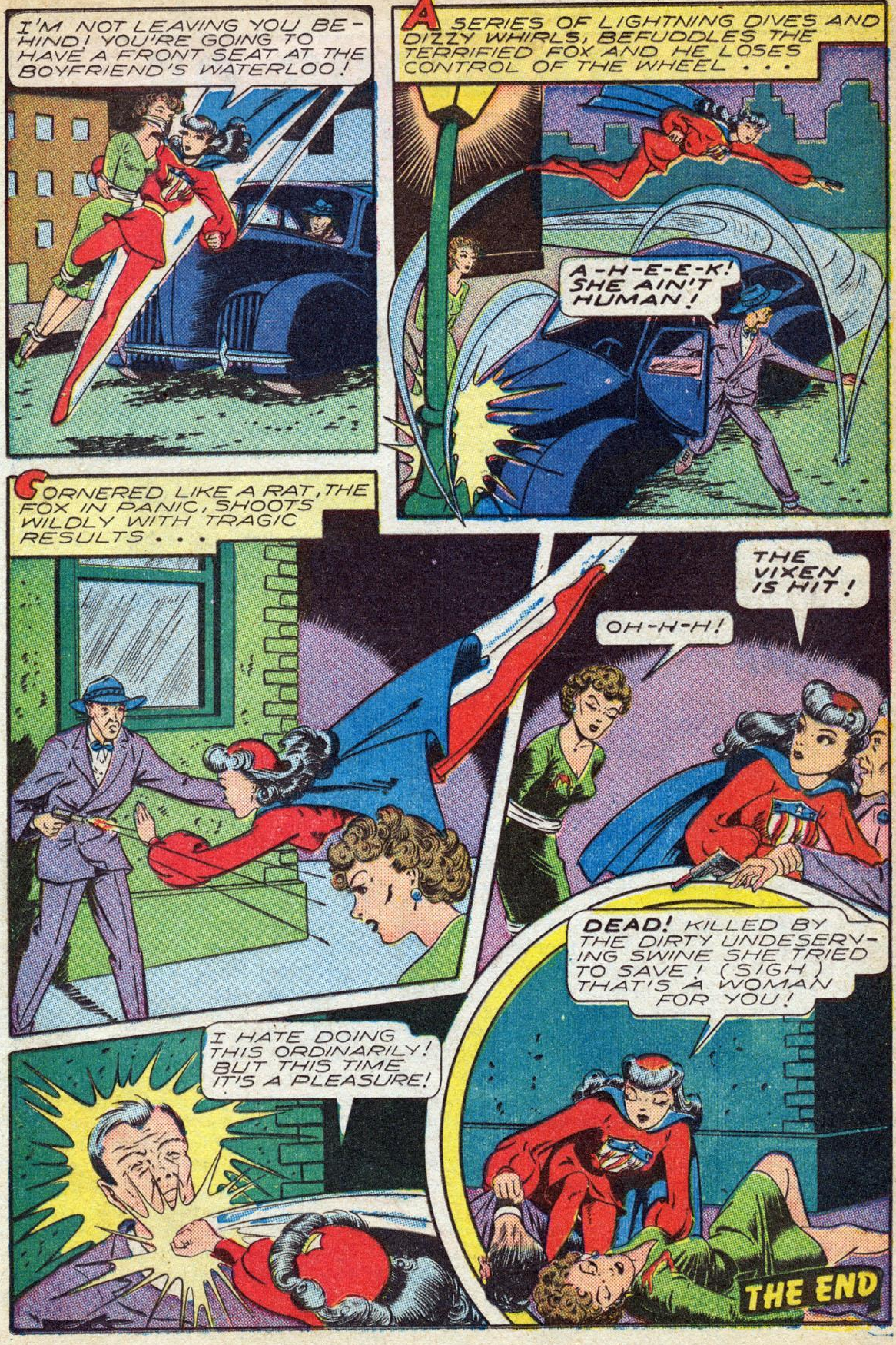

THE COWARDLY MURDERERS SHOT THE GUARDS IN THE BACK!
EVERYONE REACH! GET BEHIND THAT CAGE AND GRAB THE DOUGH, BABY!
RIGHT!
AN INCENSED MADELINE ACTS INSTINCTIVELY . .
GET IT, BABE? HEY! WHAT THE ---?
EVERY LAST NICKEL! LET'S GO---- OW-OUCH!
AND IGNORING THE MENACING GUN, FOLLOWS UP HER ATTACK . . .
ON YOUR FEET, BABE! I'LL HANDLE THIS DAME!
UNABLE TO CONTINUE SHOOTING FOR FEAR OF HITTING HIS COMPANION, THE KILLER SWINGS HIS BUTTED GUN . .
O-W-W-W!
AND SCURRIES AWAY, CONCERNED ONLY WITH HIS OWN SKIN AS THE HOLDUP ALARM GOES OFF . . .
CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!
THAT'LL BRING THE COPS! I'M GETTING OUT!


MADELINE REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS, TO FIND HERSELF AT HOME, AND A WORRIED UNCLE JIM AT HER BEDSIDE ..
GOSH! YOU MEAN IT'S THE NEXT DAY?
YES! THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE NOT HURT! THE DOCTOR SAYS ONLY YOUR HAT AND THICK HAIR SAVED YOU!
LATER THAT DAY, AFTER UNCLE JIM HAD GONE TO HIS OFFICE ...
I'M JOINING THE SEARCH! OR SHOULD I SAY, MISS AMERICA IS?
STAR
POST OFFICE ROBBER ESCAPES DRAGNET... IN SPITE OF THE GREATEST MANHUNT IN CRIME ANNALS THE NOTORIOUS KILLER 'THE FOX'
THE POSTAL, F.B.I. AND POLICE CHIEFS WELCOME MISS AMERICA TO A CONFERENCE AFTER HER CONTACTING THEM AND OFFERING TO HELP ....
THIS VIXEN IS PLENTY TOUGH! WOULDN'T BUDGE AFTER AN ALL NIGHT GRILLING!
ONE WOULD THINK SHE'D TRY TO GET EVEN WITH THE FOX FOR DESERTING HER?
SHE KNOWS WHERE THE FOX IS HIDING OUT!
I HAVE IT!
SHE'LL PROTECT THAT RAT, NO MATTER WHAT! CALL IT LOVE OR LOYALTY!
WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT LOVE AND LOYALTY GAVE ME THE IDEA! IT MAY WORK! HERE'S THE PLAN, GENTLEMEN!
MINUTES LATER, THE ELATED TRIO OF CHIEFS ARE IN ACTION ...
SWELL IDEA! I'LL TEND TO MY PART!
AND I TO MINE!
I'LL GET THINGS ROLLING IMMEDIATELY!


LATER THAT SAME DAY, MISS AMERICA WATCHES THE VIXEN ENTER FEDERAL COURT TO BE ARRAINGED . .
HER TWO GUARDS APPEAR NERVOUS! HOPE THEY DON'T UPSET OUR PLANS!
SUDDENLY - - -
THIS IS AS FAR AS I GO, COPPERS!
OW-O-O-F!
WHIPPING BEHIND THE GUARD, SHE DOUBLED UP WITH HER ELBOW, THE VIXEN TOPPLES HIM INTO THE OTHER . . .
YOU FLATFEET MADE A MISTAKE NOT PUTTING THE CUFFS ON ME!
SO FAR, SO GOOD! THERE SHE GOES LEAPING ONTO A PASSING CAR! HOPE THE GUARDS MAKE THE CHASE LOOK GOOD!
HEY! GET OFF! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING ?
SCRAM, MISTER, I'M TAKING OVER!
THE VIXEN SURE CAN HANDLE A CAR! LOOK AT HER MAKE THAT TURN!


I'LL BE OUT THE BACK ENTRANCE OF THIS BUILDING BEFORE THOSE DUMB COPS GET HERE!
HEY! THE WHEEL!
SHE'S CLEVER ALL-RIGHT! CHANGED CABS THREE TIMES AND DOUBLED BACK EACH TIME TO MAKE SURE NO ONE WAS FOLLOWING!
SHE KEPT LOOKING BACK --- **BUT NOT UP!** WHICH I THINK WILL PROVE THE FOX'S UNDOING! NOW SHE'S IN THE DRUG STORE, MAKING THE CALL I HOPED SHE WOULD!
FROM THE DRUG STORE, THE VIXEN, UNAWARE OF MISS AMERICA'S SHADOW, DARTS AROUND THE CORNER AND UP TO HER ROOM IN A RUN DOWN ROOMING HOUSE! ELATED AT HER ESCAPE, SHE IS HASTILY PACKING HER CLOTHES, WHEN SHE HEARS A SOUND BEHIND HER . . .
EXCUSE ME, DEARIE, FOR BARGING IN ---- BUT I AM **SO** ANXIOUS TO MEET THE FOX!
MISS AMERICA NIMBLY SIDE-STEPS THE SUDDEN VICIOUS LUNGE OF THE VIXEN . . .
IT WAS A TRAP TO GET THE FOX! YOU TRAILED ME! I'LL CUT YOU TO RIBBONS! **OW! MY WRIST!**
YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH FOR ME!
YOW-F-F-F!
JUST SO YOU CAN FEEL LIKE THE GUARD, DEARIE! AND TO RENDER YOU 'HORS DE COMBAT', LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO TRUSS YOU UP!


SORRY TO MUSS YOUR NOT-SO-IMMACULATE COUCH! --A SIGNAL!? THE FOX GOT HERE FRIST!
KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!
TENSING FOR BATTLE, MISS AMERICA THROWS WIDE THE DOOR AND GASPS IN SURPRISE...
YOU'RE NOT THE FOX!?
WHAT THE--? MISS AMERICA?
UNOBSERVED, THE VIXEN SUCCEEDS IN STAGGERING TO HER FEET AND TOWARD THE WINDOW..
WHERE'S THE FOX, RAT? SPEAK UP OR I'LL---!
HE'S WAITING IN A CAR ACROSS THE STREET! HE SENT ME UP TO MAKE SURE IT WASN'T A TRAP!
THANKS FOR THE INFORMATION! HE WALKED INTO THE TRAP HE FEARED, ANYWAY! HEY! GET AWAY FROM THAT WINDOW!
DOWN BELOW, THE WAITING FOX WHIRLS TO A CRASH OF GLASS...
THE BABE BOUND AND GAGGED? (GULP) IT'S MISS AMERICA! I'M SCRAMMING!
YOU CRAZY FOOL! TRYING TO KILL YOURSELF TO WARN THAT WORTHLESS SNAKE!


I'M NOT LEAVING YOU BEHIND! YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A FRONT SEAT AT THE BOYFRIEND'S WATERLOO!
A SERIES OF LIGHTNING DIVES AND DIZZY WHIRLS, BEFUDDLES THE TERRIFIED FOX AND HE LOSES CONTROL OF THE WHEEL . . .
A-H-E-E-K! SHE AIN'T HUMAN!
CORNERED LIKE A RAT, THE FOX IN PANIC, SHOOTS WILDLY WITH TRAGIC RESULTS . . .
OH-H-H!
THE VIXEN IS HIT!
I HATE DOING THIS ORDINARILY! BUT THIS TIME IT'S A PLEASURE!
DEAD! KILLED BY THE DIRTY UNDESERVING SWINE SHE TRIED TO SAVE! (SIGH) THAT'S A WOMAN FOR YOU!
THE END

SUSPICIOUS OF HIMSELF

PUTTING the pick aside, Pat moved back into the welcome shade of the woods bordering the little gully, into which hot sunlight poured brightly. His eyes felt gritty and red as he watched his partner's suspicious face.

"Trouble with you, Tim, is you don't trust anyone but yourself." Pat wiped sweat out of his eyebrows. "You've got a bug in your head over something or other. Why, I don't know."

"Bug nothing!" Tim snorted angrily, climbing up out of the inferno of the gully. "If I'm any judge of ore, this stuff here will pay off plenty."

Pat shrugged. "You don't know any more than I do. You won't have it assayed for fear someone will find out about it. Me, I don't know much about it. But unless you get over being suspicious, we'll never know what we've got, or get anything for it. The sooner we cash in and sell," Pat continued, "the sooner I'll be able to get out of here and away from you. A couple weeks more and you'll have me looking under the bed nights!"

• • • • •

IT HAD been like this almost since they'd made their find, Pat realized restlessly. He was finally beginning to feel he couldn't stand much more.

Tim was a swell guy. He worked hard, would go to almost any extent to carry out their hopes and ambitions. But Pat was suspicious. Tim had never known it before, although he'd known Pat a long time.

He went for last-minute rounds at night, toting a six gun. He jumped at the least noise in the night. If a rock were dislodged unexpectedly and rattled down the gully during the day when they were at work, Tim's hand would flash to the gun on his hip. Although he never found anyone, he never lost his sense of alertness.

Now Pat dusted his jeans off. "I'm going back. And don't forget—Mr. Stubbs will arrive this afternoon. For the love of Pete, let me talk to him. If you get jumpy we're likely to have to explain how come you shot first and inquired afterward."

Pat hurried back through the woods a quarter mile to where the cabin stood. Methodically he cooked supper. Half an hour later Tim stalked in, stood looking back into the surrounding hills before leaning his rifle in a corner near the table.

"I'm going into town," Pat announced. "I told you Mr. Stubbs represents a big mining concern up north. If he thinks this ore is as good as you do, he'll probably buy us out. If he doesn't get shot first!"

But in town a half hour later Pat discovered his carefully laid plans had gone wrong. Mr. Stubbs had arrived. But he was not at the depot. Pat walked down the dusty street, stopped at the post office, a favorite meeting place for the villagers. Mr. Stubbs was not there. Nor was he at the frame hotel, or the barber shop. At the general store Chris Cummings frowned.

"Nobody here, Pat. Got a buyer for your claim?"

Pat nodded, walked out. Chris was probably thinking of the money Pat and Tim owed for supplies. And still Mr. Stubbs was missing. Uneasily Pat headed back into the hills.

• • • • •

IT WAS almost sundown when Pat reached the cabin, to discover Tim squatting on the ground behind a pine tree, peering away along the tan-bark trail into the growing darkness.

Tim whirled to his feet when Pat spoke. "Oh," Tim growled, relief in his voice. "It's you. Good thing you spoke."

"Put the gun down," Pat ordered. "Are you nuts? I've heard of guys going off their beam when they ran into something rich. If this is rich." He waited a minute tensely, till Tim lowered the rifle grudgingly. Pat said, "I didn't find Mr. Stubbs. He wasn't in the village."

Tim peered at his partner closely. "Little, short guy, was he? Moustache—"

"How would I know—" Pat felt his body going tense. "Tim! If you gummed the works up again I'll crown you!"

"Somebody was snooping," Tim growled defensively. "I asked him his business and he wouldn't say a word."

"That does it!" Pat snapped. "The way you'd ask anyone would be enough to scare them away. As of now, Tim, I'm through! The next thing I know you'll be taking a shot at me. Count me out!"

Pat carried out his threat to the point of reaching the village the following morning. But there he found a letter waiting.

It stated briefly that Mr. Worth would be down on the 18th to inspect the mine. It was understood they wished to sell, and if the ore assayed at good value, the owners would be made an offer. The letter bore the heading of a large mining corporation.

Reluctantly Pat returned to the cabin. Tim met him at the door, grinning a little. "Back, eh?" Tim cracked. "I thought you were through."

"I am," Pat snapped. "But we've got another prospect. This time I warn you, Tim. You stay out at the gully till I've talked to this man. After that I'll tell you all about it."

• • • • •

ON THE 18th Mr. Worth arrived. Pat met him at the train, took him out to the cabin. There Pat showed a sample of the ore he and Tim had taken from the gully, watched uneasily as Mr. Worth examined it, scowling a lot, even muttering under his breath. Finally he turned to Tim and shook his head.

"Sorry," Mr. Worth announced. "This ore is almost worthless. Didn't you have it assayed?"

"N-no," Pat was forced to admit. "My partner figured it was pretty rich."

"Your partner is mistaken." Again Mr. Worth studied the samples. He said, "We might take it off your hands, but I'm afraid we can't pay much for your claim. I am authorized to make you an offer, but I think you will be disappointed!"

For a brief space of time Pat felt his head spinning. Months of work and hope were blowing up before his eyes. His throat was dry as he asked, "How—how much will your company pay?"

Again Mr. Worth studied the samples, and as he did so Pat held his breath. If he could get anything at all—anything . . .

"Five thousand dollars. Tops."

For a long moment Pat hesitated. He remembered vividly the weeks of work, the toil and nervous strain, the blisters and backaches. They had pooled their small savings at the start, had prospected the hills for months before discovering their present claim. They had had to get supplies on the cuff—dynamite for blasting, food, and tools. They had bills to pay now, and by the time they got those paid off, there would be little left. And Tim—when he discovered the truth—

"Sold," Pat answered hoarsely.

And Mr. Worth had the papers and a pen out. Pat's hand trembled as he signed. Poor Tim. . . .

• • • • •

TIM appeared in the doorway, to ask, "What's going on, Pat?"

Unwillingly Pat explained. And when he was through there was silence until unexpectedly Tim said sharply to Mr. Worth, "You say the ore isn't worth much?"

Pat spun swiftly. "Cut it out, Tim. I told you before—"

Tim growled. "This guy's a fake. While you were talking business with him, I rode into the village and had this ore assayed. It's worth plenty! He heard about it somehow—probably wrote you to make it look official, came down here to buy us out for next to nothing!"

Mr. Worth's hand dipped into his pocket, came out holding a revolver. His face was set, hard. "It's too late. Your partner signed over your claim to me. It is legal and there is nothing you can do!"

There followed brief silence. Pat felt sweat popping all over him. He had been a chump, had led with his chin. He'd been too anxious to sell and as a result had let their claim go for almost nothing. And it was legal! Desperately Pat looked at his patrner—

Tim's body bunched, flashed forward. The gun in Mr. Worth's hand blasted but Pat had hurled himself upon the fake mining expert in time to smash the weapon aside. They crashed against the table, struggling fiercely till Pat untangled himself, got in a smashing punch. Mr. Worth sagged to the floor.

• • • • •

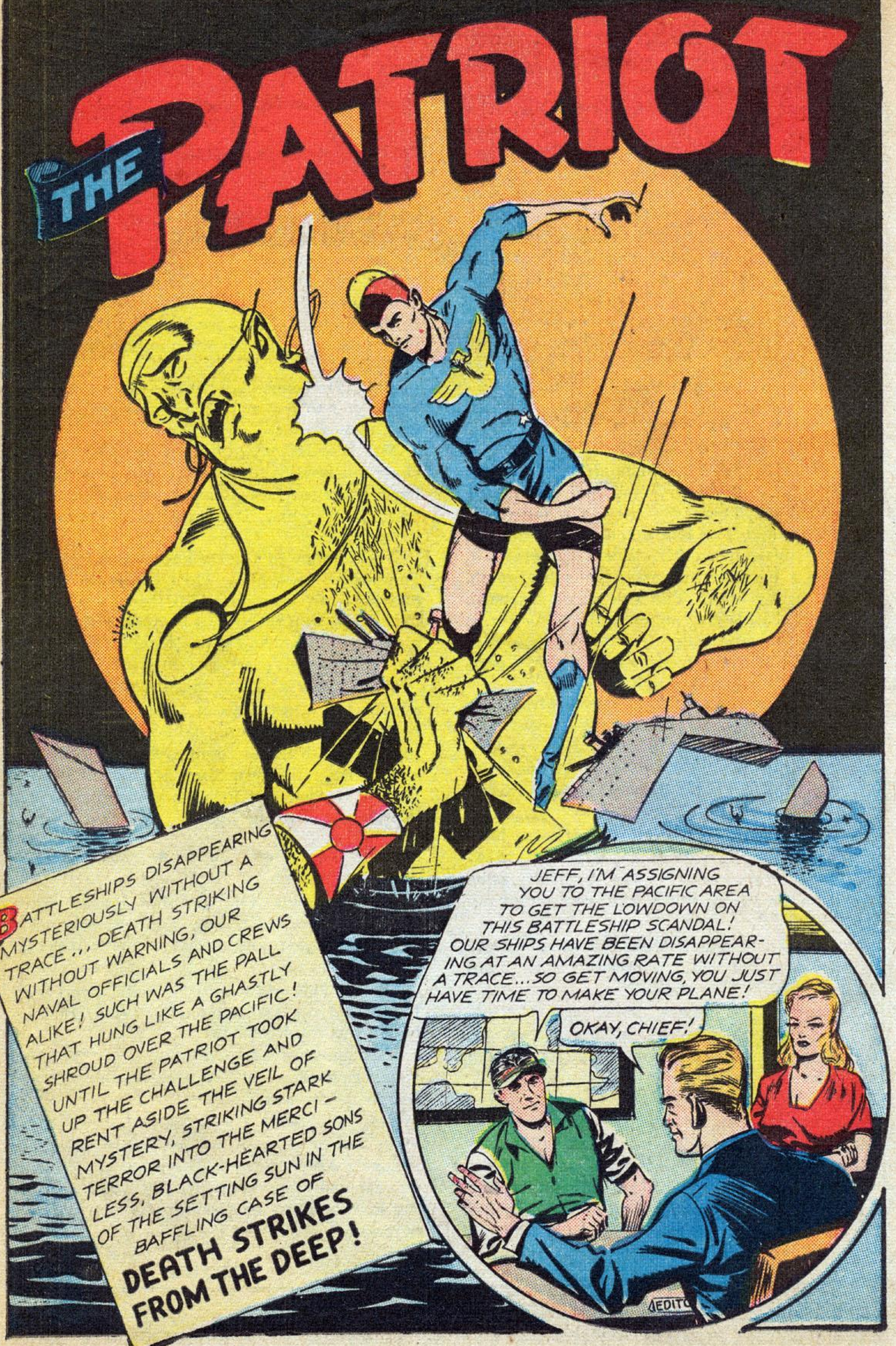
SIDE by side Tim and Pat looked down. Then Tim knelt, slipped out the papers Pat had signed and dropped them into the wood stove.

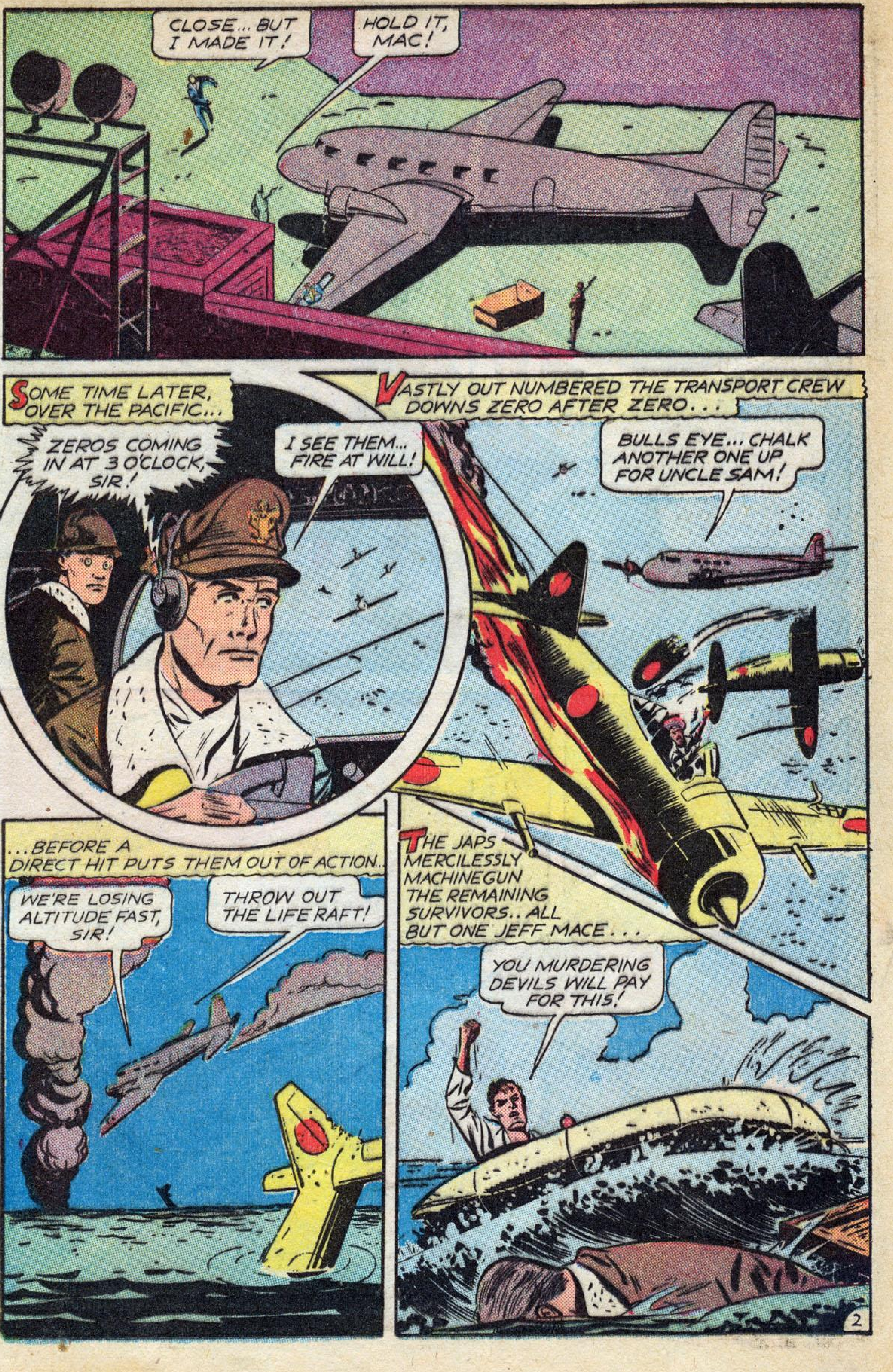
"That," Tim said gently, "is that. Good thing I had that ore assayed finally. And got back before this crook beat it!"

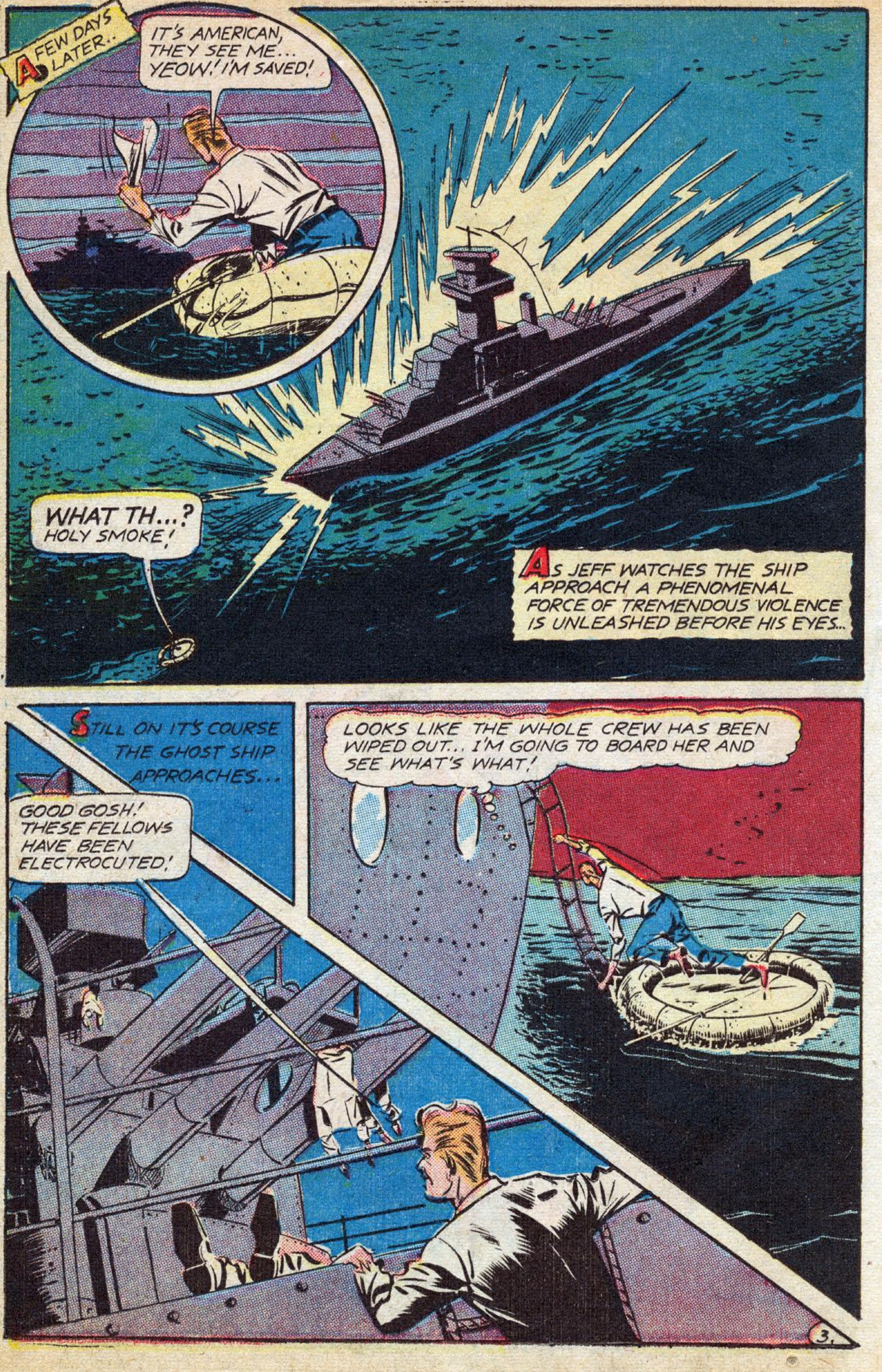
Pat found his voice with difficulty. "You and your suspicion. It's a wonder you haven't suspected me by now."

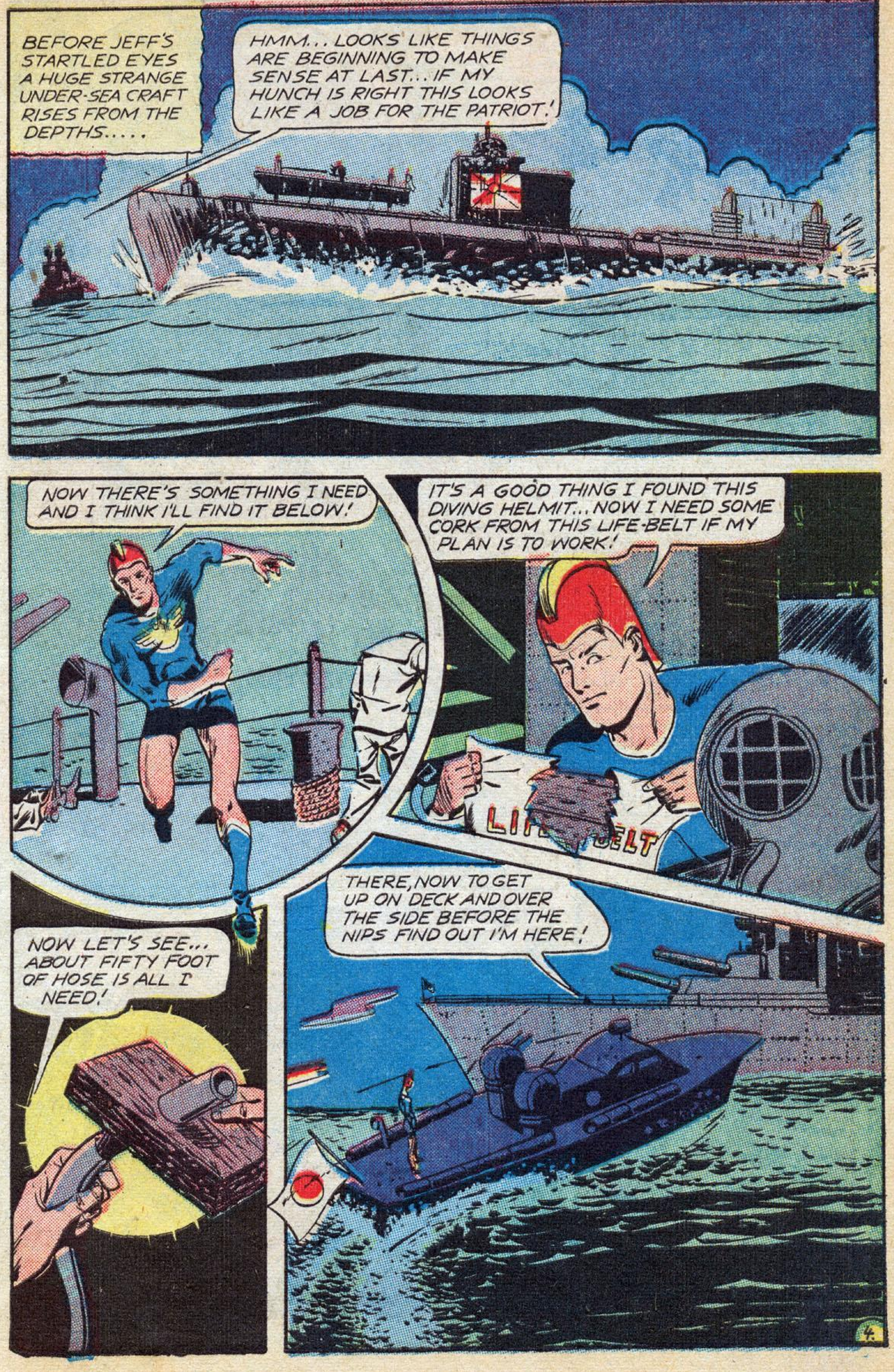
Tim chuckled. "I have," he admitted. "I've often suspected you of not being suspicious enough. After I get my dough out of this thing you can sell to anyone you want. Till then, for the love of Pete, be careful who you do business with!"

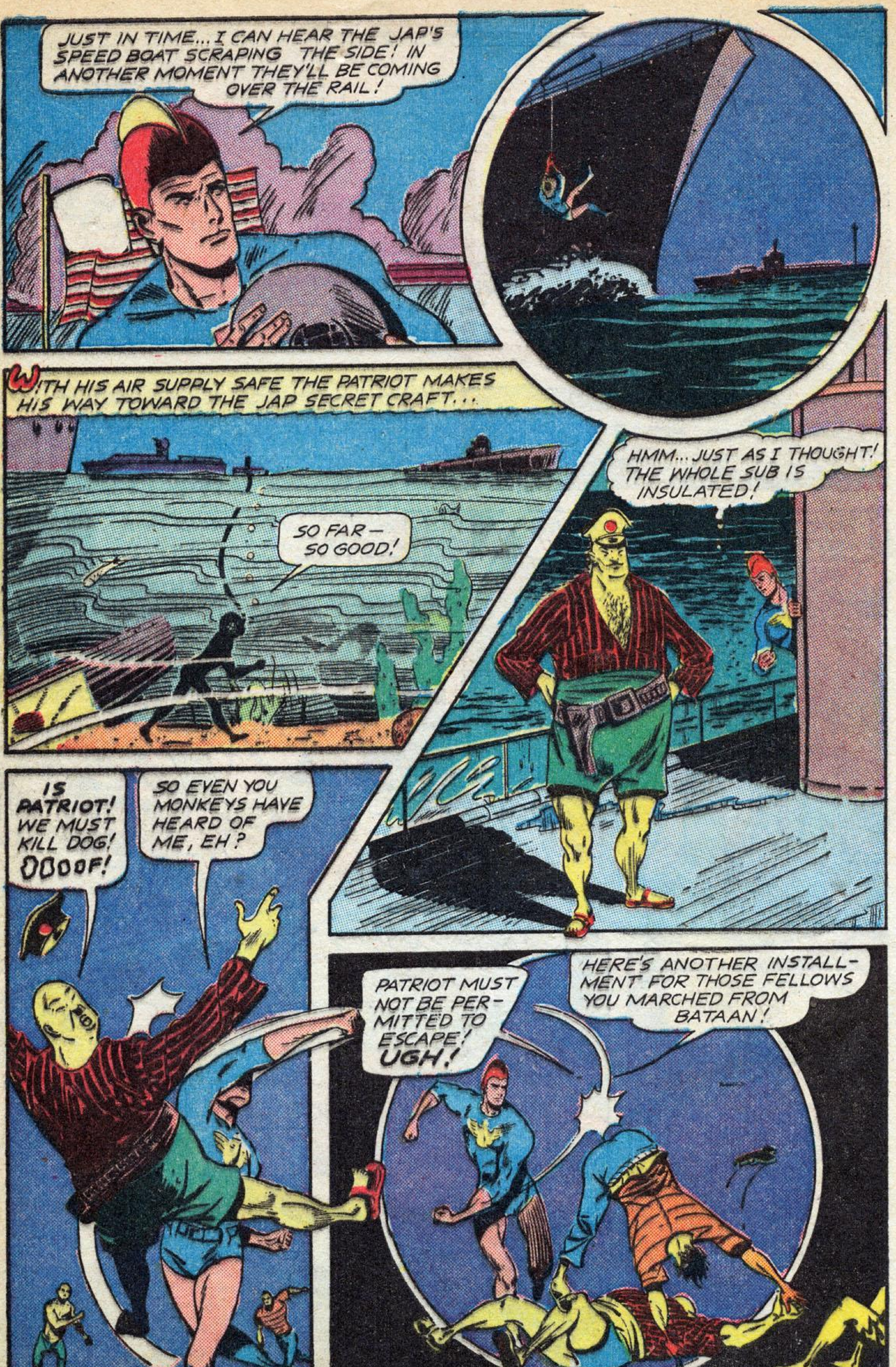
THE END

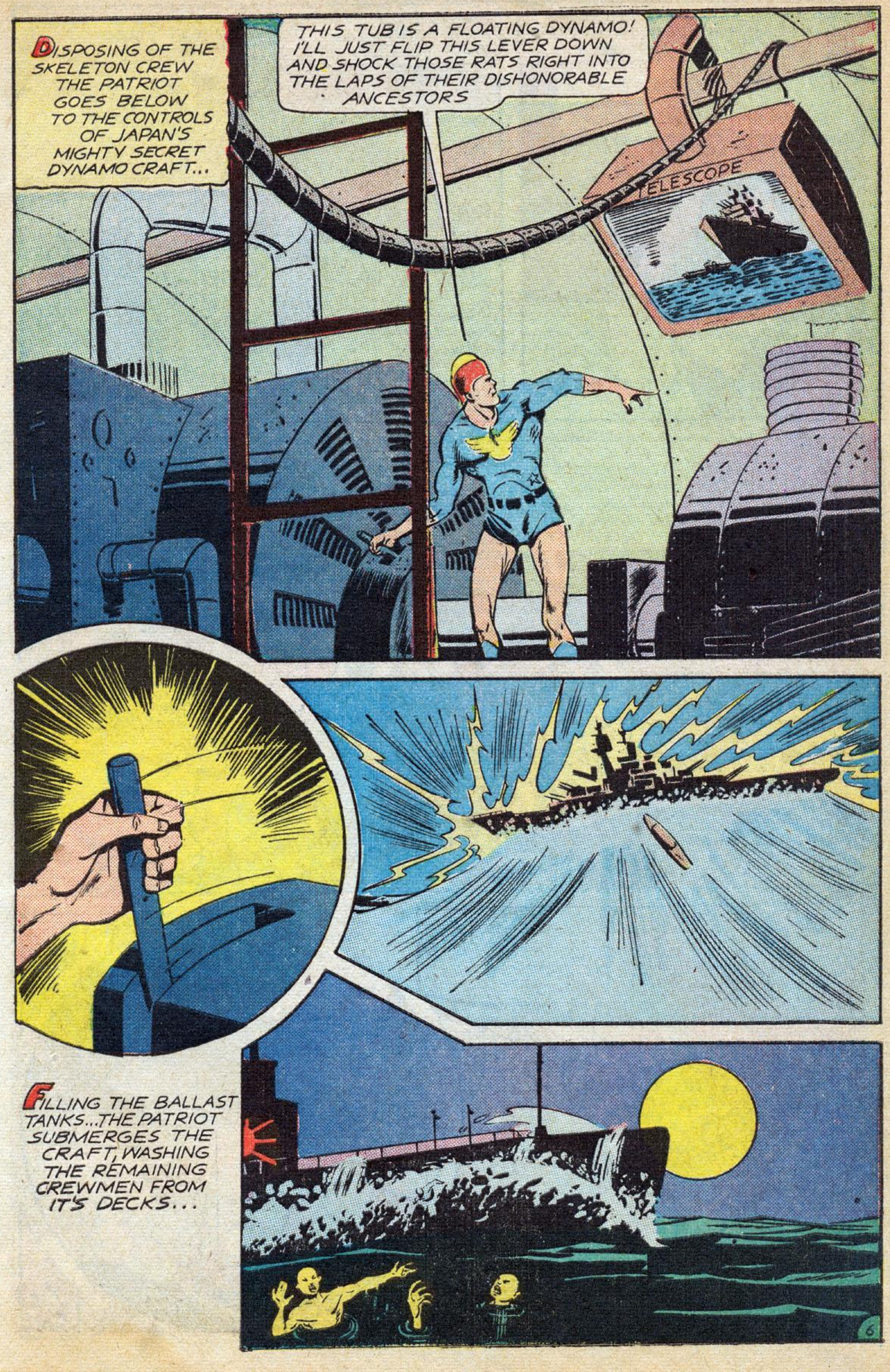

THE PATRIOT
BATTLESHIPS DISAPPEARING MYSTERIOUSLY WITHOUT A TRACE ... DEATH STRIKING WITHOUT WARNING, OUR NAVAL OFFICIALS AND CREWS ALIKE! SUCH WAS THE PALL THAT HUNG LIKE A GHASTLY SHROUD OVER THE PACIFIC! UNTIL THE PATRIOT TOOK UP THE CHALLENGE AND RENT ASIDE THE VEIL OF MYSTERY, STRIKING STARK TERROR INTO THE MERCILESS, BLACK-HEARTED SONS OF THE SETTING SUN IN THE BAFFLING CASE OF
DEATH STRIKES FROM THE DEEP!
JEFF, I'M ASSIGNING YOU TO THE PACIFIC AREA TO GET THE LOWDOWN ON THIS BATTLESHIP SCANDAL! OUR SHIPS HAVE BEEN DISAPPEARING AT AN AMAZING RATE WITHOUT A TRACE... SO GET MOVING, YOU JUST HAVE TIME TO MAKE YOUR PLANE!
OKAY, CHIEF!

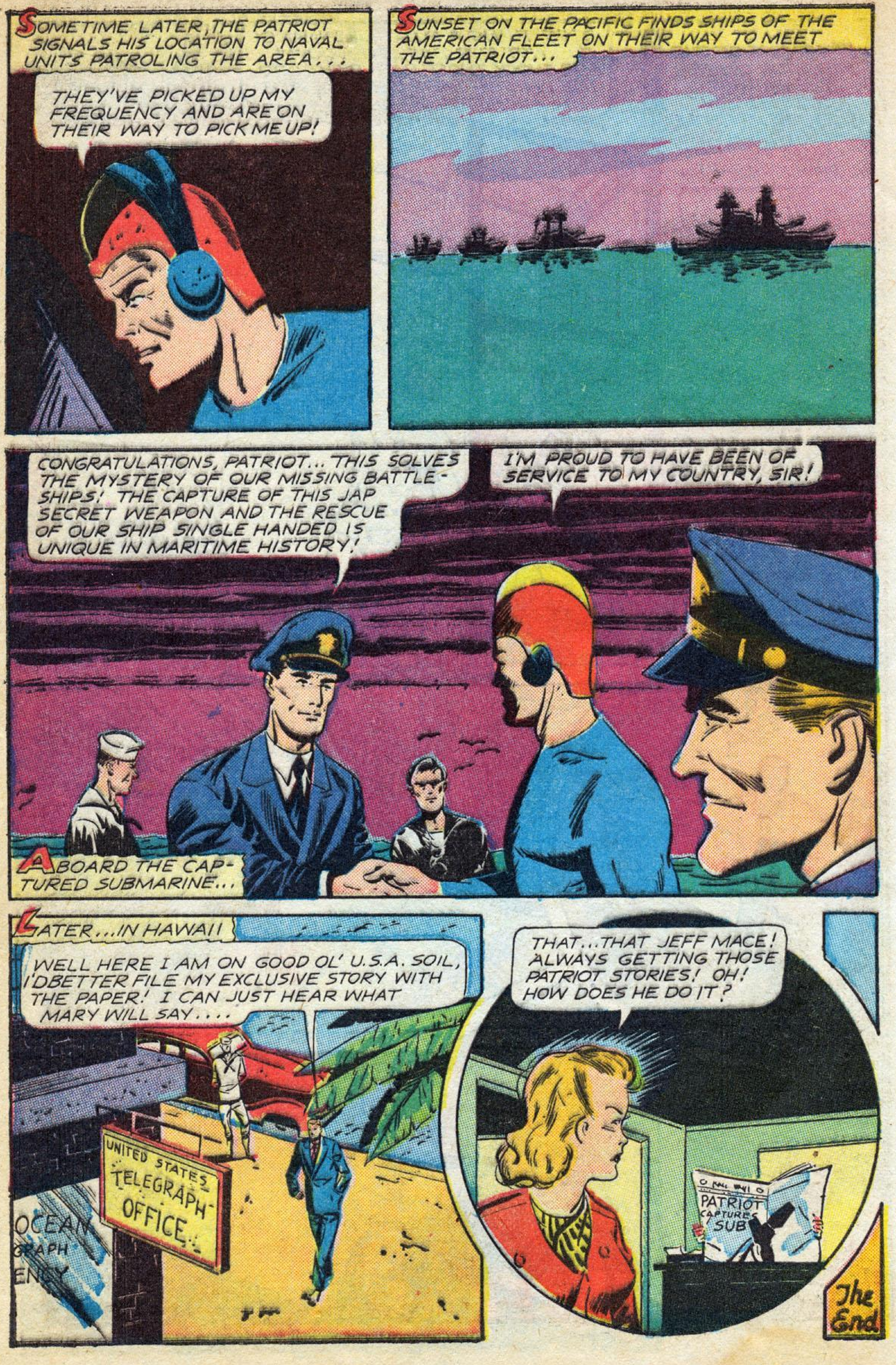

CLOSE... BUT I MADE IT!
HOLD IT, MAC!
SOME TIME LATER, OVER THE PACIFIC...
ZEROS COMING IN AT 3 O'CLOCK, SIR!
I SEE THEM... FIRE AT WILL!
VASTLY OUT NUMBERED THE TRANSPORT CREW DOWNS ZERO AFTER ZERO...
BULLS EYE... CHALK ANOTHER ONE UP FOR UNCLE SAM!
...BEFORE A DIRECT HIT PUTS THEM OUT OF ACTION...
WE'RE LOSING ALTITUDE FAST, SIR!
THROW OUT THE LIFE RAFT!
THE JAPS MERCILESSLY MACHINEGUN THE REMAINING SURVIVORS.. ALL BUT ONE JEFF MACE...
YOU MURDERING DEVILS WILL PAY FOR THIS!

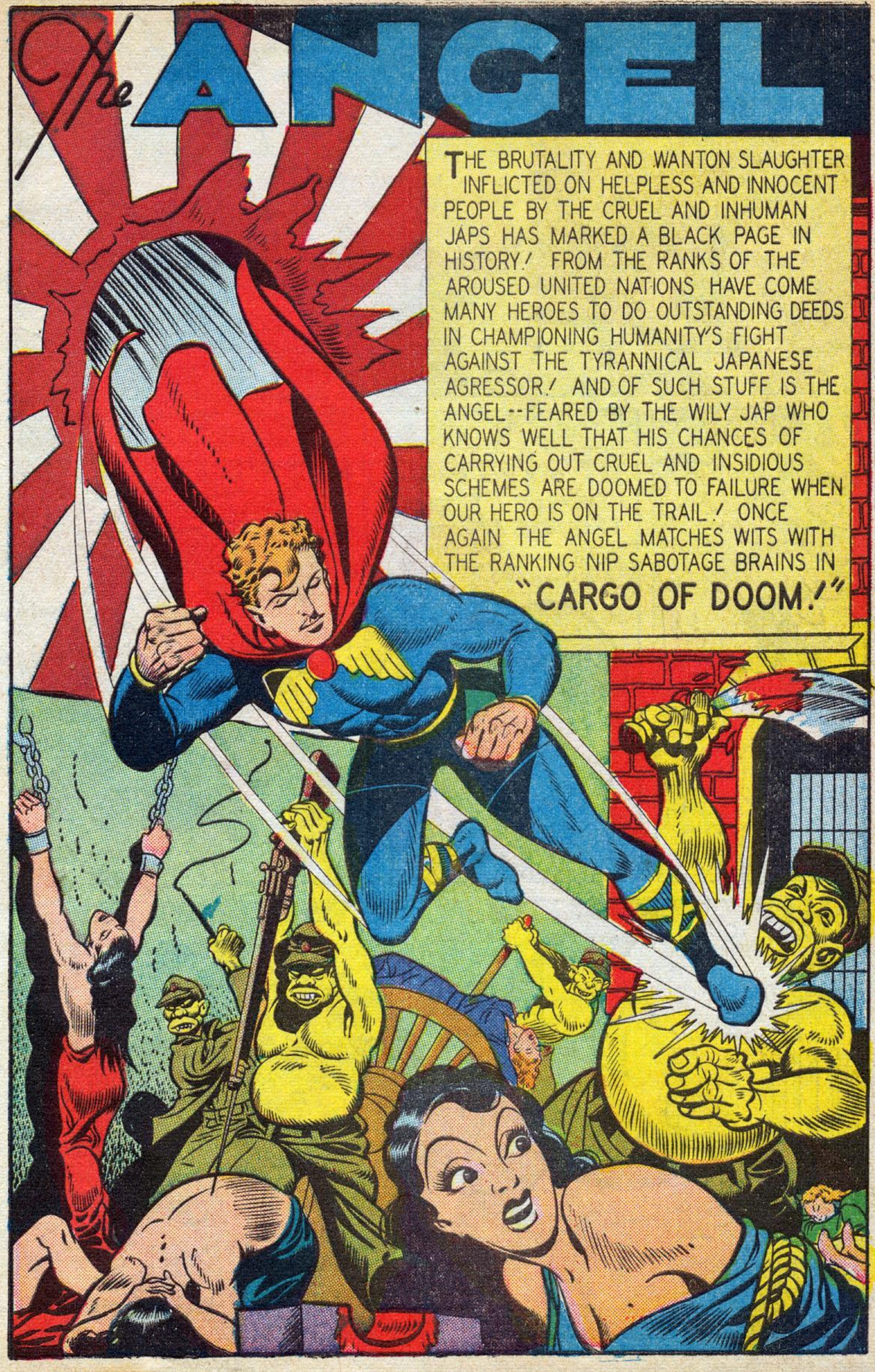

A FEW DAYS LATER..
IT'S AMERICAN, THEY SEE ME... YEOW! I'M SAVED!
WHAT TH...? HOLY SMOKE!
AS JEFF WATCHES THE SHIP APPROACH A PHENOMENAL FORCE OF TREMENDOUS VIOLENCE IS UNLEASHED BEFORE HIS EYES...
STILL ON IT'S COURSE THE GHOST SHIP APPROACHES...
LOOKS LIKE THE WHOLE CREW HAS BEEN WIPED OUT.. I'M GOING TO BOARD HER AND SEE WHAT'S WHAT!
GOOD GOSH! THESE FELLOWS HAVE BEEN ELECTROCUTED!

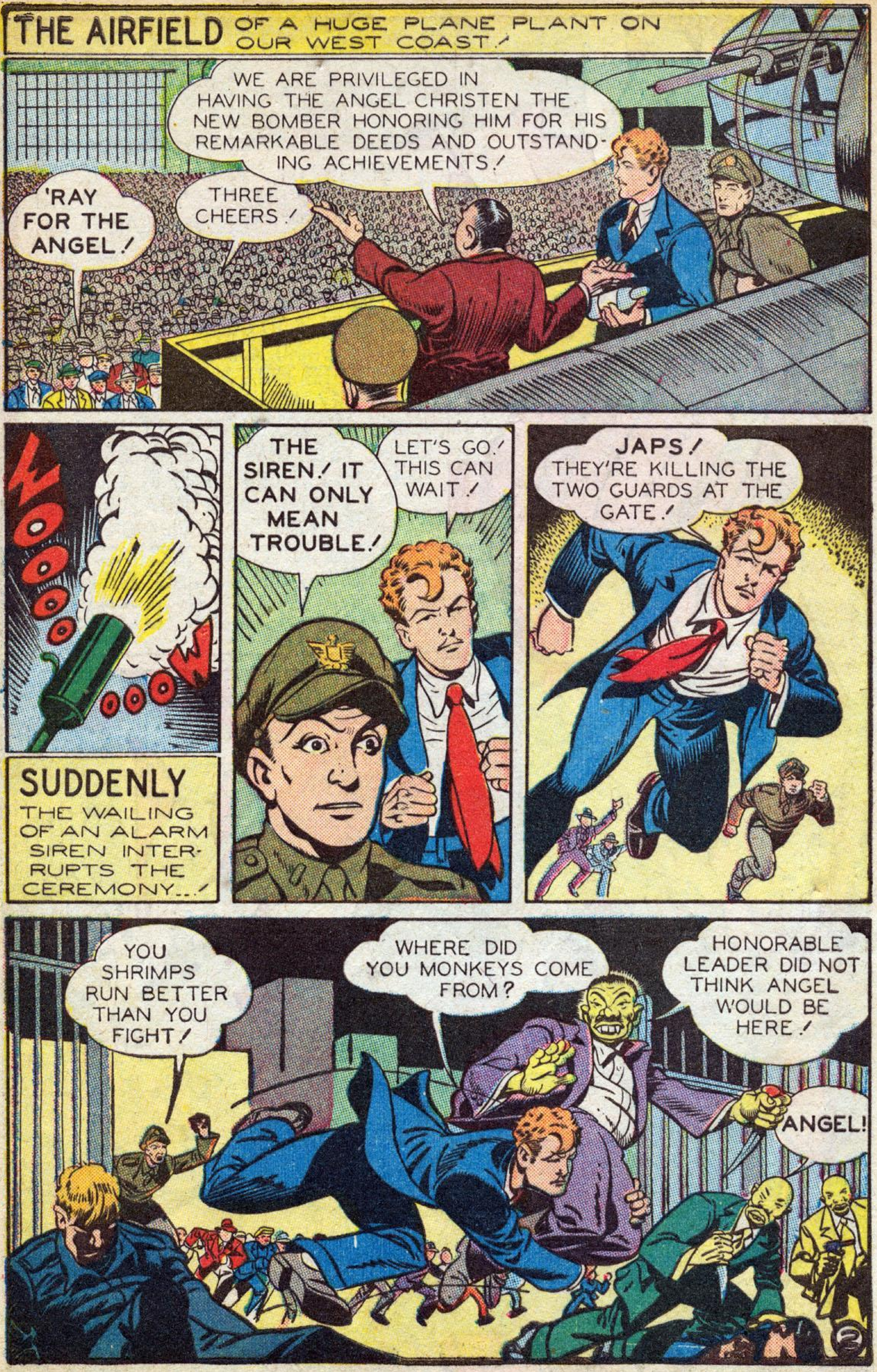

BEFORE JEFF'S STARTLED EYES A HUGE STRANGE UNDER-SEA CRAFT RISES FROM THE DEPTHS.....
HMM.. LOOKS LIKE THINGS ARE BEGINNING TO MAKE SENSE AT LAST... IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR THE PATRIOT!
NOW THERE'S SOMETHING I NEED AND I THINK I'LL FIND IT BELOW!
IT'S A GOOD THING I FOUND THIS DIVING HELMIT... NOW I NEED SOME CORK FROM THIS LIFE-BELT IF MY PLAN IS TO WORK!
LIFE-BELT
NOW LET'S SEE... ABOUT FIFTY FOOT OF HOSE IS ALL I NEED!
THERE, NOW TO GET UP ON DECK AND OVER THE SIDE BEFORE THE NIPS FIND OUT I'M HERE!

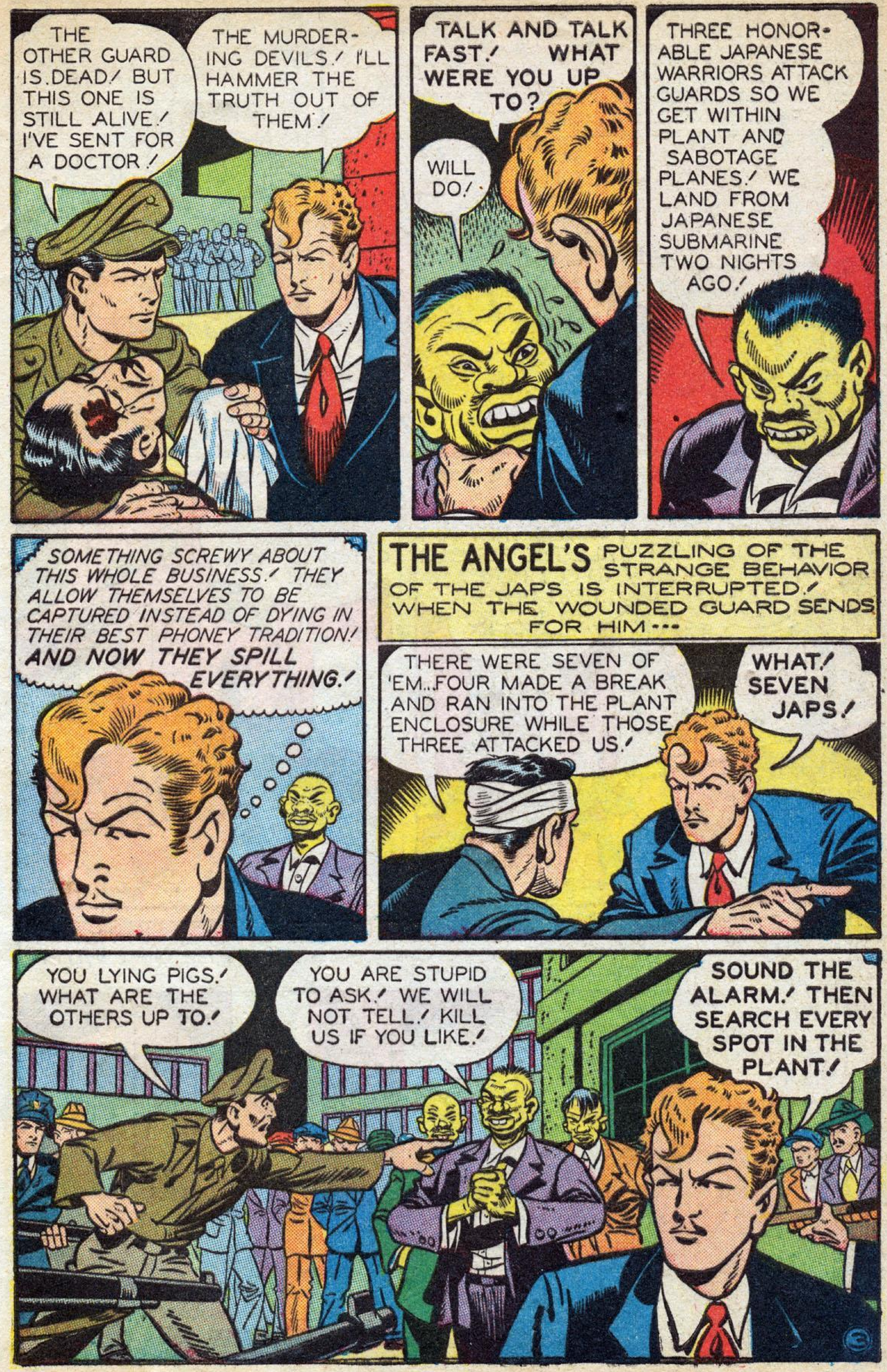

JUST IN TIME... I CAN HEAR THE JAP'S SPEED BOAT SCRAPING THE SIDE! IN ANOTHER MOMENT THEY'LL BE COMING OVER THE RAIL!
WITH HIS AIR SUPPLY SAFE THE PATRIOT MAKES HIS WAY TOWARD THE JAP SECRET CRAFT...
SO FAR— SO GOOD!
HMM... JUST AS I THOUGHT! THE WHOLE SUB IS INSULATED!
IS PATRIOT! WE MUST KILL DOG! OOOOF!
SO EVEN YOU MONKEYS HAVE HEARD OF ME, EH?
PATRIOT MUST NOT BE PERMITTED TO ESCAPE! UGH!
HERE'S ANOTHER INSTALLMENT FOR THOSE FELLOWS YOU MARCHED FROM BATAAN!

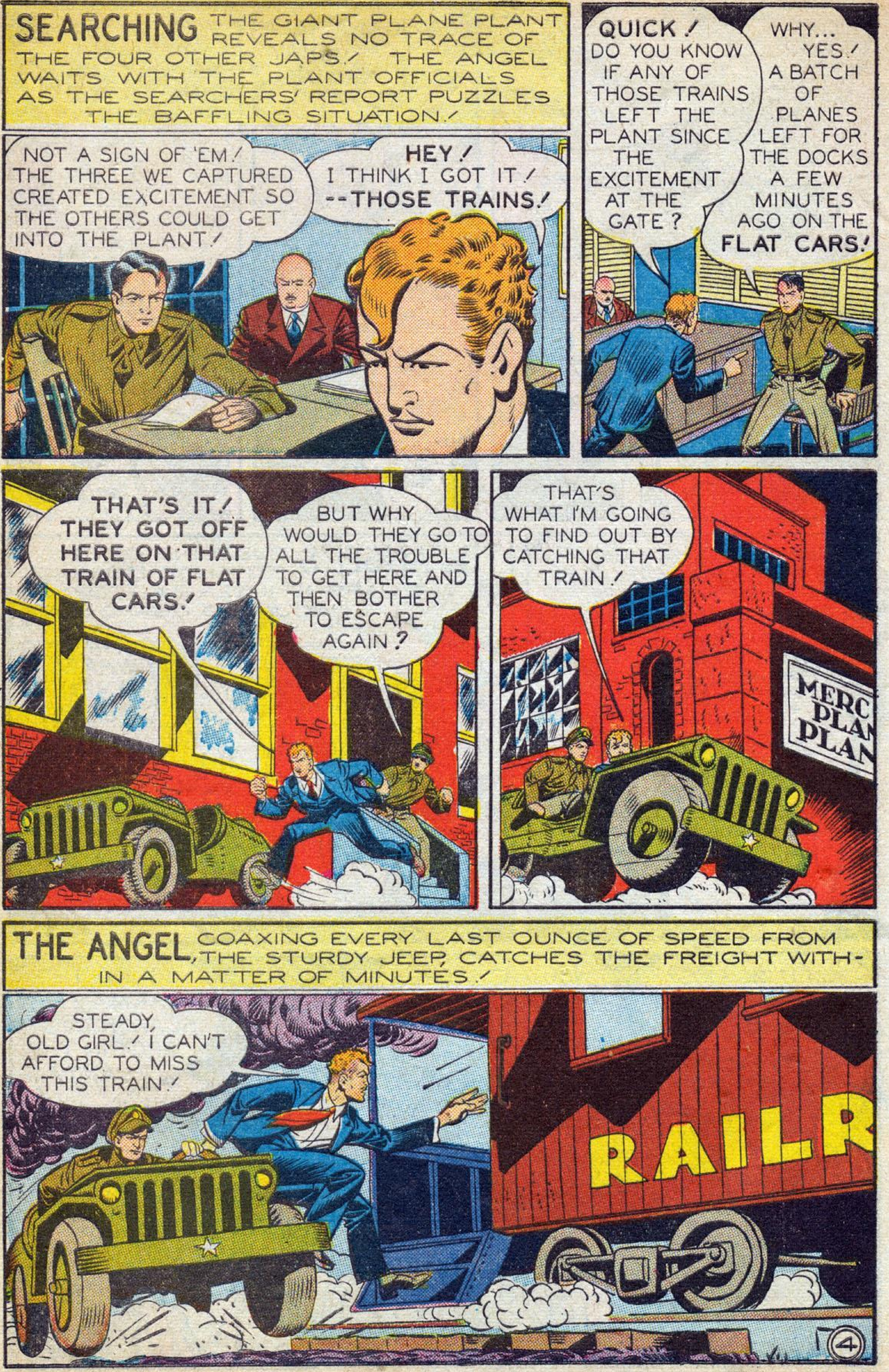

DISPOSING OF THE SKELETON CREW THE PATRIOT GOES BELOW TO THE CONTROLS OF JAPAN'S MIGHTY SECRET DYNAMO CRAFT...
THIS TUB IS A FLOATING DYNAMO! I'LL JUST FLIP THIS LEVER DOWN AND SHOCK THOSE RATS RIGHT INTO THE LAPS OF THEIR DISHONORABLE ANCESTORS
TELESCOPE
FILLING THE BALLAST TANKS...THE PATRIOT SUBMERGES THE CRAFT, WASHING THE REMAINING CREWMEN FROM IT'S DECKS...

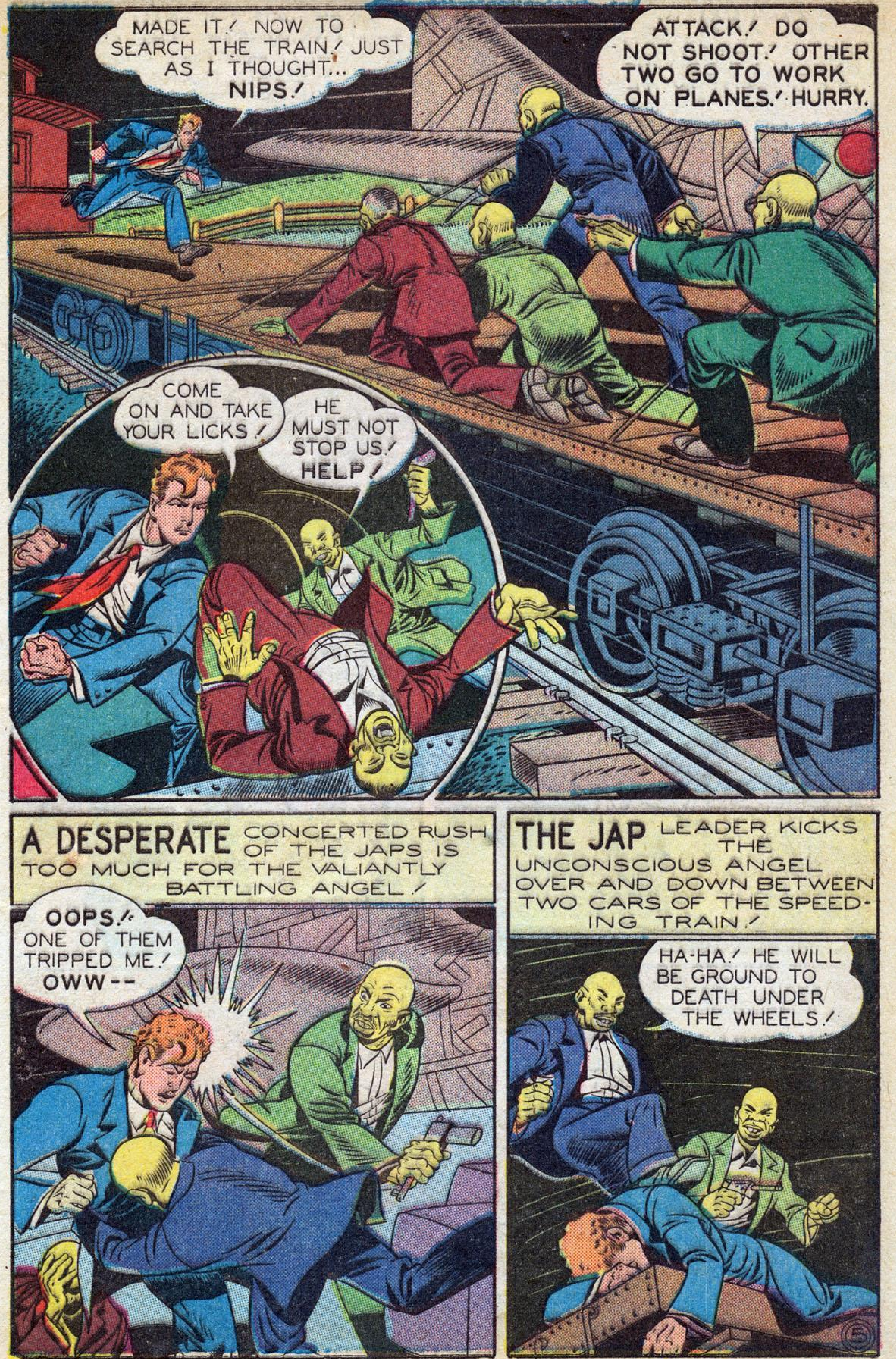

SOMETIME LATER, THE PATRIOT SIGNALS HIS LOCATION TO NAVAL UNITS PATROLING THE AREA . . .
THEY'VE PICKED UP MY FREQUENCY AND ARE ON THEIR WAY TO PICK ME UP!
SUNSET ON THE PACIFIC FINDS SHIPS OF THE AMERICAN FLEET ON THEIR WAY TO MEET THE PATRIOT . . .
CONGRATULATIONS, PATRIOT... THIS SOLVES THE MYSTERY OF OUR MISSING BATTLESHIPS! THE CAPTURE OF THIS JAP SECRET WEAPON AND THE RESCUE OF OUR SHIP SINGLE HANDED IS UNIQUE IN MARITIME HISTORY!
I'M PROUD TO HAVE BEEN OF SERVICE TO MY COUNTRY, SIR!
ABOARD THE CAPTURED SUBMARINE...
LATER...IN HAWAII
WELL HERE I AM ON GOOD OL' U.S.A. SOIL, I'DBETTER FILE MY EXCLUSIVE STORY WITH THE PAPER! I CAN JUST HEAR WHAT MARY WILL SAY....
UNITED STATES TELEGRAPH OFFICE
OCEAN
GRAPH
ENCY
THAT...THAT JEFF MACE! ALWAYS GETTING THOSE PATRIOT STORIES! OH! HOW DOES HE DO IT?
PATRIOT CAPTURES SUB
The End

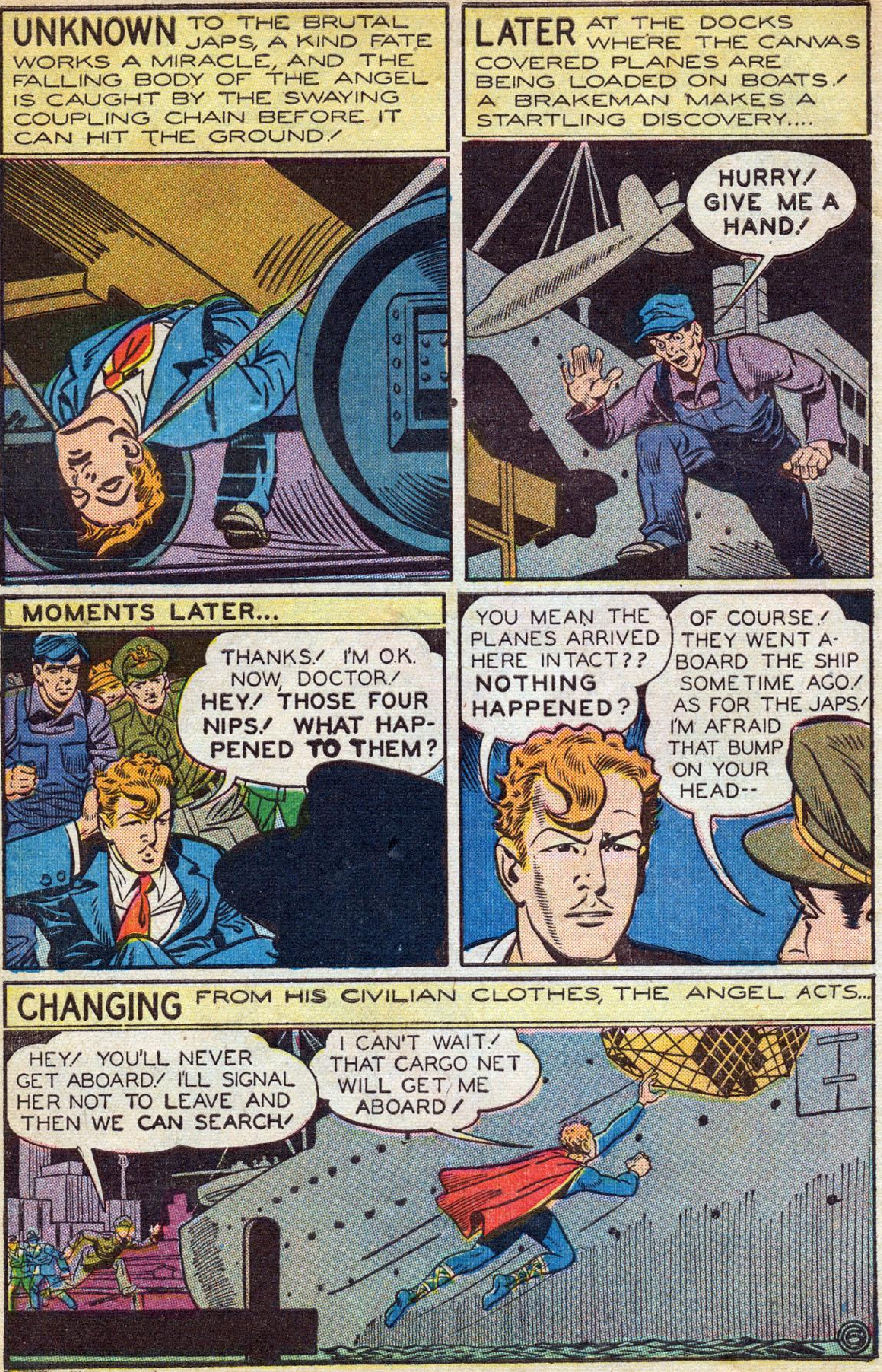

The ANGEL
THE BRUTALITY AND WANTON SLAUGHTER INFLICTED ON HELPLESS AND INNOCENT PEOPLE BY THE CRUEL AND INHUMAN JAPS HAS MARKED A BLACK PAGE IN HISTORY! FROM THE RANKS OF THE AROUSED UNITED NATIONS HAVE COME MANY HEROES TO DO OUTSTANDING DEEDS IN CHAMPIONING HUMANITY'S FIGHT AGAINST THE TYRANNICAL JAPANESE AGRESSOR! AND OF SUCH STUFF IS THE ANGEL--FEARED BY THE WILY JAP WHO KNOWS WELL THAT HIS CHANCES OF CARRYING OUT CRUEL AND INSIDIOUS SCHEMES ARE DOOMED TO FAILURE WHEN OUR HERO IS ON THE TRAIL! ONCE AGAIN THE ANGEL MATCHES WITS WITH THE RANKING NIP SABOTAGE BRAINS IN
"CARGO OF DOOM!"

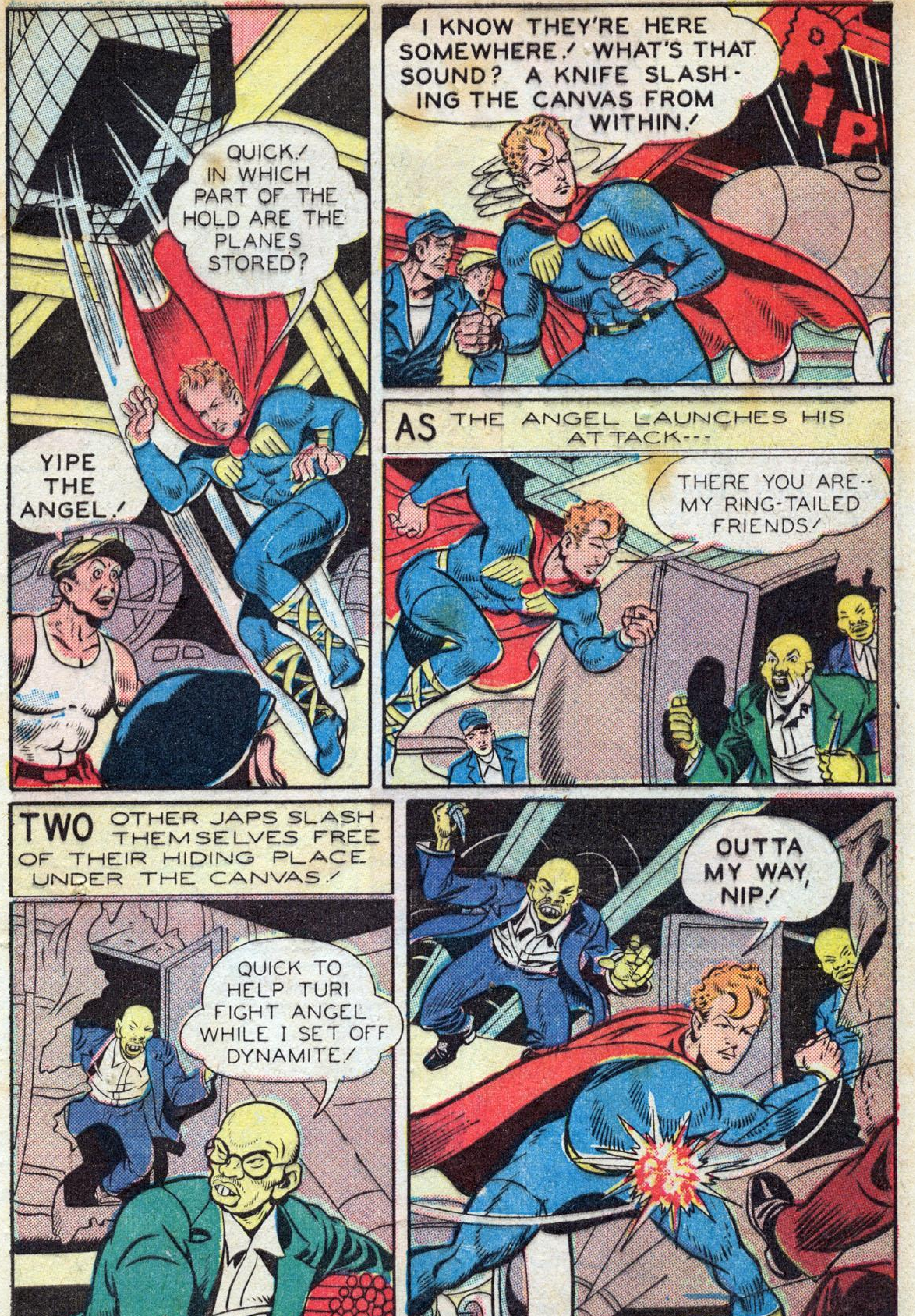

THE AIRFIELD OF A HUGE PLANE PLANT ON OUR WEST COAST!
WE ARE PRIVILEGED IN HAVING THE ANGEL CHRISTEN THE NEW BOMBER HONORING HIM FOR HIS REMARKABLE DEEDS AND OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENTS!
'RAY FOR THE ANGEL!
THREE CHEERS!
WOOOOOOOOOOW
SUDDENLY THE WAILING OF AN ALARM SIREN INTERRUPTS THE CEREMONY...!
THE SIREN! IT CAN ONLY MEAN TROUBLE!
LET'S GO! THIS CAN WAIT!
JAPS! THEY'RE KILLING THE TWO GUARDS AT THE GATE!
YOU SHRIMPS RUN BETTER THAN YOU FIGHT!
WHERE DID YOU MONKEYS COME FROM?
HONORABLE LEADER DID NOT THINK ANGEL WOULD BE HERE!
ANGEL!

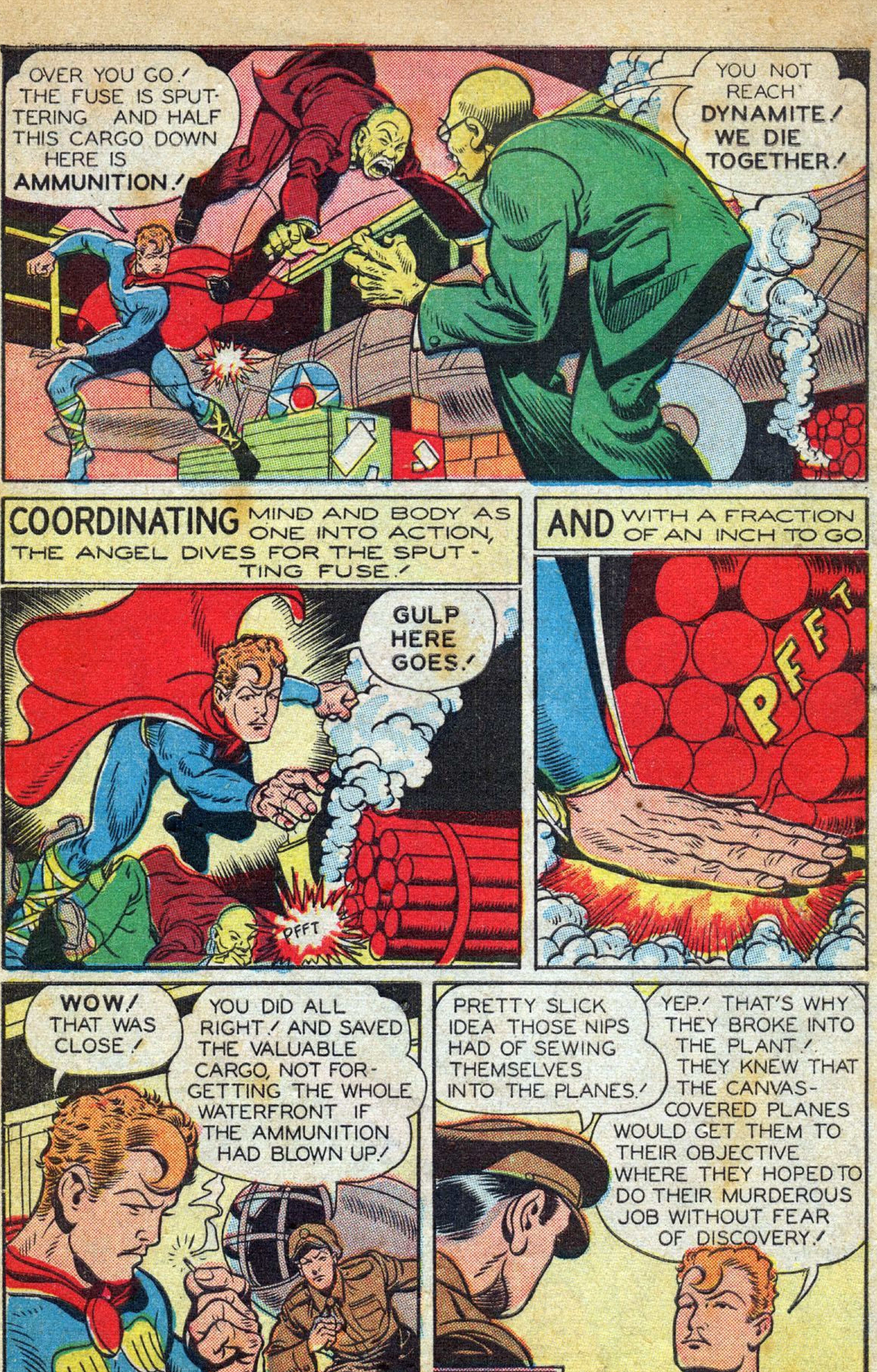

THE OTHER GUARD IS DEAD! BUT THIS ONE IS STILL ALIVE! I'VE SENT FOR A DOCTOR!
THE MURDERING DEVILS! I'LL HAMMER THE TRUTH OUT OF THEM!
TALK AND TALK FAST! WHAT WERE YOU UP TO?
WILL DO!
THREE HONORABLE JAPANESE WARRIORS ATTACK GUARDS SO WE GET WITHIN PLANT AND SABOTAGE PLANES! WE LAND FROM JAPANESE SUBMARINE TWO NIGHTS AGO!
SOMETHING SCREWY ABOUT THIS WHOLE BUSINESS! THEY ALLOW THEMSELVES TO BE CAPTURED INSTEAD OF DYING IN THEIR BEST PHONEY TRADITION! AND NOW THEY SPILL EVERYTHING!
THE ANGEL'S PUZZLING OF THE STRANGE BEHAVIOR OF THE JAPS IS INTERRUPTED! WHEN THE WOUNDED GUARD SENDS FOR HIM ---
THERE WERE SEVEN OF 'EM...FOUR MADE A BREAK AND RAN INTO THE PLANT ENCLOSURE WHILE THOSE THREE ATTACKED US!
WHAT! SEVEN JAPS!
YOU LYING PIGS! WHAT ARE THE OTHERS UP TO!
YOU ARE STUPID TO ASK! WE WILL NOT TELL! KILL US IF YOU LIKE!
SOUND THE ALARM! THEN SEARCH EVERY SPOT IN THE PLANT!

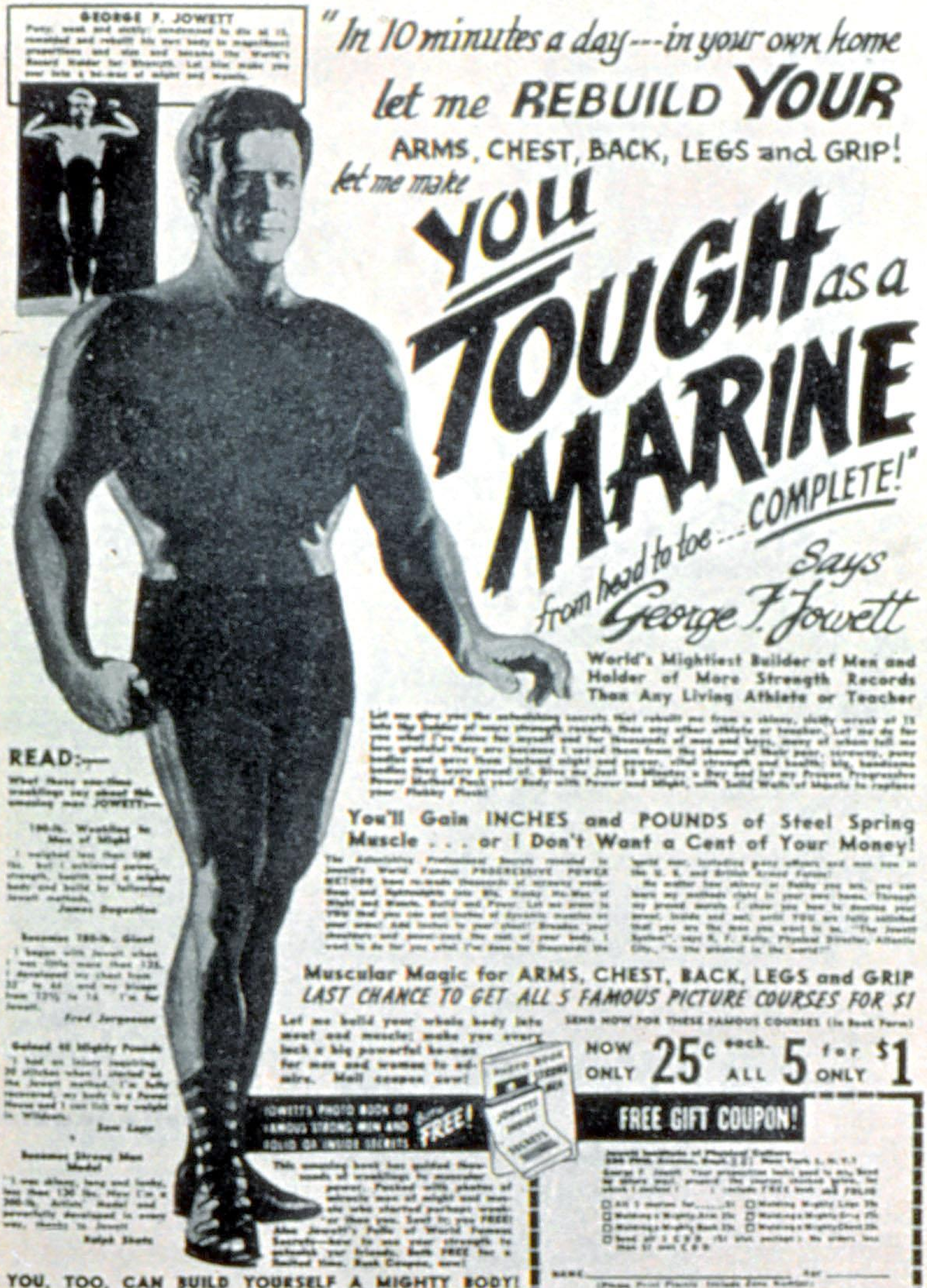

SEARCHING THE GIANT PLANE PLANT REVEALS NO TRACE OF THE FOUR OTHER JAPS! THE ANGEL WAITS WITH THE PLANT OFFICIALS AS THE SEARCHERS' REPORT PUZZLES THE BAFFLING SITUATION!
NOT A SIGN OF 'EM! THE THREE WE CAPTURED CREATED EXCITEMENT SO THE OTHERS COULD GET INTO THE PLANT!
HEY! I THINK I GOT IT! --THOSE TRAINS!
QUICK! DO YOU KNOW IF ANY OF THOSE TRAINS LEFT THE PLANT SINCE THE EXCITEMENT AT THE GATE?
WHY... YES! A BATCH OF PLANES LEFT FOR THE DOCKS A FEW MINUTES AGO ON THE FLAT CARS!
THAT'S IT! THEY GOT OFF HERE ON THAT TRAIN OF FLAT CARS!
BUT WHY WOULD THEY GO TO ALL THE TROUBLE TO GET HERE AND THEN BOTHER TO ESCAPE AGAIN?
THAT'S WHAT I'M GOING TO FIND OUT BY CATCHING THAT TRAIN!
MERC PLAN PLAN
THE ANGEL, COAXING EVERY LAST OUNCE OF SPEED FROM THE STURDY JEEP, CATCHES THE FREIGHT WITHIN A MATTER OF MINUTES!
STEADY, OLD GIRL! I CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS THIS TRAIN!
RAILR
4


MADE IT! NOW TO SEARCH THE TRAIN! JUST AS I THOUGHT... NIPS!
ATTACK! DO NOT SHOOT! OTHER TWO GO TO WORK ON PLANES! HURRY.
COME ON AND TAKE YOUR LICKS!
HE MUST NOT STOP US! HELP!
A DESPERATE CONCERTED RUSH OF THE JAPS IS TOO MUCH FOR THE VALIANTLY BATTLING ANGEL!
OOPS! ONE OF THEM TRIPPED ME! OWW--
THE JAP LEADER KICKS THE UNCONSCIOUS ANGEL OVER AND DOWN BETWEEN TWO CARS OF THE SPEEDING TRAIN!
HA-HA! HE WILL BE GROUND TO DEATH UNDER THE WHEELS!
5


UNKNOWN TO THE BRUTAL JAPS, A KIND FATE WORKS A MIRACLE, AND THE FALLING BODY OF THE ANGEL IS CAUGHT BY THE SWAYING COUPLING CHAIN BEFORE IT CAN HIT THE GROUND!
LATER AT THE DOCKS WHERE THE CANVAS COVERED PLANES ARE BEING LOADED ON BOATS! A BRAKEMAN MAKES A STARTLING DISCOVERY....
HURRY! GIVE ME A HAND!
MOMENTS LATER...
THANKS! I'M O.K. NOW, DOCTOR! HEY! THOSE FOUR NIPS! WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM?
YOU MEAN THE PLANES ARRIVED HERE INTACT?? NOTHING HAPPENED?
OF COURSE! THEY WENT ABOARD THE SHIP SOMETIME AGO! AS FOR THE JAPS! I'M AFRAID THAT BUMP ON YOUR HEAD--
CHANGING FROM HIS CIVILIAN CLOTHES, THE ANGEL ACTS...
HEY! YOU'LL NEVER GET ABOARD! I'LL SIGNAL HER NOT TO LEAVE AND THEN WE CAN SEARCH!
I CAN'T WAIT! THAT CARGO NET WILL GET ME ABOARD!


QUICK! IN WHICH PART OF THE HOLD ARE THE PLANES STORED?
YIPE THE ANGEL!
I KNOW THEY'RE HERE SOMEWHERE! WHAT'S THAT SOUND? A KNIFE SLASHING THE CANVAS FROM WITHIN!
RIP
AS THE ANGEL LAUNCHES HIS ATTACK---
THERE YOU ARE-- MY RING-TAILED FRIENDS!
TWO OTHER JAPS SLASH THEMSELVES FREE OF THEIR HIDING PLACE UNDER THE CANVAS!
QUICK TO HELP TURI FIGHT ANGEL WHILE I SET OFF DYNAMITE!
OUTTA MY WAY, NIP!


OVER YOU GO! THE FUSE IS SPUTTERING AND HALF THIS CARGO DOWN HERE IS AMMUNITION!
YOU NOT REACH DYNAMITE! WE DIE TOGETHER!
COORDINATING MIND AND BODY AS ONE INTO ACTION, THE ANGEL DIVES FOR THE SPUTTING FUSE!
GULP HERE GOES!
PFFT
AND WITH A FRACTION OF AN INCH TO GO.
PFFT
WOW! THAT WAS CLOSE!
YOU DID ALL RIGHT! AND SAVED THE VALUABLE CARGO, NOT FORGETTING THE WHOLE WATERFRONT IF THE AMMUNITION HAD BLOWN UP!
PRETTY SLICK IDEA THOSE NIPS HAD OF SEWING THEMSELVES INTO THE PLANES!
YEP! THAT'S WHY THEY BROKE INTO THE PLANT! THEY KNEW THAT THE CANVAS-COVERED PLANES WOULD GET THEM TO THEIR OBJECTIVE WHERE THEY HOPED TO DO THEIR MURDEROUS JOB WITHOUT FEAR OF DISCOVERY!
THE END



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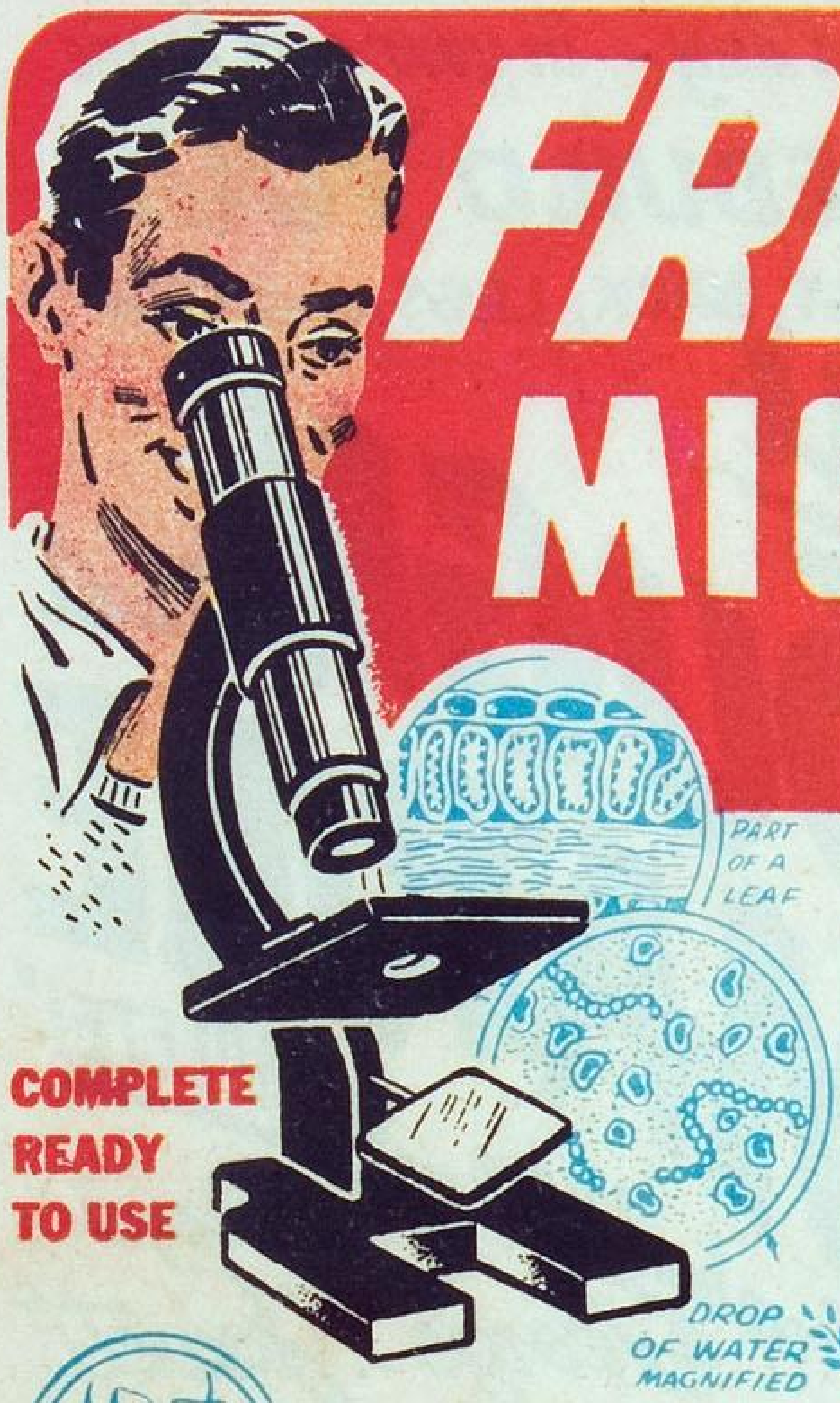

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